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MUSICAL REMINISCENCES

BY

DR. WILLIAM SPARK

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MUSICAL REMINISCENCES:

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY

DR. WM. SPARK,

Organist of the Town Hall, Leeds; Author of "Musical Memories," "Life and Works of Henry Smart," etc.

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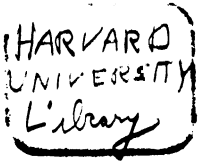

Yours very truly,
Willm Spark

PREFACE.

THE chief of the following *brochures*, including "A Musical Tour in North Germany;" "A Week's Music in London during a Handel Festival;" "Blind Musicians—Homer to Hollings;" "Sunday Music in Churches and Chapels;" "Organs and Organists of the North," and other articles, have appeared in various musical serials and influential newspapers, but all are now out of print. The author therefore responds to numerous requests to collect and publish them in book form, believing that the contents will prove of sufficient interest to warrant their publication, and obtain a kindly approval. Much matter, however, has been specially written for this first edition of my *Reminiscences*, particularly that which refers to the origin of the Leeds Musical Festivals, and the author's treatment by the Executive Committee—treatment which no one has yet been found to defend or excuse, not even by the effeminate top music-critic of the "leading newspaper of the north," whose prejudices and borrowed information are too much known to be of any value to those who are in the swim, and are behind the scenes—a critic who, having failed in his own profession, ought to be hurled from his false position (where he mercilessly attacks those experienced men who do not, and cannot, agree with him), like his father's

flute, which was once lent by his friend Saynor, the principal flautist at Drury Lane Theatre, for a benefit concert at his native place, Hunslet, near Leeds; and at which I was unfortunately the conductor.

The writings on Sunday Musical Services, though dealing chiefly with local places of worship, contain observations of a general character, and these may probably be of some use to the Clergy, Ministers, Organists, and Choir-masters of every denomination.

It is hoped that this work will equal in success and circulation the Author's "Life of Smart," and "Musical Memories," volumes which were so kindly and generously reviewed by the press, and warmly encouraged by the public some time ago.

NEWTON PARK,
LEEDS, 1892.

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WITH THE PUBLISHERS' COMPLIMENTS.

"REMINISCENCES."

A MUSICAL TOUR IN NORTH GERMANY.

A Series of Letters reprinted from "The Choir."

MUSIC AND ORGANS IN HAMBURG.

WHEN I determined at the end of June (1870) to make a tour through North Germany, no gloomy forebodings of the turmoil which was destined so soon to harass that country invaded my mind; fortunately, though war was declared only a few hours before I bade adieu to my friends on the other side of the water, nothing more serious than the mustering of troops and the commencement of other preparations for the coming fight occurred to interrupt my pleasant and peaceful occupation.

The start from Grimsby was not very propitious; the steamer "Wakefield," belonging to the Grimsby Navigation Company, —the courteousness of whose manager, Mr. Sutcliffe, many of your readers may have experienced,—being detained some six hours by the state of the weather. After this unavoidable delay, we sailed early on Sunday morning. On Monday we sighted Heligoland, and quickly reaching the mouth of the Elbe with its picturesque banks, now doubly interesting from the important part it plays in the war, we landed about three o'clock in the afternoon. I took up my quarters at the Hotel de l'Europe, beautifully situated, overlooking the Alster Bason.

Hamburg literally swarms with theatres and concert rooms. To some of these I repaired in the evening; but there is no music to be heard in these places without eating and drinking;

yet all these gastronomic proceedings were carried on with such quiet and order that one's enjoyment of the music was scarcely ever marred. One of the largest of the second-class theatres (the principal ones being closed at this period of the year) is the "Theater der central Halle." Here (the admission to the stalls being only 4d.) after a drama, which appeared to interest the large audience amazingly, came a concert of rather a peculiar description. Eight ladies appeared on the stage, with their stringed instruments in their hands, and, accompanied by the band, played, on violins and violoncellos, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," an overture, and other pieces, with a remarkable taste, precision, and effect, which elicited long and loud applause, the "Wedding March" being redemanded. The orchestra then played several pieces, and I may here observe how I was struck not only upon this occasion, but also at other times, by the excellent way in which the wood and brass instruments were played; the tone invariably being softer and more refined than that of similar instruments in most of our own theatrical bands.

By the kindness of an old and valued friend, and accomplished amateur, Herr Martin Herz, I was speedily introduced to most of the organists and composers of note in the town. The first organ I heard was at the church of S. Michael, celebrated for its great size and the height of its steeple. Herr Osterhault is the organist. This fine instrument of about eighty stops was built by Hildebrand, the principal workman of the famous Silbermann, the latter having died before he was able to carry out the plans he had designed for its erection. The interior arrangements are worthy of as much admiration as its noble exterior. The richly carved case, 60 feet in length by 60 feet in breadth, extends from one side of the church to the other, and has the towers usual to such cases, filled with brightly polished pure block-tin pipes, resplendent with gilded capitals. On the summits of these towers are gigantic figures of angels with golden trumpets; and in the centre, at the top of all, is an oil portrait of Matthison, a celebrated composer and theorist, who bequeathed £4,000 to the organ fund. This instrument, with modifications, may be taken as a rough type of most of the large organs throughout North Germany. The variety, character, and pungency of tone in the flue work, is as admirable as their reeds and swell organs are poor and defective. The pedal organ, containing seventeen stops, possesses a power and individuality of tone rarely equalled; indeed I heard no finer in the whole of North Germany; but whilst it has a 32-feet *metal*

of the finest quality, it has no 32-feet *wood* pipes, considered by so many in this country to be indispensable in a large instrument. The organist spared neither time nor trouble in exhibiting the qualities of an instrument of which he was justly proud. In a dignified performance of a fine fugue, the full power of its grand tones permeated the whole church, but the touch and mechanical arrangements I found from my own playing to be cumbersome and ancient. It is unnecessary to describe the organs in the other churches in Hamburg, as they are similar in character to that at S. Michael's; they all, however, possess a stop called "Glockenspiel," which is a set of bells from tenor F upwards, the largest being about 6in. in diameter, the smallest about 1in. These are struck with wood hammers, similar to those in a pianoforte, and, when used in conjunction with light 16ft. and 2ft. registers, produce for certain things very pleasing effects.

In the evening I attended one of the numerous concerts given in the charming gardens which are to be found in the environs of Hamburg. We had a performance by three military bands, numbering 120 players; they played separately and unitedly, the balance of tone being in both instances remarkably even and good. Amongst other pieces Wagner's well-known March in *Tannhaüser* was played by the united bands, where, at the passage of quavers in the bass towards the end of the composition, the combined brass instruments produced a stupendous effect. Individually, too, these bands executed both classical and popular music with a care, earnestness, and spirit which showed how much personal artistic interest the different performers took in the delightful work they had in hand.

On the next day I had the pleasure of spending a few delightful musical hours at the house of my friend, where I had the opportunity of seeing and hearing what German amateurs can accomplish, and what an interest they take in the practice and cultivation of music in its highest and most enjoyable form. The family assembled in a large room, denuded of its carpet, that the musical sounds might be heard to greater advantage. Our host being an accomplished violinist, and each member of his family playing some stringed instrument, there was here material for the performance of much excellent chamber music. First we had a classical overture, arranged as a duet for the pianoforte and a string quartet; then a violin solo, one of those charming romances by the old Italian masters, lately reprinted in Leipzig; then a Trio of Beethoven's, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; then some vocal music, and for a finale, another

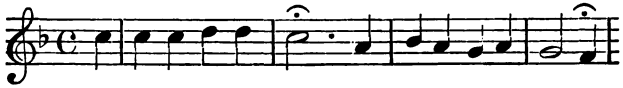
overture arranged as the first. Rarely have I heard, even amongst professional musicians, better music better rendered, or more thoroughly enjoyed. I parted with my friend at the foot of his garden, close to whose gates I embarked on a steamer that took me down the Alster Bason to my hotel, reflecting during my short ride on the water upon the happy evening I had spent, and wondering when the charms of music will be so universally appreciated by English as they are by German families.

On the following day I was a guest at the annual dinner of the ship-owners of Hamburg, Hull, and Grimsby. On these occasions, after the third course, the toasts and speeches are given out between the succeeding courses ; the favourite toasts are responded to musically in a manner, I must own, very superior to our " Hip, hip, hurrah," and " For he's a jolly good fellow." All the guests sang in perfect time and tune, most of them being, as I ascertained, members of various choral and other associations for the practice of vocal part music.

The same night I left by mail for Berlin, where I arrived about five o'clock on Saturday morning. Here my first visit was to the veteran Wieprecht, the director-general of all the Prussian military bands. In his studio, a perfect model of neatness and order, was a tall cabinet reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and containing the scores of various compositions, all arranged by himself, which are played by each regiment in the Prussian army.

By his invitation I attended a performance by three of the best infantry bands in Berlin, each numbering about fifty or sixty performers. As at the military concert in Hamburg, they played with thrilling effect a programme of about twenty pieces separately and unitedly. In the music for the combined bands there was not that replication of parts so common in similar performances in England, but it was specially arranged so that each band in turn took its part accompanied by the others. The whole performance concluded with a military piece entitled the "Battle of Leipzig," in which cannons were fired at intervals with unerring precision at the beginning of the bar. This pleased me less than any other piece, but it seemed to raise the rest of the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

On the following morning, Sunday, I paid an eagerly anticipated visit to Professor Haupt, who has the reputation of being the greatest organist in Germany. On entering the parish church, where he presides at the organ, I found that the service had just commenced, and the congregation were

singing, to the accompaniment of a fine organ, the favourite

chorale, "Nun danket alle Gott." Our fast organists in England, who drive their hymns at a railroad express pace, would have been astonished at the slow and dignified time in which this grand old tune was sung. Most of your readers will doubtless be aware that it is the practice of the Lutheran church throughout Prussia to sing congregational music in unison. But everything is done to carry out this arrangement in the most efficient way—first, a really grand organ, containing from fifty to eighty sounding stops, with a full and penetrating tone, is placed in a huge gallery at the west end of the church, with plenty of space around to give the pipes room to speak; secondly, the people are furnished with books, in which are printed the melodies as well as the words of the chorales, and which, moreover, have this additional and immense advantage that one tune is almost invariably confined to one set of words; thirdly, black boards are hung up with the numbers of the chorales distinctly printed in white chalk on them, so that those coming in late may at once know what hymn is being sung; fourthly, the knowledge of music, which all Germans are taught in one form or another at school, enables them to sing perfectly in time and tune. It is still the custom to play a few passing chords, similar to those in Hesse's arrangements of the chorales, between each line of the verse. The hymn is not played over, but is introduced by a short extemporaneous prelude, and the last verse is accompanied by the full power of the organ—a power which, in most cases, would be much more satisfactory, were the coarse reeds dispensed with. I am bound to add that these chorales, grand and majestic as they are, supply alone the musical part of the service: the versicles, preces, and responses of our own lovely service are not there; it would, indeed, have been a joy to have heard this relieved by the sweet and solemn tones of Tallis's responses, or by a service or anthem of one of our best church writers. Professor Haupt was most polite, and after the sermon he made an appointment with me for the following Tuesday morning, when I could hear the organ without interrupting any service. In the afternoon, at the professor's suggestion, I visited the church of S. Marien, a fine building, possessing one of the largest organs in Berlin, ably presided over by Herr Otto Dienel. The service and organ were both

similar to those I had heard in the morning; the organ, however, was enclosed in a much handsomer and elaborately carved case. In the evening I went to the recently erected church of S. Thomas, which has an immense dome in the centre, and is most richly and profusely decorated throughout. Here I found a large new instrument of four manuals, built by W. Sauer, of Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The organist is Herr Succo, an admirable writer of organ music, whose courtesy and kindness demand my warmest acknowledgments. The service began with a grand old chorale in G minor, and was of the same character as those I have mentioned above. After the service, the organist performed a "Toccata" of his own, and in other pieces displayed the various qualities of the instrument, which was not so fine in the flue work as the older organs, but much superior in reed work and mechanical appliances, the pneumatic lever being amongst the most valuable.

Almost the same remarks will apply to the large organ of four manuals, with a pedal organ of 15 stops, built in 1853 by Bushholtz and Sons, for the immense church of S. Peter, where Herr Heintz is the organist.

On Monday evening I visited the celebrated "Krolls" Gardens, in which there is an excellent theatre (chiefly used for the performance of operas), a military band, besides a large orchestra of fifty performers. Here I found the *élite* of Berlin. After a few *morceaux* by the military band, a bell rung, and all flocked to the theatre, where Mozart's Opera "Figaro" was performed most admirably, the orchestra especially distinguishing itself by the accuracy and delicacy of its accompaniments. After the opera, which commenced at six, and terminated at eight o'clock, there was a concert in the gardens. The programme included Weber's Overtures, "The Jubilee," and "Der Freischütz;" the so-called "Meditation" by Bach and Gounod, operatic selections, and some pretty waltzes by Strauss. The orchestra included two harps. Amongst the most attentive of the listeners were a number of Prussian officers, splendid fellows, many of whom have, I fear, since paid the penalty which a ruthless war can inflict.

LETTER II.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN BERLIN.

AFTER attending the opera and the concert in the "Kroll's" Gardens, I paid brief visits to some of the minor theatres and higher class concert halls, which were all filled with large audiences, listening intently and with much evident enjoyment to the varied music performed by the excellent bands I always found in such places.

Professor Haupt was true to his appointment at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 5th, at the parish church, of which, with the exception of a single mutual friend, and the inevitable bellows-blowers, we were the sole occupants. To my great surprise, this noted organist politely but firmly insisted upon my trying the qualities of the instrument before he himself displayed them. This unusual proceeding was afterwards explained to me as being his usual plan for testing a man, for finding that his time had been too often wasted upon men whose acquaintance with music and organs was very limited, and who generally mistook enthusiasm for knowledge, the Professor was compelled to adopt some scheme, whereby he might be enabled to judge of his visitors' musical capabilities. After complying with his request and playing for a short time, the rightful owner of the organist's seat took his place, and for one hour greatly delighted me with his performance on the instrument. The selection comprised Bach's grand Prelude and Fugue in B minor; Louis Thiele's air and elaborate variations in A flat; some variations of his own on a chorale; and a short improvisation. The salient features of his playing were more especially exhibited in the Fugue of Bach's, played as it was with remarkable dignity and grandeur of style—at a speed too, considerably slower than that usually adopted by the majority of modern English organists. Never, indeed, much of Sebastian Bach's organ music as I have heard played by the most noted English organists, did I enjoy the music of the grand old Leipzig cantor so thoroughly; never did I hear this stupendous creation of his fertile brain developed with a more masterly appreciation of its varied beauties, subtle harmonies, and erudite counterpoint. It was a treat to me of the highest order, and it will never leave

my memory. The composition of Louis Thiele, a young Berlin organist and composer, who died in 1848, at the early age of 32, and whose compositions for the instrument are regarded, and it appears to me justly regarded, as the finest and withal the most difficult organ music produced since the days of John Sebastian himself, afforded Professor Haupt a good opportunity of displaying his undoubted ability as a *facile* pedalist, the variations being replete with difficulties. To those who are desirous of getting some rather startling and novel original organ compositions, I would recommend the five or six works by this composer, which are published by Schlessinger, the well-known music and book-seller of Berlin, and edited by Professor Haupt.

The organ being deficient in nearly all modern mechanical appliances, in consequence of which variety of tone could only be obtained by changing the stops separately with the hands, the pauses between some of the variations were necessarily long, and certainly not at all to the advantage of the effect of the composition, or the exposition of its continuity of thought and purpose. As a description of the fine organ at which the most celebrated of North German organists presides may be interesting, I here insert its *disposition* :—

HAUPTWERK.	
1. Principal	8 ft.
2. Bourdon	16 ft.
3. Gamba	8 ft.
4. Rohrflöte	8 ft.
5. Octave	4 ft.
6. Spitz-flöte	4 ft.
7. Quint	$2\frac{2}{3}$ ft.
8. Octave	2 ft.
9. Cornet	5 ranks.
10. Scharff	5 ranks.
11. Cymbal	3 ranks.
12. Trumpet	8 ft.

UNTERWERK.	
1. Geigen-Principal	8 ft.
2. Bourdon	16 ft.
3. Gemshorn	8 ft.
4. Piffaro	8 ft.
5. Gedact	8 ft.
6. Viola	4 ft.
7. Flauto traverso	4 ft.
8. Vox angelica	16 ft.
9. Dulciana	8 ft.

OBERWERK.	
1. Principal	8 ft.
2. Quintation	16 ft.
3. Salcional	8 ft.
4. Gedact	8 ft.
5. Octave	4 ft.
6. Fugura	4 ft.
7. Rohrflöte	4 ft.
8. Nasard	$2\frac{2}{3}$ ft.
9. Octave	2 ft.
10. Flageolet	1 ft.
11. Progressio harmonica	2 and 5 ranks.
12 Oboe	8 ft.

PEDAL.	
1. Principal	16 ft.
2. Viola	16 ft.
3. Quint	$10\frac{2}{3}$ ft.
4. Violoncello	8 ft.
5. Gemshorn	8 ft.
6. Octave	4 ft.
7. Posaune	16 ft.
8. Trumpet	8 ft.

3 Couplers for the Manuals.
1 Coupler for the Pedal to the Haupt. 2nd Oberwerk.

The Organ was built by Joachim Wagner in 1735;
Repaired, &c., by C. A. Bucholtz, 1851.

The Professor having expressed a desire to hear some English organ music, of which he confessed he knew nothing whatever, I gratified his wish, and he seemed to be most particularly pleased with a Postlude in C major of Mr. Henry Smart's, which appeared in the first number of the *Organists' Quarterly Journal.* When I explained the size, power, and character of the great organ in the Town Hall, at Leeds, the facilities afforded to the performer by its superior mechanism, and especially, by the hydraulic engines which work the bellows, thus dispensing with the three or four men on whom a German organist is still dependent, the warmest admiration was elicited from Professor Haupt, and a signification of his intention, notwithstanding his advanced age (he is sixty, but looks much younger), to make great efforts to come over to England and hear an organ of such magnitude and fine construction. Subsequently in the course of a long and interesting conversation with this distinguished organist, he told me he had been informed that the leading public organists in England were in the habit of playing overtures on an instrument which *he* deemed unfitted for the production of such a class of music. "Was it really so?" "Certainly," I replied, "for our modern organs in the large concert halls are constructed with a view to the performance of orchestral and chamber music; but in our churches the leading organists are especially particular in choosing the styles of composition suitable to the sacred place and the solemn service in which they are engaged." "I am glad," said the Professor, "to hear your explanation, as I had laboured under the impression, from what I had been told, that you played overtures in your churches during or at the conclusion of divine service; but let me ask you," he added, "how and by whom are these public organ *séances* that you speak of organized and carried on?" "By the Municipal authorities in our large towns of Liverpool, Leeds, and Newcastle, where the audiences have to pay a small sum for admission to the performances, which generally take place twice every week."

This piece of news surprised my friend greatly, who eagerly remarked upon the peculiar difficulty which an organist must have in gratifying people of such diverse tastes, who, moreover, had to pay for what they heard, a fact which he seemed to think would tend to make them hypercritical. Upon asking how, if he had a similar object to accomplish, he would contrive to interest miscellaneous audiences when the organ répertoires of Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and other masters, were exhausted, he told me how he had been persuaded by the pastor

of his Church, a proficient amateur, to give some performances of classical music; the first was attended by great numbers of people, many of whom loaded him with congratulations and praises for the success of his efforts; but at the second performance, when a small charge was made for admission by direction of the pastor, who considered that the organist ought to receive some remuneration for the valuable time which he had been so willing to give up to the detriment of other pressing arrangements, there were not more than two dozen persons present! This effectually put an end to all performances of a similar description, even at nominal prices, in Berlin, and affords another instance, if any be required, of the impossibility of attracting large numbers of people, even in musical Germany, by original organ music, unvaried by any other of a more popular character, though the price for admission is a mere trifle. After he had expressed his intention of sending an early contribution to the *Organists' Quarterly Journal*, I parted with this remarkable musician, as much impressed by his simple but earnest manner and conversation as I had been by his undoubted powers as an organist *á premiére force.*

On the afternoon of the same day I accompanied a friend to hear the usual weekly rehearsal of the members of the celebrated Berlin Singing Academy. It was a most interesting gathering of nearly eighty singers; there seemed to be about twenty-four sopranos, twenty altos (all females), sixteen tenors, and sixteen basses. They were conducted by Professor Griel, Herr Blumner presiding at the piano. The programme included:—

1. Choral (from a Motet) ... ... *J. S. Bach.*
2. "Sancta Maria" ... ... *Hellwig.*
3. Motet, ending with Choral "Der Hirte Israel" ... ... *J. S. Bach.*
4. Mass, "Lobgesang am Schopfung's Morgen" ... ... *Reichard.*

The tone of the bass voices was remarkably good and sonorous, the lower notes, even as low as double D, being sung with perfect clearness of intonation; but the other sections did not appear to me to equal corresponding voices of well trained choirs in our own country. The discipline and order, however, of the whole affair cannot be too highly commended to the notice of similar societies at home. Members, as they entered the orchestra, first politely saluted the conductor, then the pianist, and quietly took their allotted seats, where their copies were found arranged in the order of practice. No talking or annoying noises were allowed in any part of the room during the performance of a piece, and the few of the audience who happened to

arrive late exhibited that respect, which all Germans seem to entertain, for the art, and showed their indisposition to mar the enjoyment of others by gently and cautiously moving on tip-toe as short a distance as possible. All the choir stood whilst singing, but whenever any part had several bars rest, those, whose voices were not needed sat down, and at a glance of the conductor's eye, who was always ready to give the signal, rose *en masse* with military precision just before the commencement of their part. This perhaps arises in some measure from their military education, for the humblest classes never pass each other in the streets without mutual salutes. Nor was the choir deficient in solo singers, some of whom (I was informed) sung at sight the solos in Bach's Motet, and in the Mass, with remarkable correctness and considerable style and expression. It must be remembered, however, that each of these singers could play either the pianoforte or some other instrument, which they had studied from early youth, for it is an indispensable part of the education of both sexes in Germany, so they all become musicians and critics of more or less efficiency and excellence.

Before quitting the Prussian metropolis, I must just mention *en passant* that amongst the curiosities of the world-renowned "Royal Museum," with its magnificent frescoes representing the labours of Hercules and the exploits of Theseus, are preserved with the most religious care, two flutes—one silver, the other wood—with which Frederick the Great was wont to divert himself when he required relaxation from the more serious cares of State. While looking at these relics I could not help recalling to my memory the anecdote told by Forkel of Sebastian Bach's visit to the great Prussian monarch in the company of his son William Friedmann. "At this time," says the biographer, "the King had every evening a private concert, in which he himself generally performed some concertos for the flute. One evening, just as he was getting his flute ready, and his musicians were assembled, an officer brought him the list of the strangers who had arrived. With his flute in his hand he ran over the list, but immediately turned to the assembled musicians, and said, with a kind of agitation, 'Gentlemen, old Bach is come.' The flute was now laid aside, and old Bach, who had alighted at his son's lodgings, was immediately summoned to the palace. William Friedmann, who accompanied his father, told me this story, and I must say that I still think with pleasure on the manner in which he related it. At that time it was the fashion to make rather prolix compliments. The first appearance of

J. S. Bach before so great a King, who did not even give him time to change his travelling dress for a black chanter's gown, must necessarily be attended with many apologies. I will not here dwell on these apologies, but merely observe that in William Friedmann's mouth they made a formidable dialogue between the King and the Apologist. But what is more important than this is that the King gave up his concert for this evening, and invited Bach, then already called 'the old Bach,' to try his fortepianos, made by Silbermann, which stood in several rooms of the palace. The musicians went with him from room to room, and Bach was invited everywhere to try and to play unpremeditated compositions. After he had gone on for some time, he asked the King to give him a subject for a fugue, in order to execute it immediately without any preparation. The King admired the learned manner in which his subject was thus executed extempore; and, probably to see how far such an art can be carried, expressed a wish to hear a fugue with six obbligato parts. But as it is not every subject that is fit for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and immediately executed it, to the astonishment of all present, in the same magnificent and learned manner as he had done that of the King. His Majesty desired also to hear his performance on the organ. The next day, therefore, Bach was taken to all the organs in Potsdam, as he had before been to Silbermann's fortepianos. After his return to Leipzig, he composed the subject which he had received from the King in three and six parts, added several artificial passages in strict canon to it, and had it engraved, under the title of 'Musikalisches Opfer' (Musical Offering), and dedicated it to the inventor."

Here, too, in a private room of the Museum containing rare works of art, I saw in one of Albert Durer's marvellous productions, dated 1514, the figure of a man holding out a board on which were painted the following ingenious table of figures, each line making 34, add them which way you will:—

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

One of the largest of modern built organs in North Germany is that in the church of S. Thomas, Berlin, built by W. Sauer,

of Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The following *disposition* of this fine instrument will be regarded with interest by many :—

1. HAUPTWERK.

1.	Principal	16 ft.
2.	Bordun	16 ft.
3.	Principal	8 ft.
4.	Gambe	8 ft.
5.	Flûte harmonique	8 ft.
6.	Rohrflöte	8 ft.
7.	Octave	4 ft.
8.	Gemshorn	4 ft.
9.	Rauschquinte	2⅔ & 2 ft.
10.	Terz	1⅗ ft.
11.	Fagott	16 ft.
12.	Trompete	8 ft.
13.	Trompete	4 ft.
14.	Mixtur	2—5 fach.
15.	Cornett	3 fach 8 ft.

2. OBERWERK.

16.	Bordun	16 ft.
17.	Principal	8 ft.
18.	Salicional	8 ft.
19.	Gedact	8 ft.
20.	Octave	4 ft.
21.	Flûte octaviante	4 ft.
22.	Octave	2 ft.
23.	Nassard	2⅔ ft.
24.	Trompete	8 ft.
25.	Clarinette	8 ft. (durchschlagend).
26.	Mixtur	3 fach.

3. FERNWERK.

27.	Quintatön	16 ft.
28.	Principal	8 ft.
29.	Gedact	8 ft.
30.	Viola d'amour	8 ft.
31.	Flûte harmonique	8 ft.
32.	Voix céleste	8 ft.
33.	Flauto traverso	4 ft.
34.	Fugara	4 ft.
35.	Basson	16 ft.
36.	Oboe	8 ft.

4. RUCKPOSITIV.

37.	Principal	8 ft.
38.	Gedact	8 ft.
39.	Octave	4 ft.
40.	Gedactflöte	4 ft.

5. PEDAL.

41.	Violon	32 ft.
42.	Principal	16 ft.
43.	Violon	16 ft.
44.	Subbass	16 ft.
45.	Principal	8 ft.
46.	Violoncello	8 ft.
47.	Bassflöte	8 ft.
48.	Octave	4 ft.
49.	Nassard	10⅔ ft.
50.	Posaune	16 ft.
51.	Trompete	8 ft.
52.	Clairon	4 ft.

Dazu : 5, Koppeln, 4, Collectiv-Züge und 2 Crescendo-Tritte.

It was inaugurated on the 13th of January, 1870, by the present organist (Herr Succo), with the following programme :—

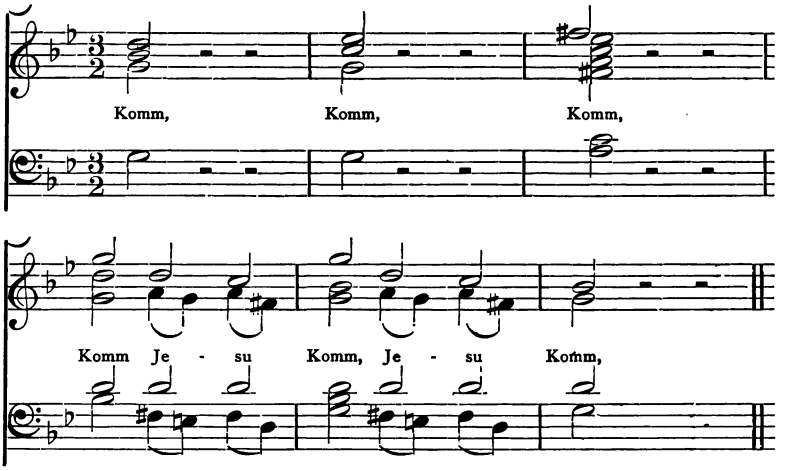
1. Fantasia ... ... *J. S. Bach.*
2. Choral-Vorspiel ... ... *J. S. Bach.*
3. Aria ... . *Haydn.*
4. Adagio ... ... *Mendelssohn.*
5. Pastorale ... . *J. S. Bach.*
6. Aria ... ... *Handel.*
7. Free Fantasia ... .

LETTER III.

LEIPZIG—CONSERVATOIRE, BACH, ST. THOMAS', ETC.

ON leaving Berlin, where I had stayed at the "Hotel d'Angleterre," for the last four or five days, one of the largest and best hotels on the Continent, at which one can live (so much better are such things managed abroad than in England) in the best possible way, good wine included, at the rate of ten shillings per diem, I proceeded by the evening mail at 8.30, and arrived at Leipzig at midnight. "Almost every living being in Leipzig," said a friend to me in Berlin, "is musical; they live on music, they can't exist without it; art is their daily bread, is necessary to their very existence, and, moreover, the art with the Leipzigers is by no means a money-making business, but it is practised and studied, and dreamed of, for its own sake." Well, I thought, as I was driven along in a drosky from the station, which is nearly two miles from the city so fraught with historic importance and so full of art and artistes, will all my friend's assertions be realized? Most interesting was the drive through the streets of this picturesque old city, lighted up but deserted, in the dead of night to the "Hotel de Bavierre," where the host and his attendants were awaiting our arrival, and being known to my travelling companion, received us with much courtesy; I was soon made to feel as much at home as I well could at an hotel in a foreign country. In the morning when I looked out of the window of my comfortable room to take a survey of the neighbourhood, it seemed as if I could stretch my hands across to the houses opposite, so narrow are some of the streets, especially in the old parts of the city. My first duty was to call on my friend, Capelmeister Carl Reinecke, while it was still early, for I had been warned by my host that unless I went before nine o'clock I should run the risk of not finding him at home. I found him at half-past eight busy giving a pianoforte lesson, and, after the usual greetings, we made an appointment for eleven o'clock. In the meantime I walked about the city to take a cursory glance

at the principal streets and public buildings. What attracted my attention most was the great square in which the celebrated fair is annually held, the visitors on this occasion being generally upwards of sixty thousand. In the most important streets I noticed with great astonishment that almost every third building was occupied by a bookseller or music-publisher. But I am anxious to get back to my hotel to receive the Capelmeister, and long to be directed to some of the musical associations of Leipzig, and especially to those connected with its former illustrious residents, John Sebastian Bach and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Like all other German musicians who had made appointments with me, Herr Reinecke kept his time exactly. After a little interesting conversation respecting his recent and successful visit to England, we proceeded to the famous "Conservatorium de musique," the nursery of many musical geniuses, not only German and English (amongst the latter of whom one of the most eminent is Professor Sterndale Bennett), but of nearly every civilised country. The building stands in a large court yard, which is reached through an archway; it certainly has no pretensions to architectural beauty, and when I made an observation about this, as it appeared to me, defect to one of the Professors, he gave me as his opinion, that he considered the want of external beauty of no consequence, but what was of the greatest importance, the adaptation of its interior to the purposes required, and its "fitness for work, work, work, *mein Herr*," that was its greatest recommendation. The class rooms are all furnished in the simplest possible manner with desks, music-stands, tables, a few plain chairs, and the inevitable Breitkopf and Härtel grand pianos; no carpets, floors and walls alike being bare. The principal apartment is the concert hall, with its peculiar gallery, from which the occupants seem, as it were, to pop their heads from out of the wall; it will accommodate three hundred persons. The small orchestra possessed two grand pianofortes, and here the students during term exhibit their talents both in composition and performance to their friends and the public. During my expedition Herr Reinecke introduced me to Dr. Papperitz, the organist of the great organ in the Church of S. Nicholas, who was good enough to make an appointment with me for the following day, to hear and play that immense instrument. Among the students were two fine-looking negroes (from America I believe), and also the Rev. F. Scotson Clark, Mus. Bac. Oxon., who, with others from England, was going through the courses of harmony and other instruction imparted by the different masters of the Academy.

Close to the Conservatorium is the "S. Thomas Schule," part of which was once the house of Sebastian Bach, and in the gardens beneath it stands his statue. Deeply interested, I walked under the windows of the large, tall, quaint old building, and eventually found myself gazing at the statue of the most profound musician, the deepest thinker, the hardest worker of all the world's musical heroes. "Listen," I said to my friend, "listen, the choir are singing one of the dear old Cantor's motets," as I recognized at once that splendid eight-part unaccompanied work in G Minor:

With the greatest firmness, accuracy, and in strict time by a choir of boys and men, was the piece sung, but interrupted occasionally, for I could hear everything distinctly, by the remarks of Dr. Richter, who caused the difficult passages to be sung again and again, until they were delivered perfectly. "Shade of John Sebastian," thought I, "how particular your countrymen are, how hard they work; nó wonder your nation can appreciate and enjoy the highest and most subtle forms of musical composition." And now let me visit the well-known Church of S. Thomas, close at hand, where Bach played the organ and produced most of those deathless compositions, notably the "Matthias Passionsmusik," which have made his name immortal, and placed him on the highest pinnacle of excellence. Unfortunately time did not permit me to seek an entrance into the Church, but the building itself is a huge mass of brick, stone, and plaster, with

an enormously high-pitched roof, studded with garret-looking windows, altogether not possessing that impressive exterior which somehow or other I had expected to see. Just after leaving the Church, a troop of Prussian infantry overtook us, and though it was mid-day, with a broiling July sun, they were marching at remarkably quick pace. I was informed that this inuring their soldiers to every kind of fatigue is part of their military system—a system which our own authorities and those who made such numerous complaints about a certain march in our own country a few weeks ago would do well to look to. Proceeding with them for a short distance, when they halted at the old castle, we saw that three of their number instantaneously dropped down in a state of insensibility, but were immediately carried off to the castle by their fellows. The fine band of about sixty which headed them then struck up some lively and inspiriting music. After visiting the ramparts and the old walls, and driving through some of the most interesting suburbs of the city, I returned to my hotel to make preparations for hearing the opera. The opera-house is a noble building, standing in the immense square, opposite to the museum. I was told that I should hear "something anti-classical, neither Gluck, Mozart, or Beethoven; certainly not Bach, but Offenbach!" The opera proved to be *La Belle Helène.* The orchestra of forty selected players did more than justice to the sparkling and brilliant tunes of the lively French composer; indeed, the accompaniment to all the songs was throughout delicate and artistic; the principal singers were, however, scarcely equally excellent; the fair Helène, especially, indulging in an extravagant amount of *tremolando* on nearly every note she produced. To me the most striking part of the affair was the engrossing attention paid to every detail of the performance by the crowded audience; they seemed to know every point in the opera, and would evidently have made the performers aware of their knowledge, had they been guilty of any faults of omission or commission. After the second act I repaired, by appointment, to the house of Herr Reinecke, with whom, and another musical friend, I spent a most delightful evening.

Here, again, music was all in all; for four hours we were entirely absorbed in it: now one plays the piano, then another; now a duet, then an improvisation; now a new original work, then an examination of some novelties by other composers; now a discussion on the state music of England, then the government support of music in Germany; now organs and

organists. And then (the creature comforts were not neglected) we adjourned to supper ; but music, music is still the theme of our conversation. At the end of the meal the never-failing fragrant weed with its accompaniment of Rhine wine is produced, and again we talk of music and musicians. "And now," said my host, " before we part, let me show you the most interesting and most valuable book in my library." He then brought out from amongst the tomes of great composers' works, with much care, an oblong folio book filled with autograph MSS. compositions by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, and many other famous musicians. This was one of the most interesting and valuable books I had ever seen. On its pages one could note how the thoughts of these great musical geniuses had been developed and written down. Beethoven was evidently as rapid in writing as he was full of ideas ; here is a passage of some seven or eight bars which as soon as it is written gives place to some other production of his fertile imagination, the pens mark it down with lightning rapidity, and the great master rests satisfied with the improved version. Mozart's notes are smaller, and neatly copied, but few corrections has the composer of *Don Giovanni* thought it necessary to make; whilst Hummel's writing is the perfection of neatness and accuracy. " Yet one more book," said my hospitable friend, " and we will say *gute nacht.* Here is an album in which I have preserved, from crowned heads and musical celebrities, letters written to me during the last thirty years." In them were expressed the private thoughts and artistic views of Mendelssohn, Berlioz, David, Meyerbeer, Thalberg, Hiller, and indeed of nearly all the musical worthies of the age. At last, with grateful expressions on my part for the charming hours I had spent in such glorious company, and mutual hopes that our next meeting would be in Yorkshire, we parted.

At ten o'clock on the following morning I repaired to the church of S. Nicholas, where I found, as usual, the organist, Dr. Papperitz, true to his appointment. The instrument in this church is one of the largest and most varied in its character of the notable modern organs of Germany, and has four manuals and ninety registers. The organist kindly showed me its varieties of tone in a short improvisation, and afterwards, at the particular request of Dr. Papperitz and the musical persons present, I had the pleasure of playing for nearly an hour, and making my hearers further acquainted with English music, of which their knowledge seemed to be rather limited. Notwithstanding the great size of this instrument, I found its

arrangement so good that manipulation was comparatively easy. I much regretted that I had not been present on the previous Sunday, as there had been an organ concert, when Herr Rubke, a famous organist from Halle, played Bach's *Toccata* in F (so well known to English organists), and the gathering was made doubly interesting by the presence of the distinguished Abbé Liszt, who, in addition to his numerous other accomplishments, possesses a power, as an organ writer and player, of no mean order. My next letter will contain a further account, and a detailed description of this famous instrument.

LETTER IV.

LEIPZIG, ETC.—(*Continued*).

THE following is the *disposition* of the great organ in the Church of S. Nicholas, to which I alluded in my last letter :—

MANUAL 1.

Bordun	32 ft.
Principal	16 ft.
Bordun	16 ft.
Principal	8 ft.
Gemshorn	8 ft.
Gamba	8 ft.
Doppelgedact	8 ft.
Rohrquinte	6 ft.
Octave	4 ft.
Rohrflöte	4 ft.
Spitzflöte	4 ft.
Terzflöte	$3\frac{1}{5}$ ft.
Quinte	$2\frac{2}{3}$ ft.
Octave	2 ft.
Terz	$1\frac{3}{5}$ ft.
Cimbel	3 ranks
Septime	$2\frac{1}{2}$ ft.
Cornett	5 ranks
Mixtur	4 ranks
Cornett	
Fagott	16 ft.
Trompete	8 ft.

MANUAL 2.

Principal	16 ft.
Quintatön	16 ft.
Harmonica	8 ft.
Flöte trav.	8 ft.
Octave	4 ft.
Octavflöte	4 ft.
Piffero	4 ft.
Piccolo	2 ft.
Rohrquinte	$2\frac{2}{3}$ ft.
Scharf	3 ranks
Clarinette	4 ft.
Cornett	3 ranks
Spitzquinte	$2\frac{2}{3}$ ft.
Terz	$1\frac{3}{5}$ ft.
Cimbel	4 ranks
Oboe	8 ft.
Vox Humana	
Tremulant	
Pneum-Werk	
Calcant	

MANUAL 3.

Leibl. Ged.	16 ft.
Geigenprinc.	8 ft.
Doppelflöte	8 ft.
Nassat	$10\frac{1}{3}$ ft.
Octavb.	8 ft.
Violoncello	8 ft.
Gedacktflöte	8 ft.
Nassat	$5\frac{1}{3}$ ft.
Octavb.	4 ft.
Cornett	5 ranks
Posaune	32 ft.
Posaune	16 ft.
Trompete	8 ft.

MANUAL 4.

Viola	16 ft.
Salcional	8 ft.
Unda maris	8 ft.
Liebl. Ged.	8 ft.
Sanftflöte	8 ft.
Viola d'Amour	8 ft.
Viola	4 ft.
Zartflöte	4 ft.
Nassat	3 ft.
Violine	2 ft.
Harm, äth.	3 ranks
Aeoline	16 ft.

PEDAL.

Principal bass	32 ft.
Untersatz	32 ft.
Principal bass	16 ft.
Sub-bass	16 ft.
Dulcian	16 ft.

Violon	16 ft.
Salicet	16 ft.
Terz	12⅘ ft.
Principal	8 ft.
Fugara	8 ft.
Rohrflöte	8 ft.
Bordunflöte	8 ft.
Quintatön	8 ft.
Octave	4 ft.
Hohlflöte	4 ft.
Gedackt	4 ft.
Octave	2 ft.
Waldflöte	2 ft.
Quinte	1⅗ ft.
Calcant	2 ft.
Flageolet	1 ft.
Trompete	4 ft.
Ped.-ventil	1
Ped.-ventil	2
Ped.-ventil	3

7. COMPOSITION PEDALS.

2—1st Manual.
2—2nd Manual.
2—3rd Manual.
1—4th Manual.

1 Pedal Forte.
1 Crescendo Pedal.
1 Decrescendo Pedal.

MANUAL COUPLERS.

Coupler to Manual 2.
Coupler to Manual 3.
Coupler to Manual 4.

PEDAL COUPLERS.

Pedal Coupler to Manual 1.
Pedal Coupler to Manual 2.

[N.B.—This is not the arrangement of stops found in the printed description of the organ supplied to the visitor, but I have rearranged their order according to the plan usually adopted in this country, so that the English student may the more readily perceive the composition of the instrument.]

The case is of noble proportions and elaborate workmanship, occupying the whole breadth of the huge west gallery. In its flue-work there is a largeness and dignity of tone which, if not quite equal to that of the Zilberman organs, has at least, that pungency and grandeur happily considered indispensable in all German organs, ancient and modern.

Some delicious effects were obtained from the registers on the 4th manual, notably the violas of 4, 8, and 16 feet, as well as the Salcional and Harmonic flute, but even in this enormous instrument, the reeds appear to be of secondary importance, none of them coming up to the standard of the best specimens of English or French manufacture. The pedal organ possesses an exceedingly fine tone, full of variety, character, and power.

It is in this church that the principal performances of sacred music in Leipzig take place, the leading organists of Germany being especially invited to exhibit their powers on an instrument of which the musicians and inhabitants generally are justly proud. But, notwithstanding its celebrity in most matters pertaining to the musical art, and to the fact that the greatest organist and organ composer of any age or nation lived and worked in Leipzig, the city does not, I believe, contain at the present time any organist professing solo performance of the same calibre as that to be found at some other places. The organ students of the "conservatorium" have not, therefore,

the advantages in this department which they might obtain in many other parts of Germany, pre-eminently in Berlin; and moreover, they are compelled to "do" their practising on a very poor instrument with two manuals and a scrubby set of clumsy pedals in a small church to which they have access for this purpose. In other respects the organization of the "conservatorium" seems to be as complete as possible, and the instruments provided for the pianoforte students are of the best, and soon renewed when worn out with much playing; still the importance of organ playing to the present generation of musicians who seek their education at this important resort of artists, would point undoubtedly to reforms of a wholesale nature in this department of musical education, unless, indeed, students are expected, after the manner of Italians, to bring their organs on their backs.

Most desirous was I of visiting the famous "Gewandhaus," the concert-hall, where for a number of years the most splendid performances have been given both of new and established works, and within whose walls the first artists of the day have thought it a privilege to appear. Here it was that Mendelssohn produced some of his finest inspirations, and organized and directed in 1838, a series of historical concerts which became celebrated, not only for the choice of works, but also for the refined excellence of their performance. It was here, too, that he re-wrote a great part of the "Hymn of Praise," the performance of which created so powerful a sensation that the King of Saxony publicly thanked the composer for the delight that it had given him, and demanded a repetition of the work. In 1843, Mendelssohn produced here his "Walpurgis Night," and the celebrated violin concerto for his friend and old playmate, Ferdinand David, the leader of the orchestra. In Leipzig, in 1847, England's favourite composer died, a comparatively young man, in the zenith of his power and genius.

Unfortunately, my visit was made at a time of the year when no concerts are given; this was a great disappointment, and I was obliged to be content with an inspection of the building, robbed, indeed, of the vitality which it must possess at other times when the highest forms of musical composition fill its atmosphere, giving joy of the most exalted kind to the audience which throngs its walls. The great expectations one forms, so contrary to experience, of famous places, are seldom realized; my visit to the Gewandhaus was no exception to the general rule, for I found it to be very little out of the common order of edifices for similar purposes in our own

country. In large letters over the orchestra appears the motto, *Res severa est verum gaudium.* The performers at the concerts number sixty, each being an artist in the true sense of the word, and a master of his instrument. The detail and ensemble of these performances are regarded by the best musical judges as exhibiting all the highest qualities of orchestral execution ; and to be a member of this orchestra is generally considered throughout Europe a passport of excellence. During the season twenty performances are given, the subscription for a comfortable chair, or "stall," being £2, or two shillings per concert. Here we have one of the reasons why music is so popular and so well understood in Germany. The highest forms of musical composition and their perfect execution by the most celebrated artists of the day, may be frequently enjoyed at what would be regarded in England as a mere nominal charge for admission. The *virtuosi* who visit the British Isles deem it indispensable, and are well instructed beforehand that to obtain appreciation it is necessary to ask large sums for their services ; it is not too much to say that the best among the German artists would simply be laughed at were they to ask in their own country one-tenth part of the fees they demand from the inhabitants of generous England. Until some check be given to the exorbitant demands of all sorts of prima donnas and public performers, good, bad. and indifferent, no real progress can be made in the art in this country, whilst its beneficent influence amongst various classes of people must be very limited. So long, however, as managers and *entrepenneurs* yield to the extravagant notions of prominent, and, as they think, indispensable performers, both vocal and instrumental, but chiefly the former, the evil will continue, and art be degraded to a mere money-making matter, and the pandering to the insane vanity of a few fortunate people, who, though they may be obtaining but small pecuniary reward in their own country, and take their places side by side with less exacting but perhaps equally talented musicians, are elevated if they come to England to positions altogether unwarrantable.

In Leipzig, as well as in all other towns of Germany, one of the essential elements of musical success is the local cultivation of music by both choral and instrumental associations formed of the inhabitants themselves, and without extraneous aid. There the system of itinerant orchestras and conductors, who drain the monied classes of subscriptions which would otherwise be devoted to local musical societies, is unknown, and would never be tolerated. And if the large provincial towns in this

country do not rescue themselves from this evil custom, chiefly introduced amongst them by speculative foreigners, they will only have themselves to thank for the utter destruction of all those musical societies in which the north of England more especially prides itself so justly. It is well known that the "starring" system has exercised the most baneful influence upon the drama in this country, and precisely the same result may certainly be expected to follow the same practices with regard to music.

After an interesting interview with Dr. Richter, the author of a "Manual of Harmony," translated by the American musician, Mr. W. Morgan, and extensively used in that country, I left Leipzig for Dresden.

LETTER V.

LEIPZIG, DRESDEN, GUSTAV MERKEL, ETC.

IT should have been stated in my last letter that before I left Leipzig I visited two very interesting establishments connected with the production and publication of musical compositions, viz., the engraving rooms of C. G. Röder, and the warehouse of the great publishing firm, Breitkopf and Härtel. As I have already intimated, there are several enormous music publishing houses in Leipzig, those of Peters, and Breitkopf and Härtel, being perhaps the largest. The latter I inspected, and was greatly impressed with that distinguishing mark of nearly all German work—political, artistic, and social—an apparently perfect organization, which was evident here in a pre-eminent degree. Ascending the broad staircase of an immense building, which led also to other places of business, I came to the first floor of Breitkopf and Härtel's. The length of the first room seemed to be about one hundred feet, and it was divided and sub-divided into many different departments. Being an Englishman, upon stating the object of my visit, I was at once shown to the particular place where the information I needed could be best obtained; I noticed, too, that the German professors and others, who came on business whilst I was there, were, without the loss of a moment, promptly directed in like manner. For the purpose of observing how far their plans of arrangement of the enormous amount of works they publish were carried, I asked for different works by the great masters, and was instantly shown what I had desired to see. Pianoforte was classed in one group of numerous shelves, divided and sub-divided; vocal music, organ, orchestral, etc., in others; every species of composition in their large catalogue was found and produced without the least delay. In another room were their excellent grand pianofortes, instruments of considerable power and sweetness, to be purchased at a much lower price than equally good ones in our own country, though decidedly not superior, if equal, to the best specimens of Broadwood's, and Collard's. I cannot say that on the whole this publishing firm showed a great and marked superiority over the largest English firms, but at the same time I think their system and

wonderful management are thoroughly worthy of observation and record by those who feel interested in the matter.

With respect to engraving, the case is different, and I could not help seeing this during my visit to Herr Röder's establishment. Here, I think the Germans are superior to the English, not only in the extent and completeness of the place itself, but also in the excellence and character of the work produced. Nearly all the important classical works, reprints of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., have been engraved by Herr Röder. Every task connected with the engraving of music is effected in this building. Beginning on the ground floor, there are the stones roughly hewn, brought from the mountains, and wrought into the necessary shape and smoothness, for the purposes of lithography, by huge grindstones. On the next floor was an accumulation of tin and pewter for plates, which are prepared in another room to a certain thickness and consistency; they are then passed on to the next stage, where a numerous force of men and lads were engaged in punching, with neat and handy tools, the notes from the MSS. which stood before them. There were many of these rooms where the artizans were busily engraving all sorts of music. I was much interested and somewhat amused to be led up to a workman who was at that moment busily at work upon the latest number of the *Organists' Quarterly Journal*, the copy for which I had, as its editor, despatched from England shortly before my departure. All those who have seen this, and other works, engraved by Herr Röder, will at once acknowledge the beauty and accuracy of the work; the notes are sharper and clearer than those to which we have hitherto been accustomed in England, whilst the paper and printing ink are quite worthy of such good workmanship. Proceeding still further I came to the lithographic room, where thirty or forty men, women, and boys, were engaged in transferring the music to the stones; these stones being then taken to a higher room, containing numerous printing presses, all of them being in full work. In another part of the building were many hundreds of these heavy stones placed in different niches with titles of various musical publications, which from their more elaborate and valuable character, are preserved, whilst the stones with impressions of music are rubbed and cleaned to be ready to receive fresh impressions. Amongst the numerous specimens of more beautiful and special engraving shown to me by Herr Röder, was a new Royal quarto edition of Beethoven's opera *Fidelio*, vocal score and pianoforte accompaniment. It was

printed on toned paper with a large margin, and a superb title-page, and a more exquisite piece of workmanship of its class I have never seen.

The journey from Leipzig to Dresden was performed, according to my custom in a part of the country possessing but few beauties of nature, by the evening mail. I have nothing to record of it excepting that I found, as usual, some at least of my fellow travellers were interested in the practice and progress of the musical art, and were able to add to my information many things of interest and use. On my arrival at Dresden on Friday, at midnight, I soon found myself located at the magnificent Hotel de Saxe, which contains a splendid *salle-a-manger* capable of dining five hundred persons, where, in the winter season, numerous and special concerts are given. Early on Saturday morning I despatched a messenger to Herr Gustav Heintz, the well-known music publisher, with an introductory letter, and received a reply declaring his intention to visit me at noon. In accordance with the practical habits of the Germans, Herr Heintz acquainted himself with the chief objects of my visit, and at once made every arrangement to gratify my wishes to the utmost extent, and through his courtesy and kindness not much time elapsed before I had made the personal acquaintance of most of the leading organists and composers of Dresden. During the day, in his company, I visited most of the public buildings, and traversed the principal streets of this lovely city. Dresden is, in every respect, a charming place of residence, but especially for music-loving people. Possessing numerous well-appointed theatres, concerts, cafés chantants, on both banks of the Elbe, in all of which music of a high-class, well performed, is to be heard at very low prices of admission, there seems to be nothing omitted which could afford pleasure and delight to the musician, amateur, and visitor.

Finding that Weber's opera, or rather drama, *Preciosa*, was to be given in the evening at the "Zweites Theater," I proceeded there, and found the prices of admission to range from fifteenpence to threepence. Taking a reserved stall, I witnessed an excellent representation of this celebrated work with no little satisfaction. The orchestra was not large, being chiefly composed of young artists, who, I was informed, played more to obtain experience than with a view to pecuniary profit. The heroine was played by a popular actress, Fraulein Hartmann. As a whole the opera was well performed; but the singing, both solo and choral, was not particularly good. There, as in every similar place in Germany, I noticed the

remarkable attention of the audience to every detail of the performance. Between each of the acts one of those polite and handy German waiters, always found in such places, offered refreshment in the shape of a *seidel* of beer, a small bottle of *Rheinwein*, German sausages, and Westphalia ham sandwiches. I was surprised and amused to see that several of the fairer sex in the pit hesitated not to associate with other female companions in a *seidel* of beer, and evidently with infinite gratification, accompanying the same with loud and earnest criticism on the part of the performance just concluded, but the moment the curtain was drawn, and the play resumed, the utmost silence and decorum prevailed. At the conclusion of the opera, I found my way to a much frequented café, at the back of which, in the large and brilliantly illuminated gardens, I met, by appointment, Herr Meinardus, the composer, whose oratorios—*S. Peter* and *Gideon*—and other works, are well known in the chief towns of Saxony and Hungary. Here it was that I heard the first war-note sounded; from an excited conversation amongst my friends, in which the names Napoleon and Hohenzollern were frequently uttered with considerable force and accent, I discovered the dispute, which, as is now well-known, led to the present lamentable war. As if not a moment should be lost I was awoke at 3 a.m. on the following day, Sunday, by the roll of drums and mustering of troops in the square in front of the hotel. A more exciting scene of its kind I had never witnessed. In the deliciously cool, clear atmosphere of that early morning in July, the square was filled with soldiers, and during the preparations for marching the magnificent band played two or three fine marches in a most effective and charming manner. I retired again to rest with the sounds of military music dying away as the soldiers filed off, and indulged in my dreamings of no end of martial music.

At eight o'clock, before I had finished my toilet, I was astonished to receive a visit from my friend, Herr Gustav Merkel, whose organ compositions and performances are justly celebrated wherever they are known. He had called early, he said, in order to make me acquainted with the services at the Hofkirche, where he presides as court organist. I repaired at the appointed time to the church, which unequal, however, to most of our cathedrals, has a noble exterior and a very fine tower. It stands in a prominent and beautiful position near the bridge which crosses the Elbe. Here High Mass is celebrated every Sunday at eleven o'clock, and other services, such as are usual at Roman Catholic churches, follow during the day.

The service on this occasion was most imposing, the large orchestra in the great West Gallery being occupied by about sixty performers (band and chorus), and the large organ, one of Silbermann's best instruments, of which I intend to give a description in my next letter. Crowds of people were pressing on, and it was with some difficulty that I gained an entrance, and obtained access to Herr Merkel's organ pew. The music consisted of a Mass in F minor, by the conductor, Herr Carl Krebs; an Offertorium, by Rastrelli; and a Graduale, by Reissiger. With such a force of practical musicians, need I say that the music was given with thrilling power and effect? and I have no doubt that those who were below, in the body of the church, heard the inspiring strains to much greater advantage than I who was seated amongst the performers. At the conclusion of High Mass nearly all the immense congregation, as well as the members of the orchestra, departed, and there followed a short service, the musical part of which was sustained by about a dozen singing boys and singing men, with organ accompaniment only. I had now an opportunity of listening to the organ, and was struck with its rich, full tone. As, however, Herr Merkel's playing was limited to the requirements of the service, he made an appointment with me for the following Tuesday, at ten o'clock, in order that we might hear the instrument alone and undisturbed. Meanwhile the organist, with Herr Meinardus and myself, adjourned to one of the beautiful cafés on the banks of the Elbe, only a very short distance from the church. The prospect was one of great beauty and interest. Thousands of people were passing to and fro on the picturesque bridge; steamboats and every variety of craft plied up and down the broad river, whilst the patronizers of the cafés along its banks seemed thoroughly happy in the enjoyment of their refreshment and the scene. The heat was intense, and suddenly, with scarcely any intimation of the change, there broke upon us a fearful thunderstorm. Commencing with huge drops of rain, whose violence increased with extraordinary rapidity, it created for the time the greatest disorder, which, had it not been rather troublesome, would have been very amusing, for all seemed to vie with each other in their eagerness to snatch up their plates with their contents, wine, beer, etc., and rush, *pêle-mêle*, into the interior of the building, rolling out a running accompaniment of national gutturals. For two hours the rain descended in torrents, and the atmosphere became thick and darkened. But notwithstanding this *contretemps* we had a most interesting conversation

about music and organs; Herr Merkel being especially interested in the description I had with me, and explained to him, of the immense instrument in the Leeds Town Hall. It was then, as with all other organists I met during my tour, they knew nothing of English organs, English organists, or their compositions. I could not help expressing a hope that this exclusiveness should be rectified by visits to England; for clever as the organists of Germany at present are, they seem to be perfectly unacquainted with any but those of their own country.

In the afternoon I went to the beautiful little English church, erected chiefly by the liberality of Mrs. Göschen; there, on entering by a side door close to the organ, I heard the familiar strains of the hymn tune, "Melcombe." The young organist, Mr. David Beardwell, was extremely courteous, and most kindly offered to place his services at my disposal during my stay in Dresden.

LETTER VI.

REITZ, WAGNER, MAGDEBURG, ETC.

ON the evening I followed the usual custom of the musical people of Dresden, and went to the Opera-house, a huge temporary wooden building, capable of seating three thousand persons, erected shortly after the lamentable fire at the late splendid Opera-house, which was totally destroyed. The prices of admission varied from 3s. 6d. to 9d., the house being so constructed that everyone could both hear and see well. I had a front stall in the parquette, immediately in front of the stage and orchestra, and I was delighted to find on receiving a programme that my long wished for opportunity of hearing one of Wagner's most popular operas in Germany was now to be gratified. We were to have the "Meister-singer," and it was certainly put upon the stage and performed most effectively. The orchestra consisted of about sixty performers, directed by that able musician and composer Dr. Julius Reitz, Mendelssohn's friend. Whether from the intense heat and the want of proper ventilation in the building, or from the want of repose, variety and relief in the music, I was quite overcome at the end of the first act, and was compelled to return to my hotel—perhaps a wiser, if not a sadder man. Undoubtedly Wagner's instrumentation is the work of a master, and not for one moment does he apparently allow the performers to indulge in the luxury of a few bars rest. Nearly every instrument in the orchestra seemed to have an obbligato part, and all were playing at one and the same time. It was impossible to catch more than the ghost or fragment of a tune. No sooner did the ear find a snatch of pretty melody when it instantly gave place to another equally brief; every conceivable device seemed to be employed to render every subject peculiar and fragmentary, and yet undoubtedly many of the dramatic situations were powerful and effective. Especially interesting was the opening portion of the opera at the conclusion of the singular and overwrought overture. Here the scene in the church, the groupings, and never ceasing action of two or three score of people on the stage, undoubtedly excite lively interest, and seemed to be highly and fully appreciated by

the composer's numerous admirers, who were present in full force, and some of whom did their best to impress upon my mind the sublime superiority of this and other Wagnerian effusions over the master-pieces of those great musicians whom either my education or my prejudices had taught me to esteem the highest. I did not hear very much of Wagner's music, but what I did hear I can conscientiously say I did not much like. Richard Wagner's music may possibly be worthy of association, as his admirers affirm, with the greatest operatic inspirations of Glück, Mozart, Weber, Rossini, and Meyerbeer ; it may be possessed of many of the highest attributes of art ; it may, and does undoubtedly interest a large section of his country-men ; it may in its association with the dramatic books of his own construction produce novel and startling effects ; but it will never, in my humble opinion, become popular with those who love music for music's sake, and believe that melody, form, rhythm, and clearness of design are essential elements in all good and beautiful music. The works of the great masters, which defy the inroads of time, possess the two essentials of life and greatness, beauty and truth ; beauty as evidenced in its inspired tune and loveliness ; truth in conforming to the canons of art and to those rules of composition by which the man of genius avails himself of scholarship to cement and consolidate his ideas. Such was Beethoven in his grand symphonies. It would seem that Wagner, in his late productions, has aimed too much at mystification, or perhaps he regards it as originality. And yet he *has* produced pleasing and intelligible music. His opera, "The Flying Dutchman," composed thirty years ago, and produced with considerable success in London this year, is not only natural and flowing in its music, but is sufficiently interesting and original to warrant the assertion that, had this composer followed the bent of his early inclinations and genius, he would have brought the whole musical world to acknowledge that he was the great musical apostle his followers and admirers now claim him to be—a claim to which, I venture to think, any but prejudiced people will deny his right.

The day following I visited the Royal Porcelain Stores, and also took the welcome opportunity of seeing the magnificent collection of paintings in the famous and extensive Gallery, where are a number of representations of the interiors of churches by Peter Neuf, which will well repay careful study—and notably a remarkable effort of Ghering's, painted in the year 1665, in which there appears a large organ, elevated on a screen over two arches ; but all this has been so frequently described

elsewhere that any further account is unnecessary. In the evening, after having been present at one of those sumptuous dinners for which the large hotels in Dresden are so celebrated, I repaired to the charming Belvidere Gardens on the banks of the Elbe, and there listened to the usual excellent band in the company of hundreds of persons enjoying themselves in a similar tranquil way, and apparently intensely appreciative of the pleasant strains. The next morning (Tuesday) I proceeded to the Hofkirche and kept my appointment with its well-known organist, Herr Gustav Merkel, whom I found waiting for me. He began at once to show the specialities and powers of the noble instrument which, built by Silbermann in 1754, has three manuals and a pedal organ of eight stops; the following being its *disposition* :—

MANUAL I.

Principal	16 ft.
Bordun	16 ft.
Fagott	16 ft.
Principal	8 ft.
Gamba	8 ft.
Rohrflöte	8 ft.
Trompete	8 ft.
Octave	4 ft.
Spitzflöte	4 ft.
Quint	2⅔ ft.
Octave	2 ft.
Terz	1⅗ ft.
Cymbel	3 fug.
Mixtur	4 ft.
Cornett	5 ft.
Tremulant.	

MANUAL II.

Quintatön	16 ft.
Principal	8 ft.
Gedact	8 ft.
Quintatön	8 ft.
Undamaris	8 ft.
Octave	4 ft.
Rohrflöte	4 ft.
Nassat	2⅔ ft.
Octave	2 ft.
Terz	1⅗ ft.
Flageolet	1 ft.
Mixtur	4 fug.
Cornet (Echo)	5 fug.
Vox humana	8 ft.
Schwebung.	

MANUAL III.

Gedact	8 ft.
Schalmei	8 ft.
Principal	4 ft.
Rohrflöte	4 ft.
Quinte (ged)	2⅔ ft.
Octave	2 ft.
Terz	⅘ ft.
Quinte	1⅓ ft.
Sifflöt	1 ft.
Mixtur	3 ft.

PEDAL.

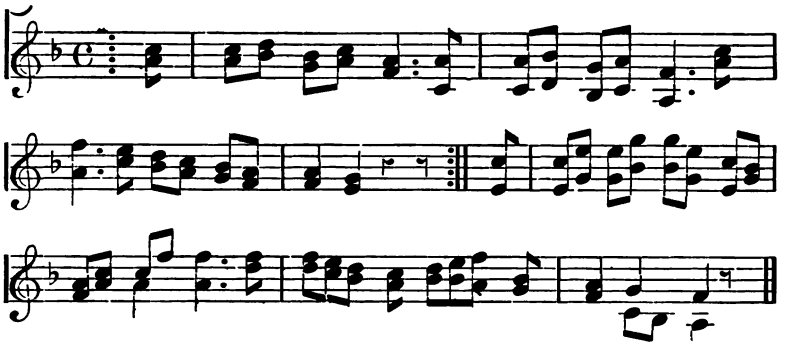
Subbass	32 ft.
Posaune	16 ft.
Principal	16 ft.
Octave	8 ft.
Trompete	8 ft.
Octave	8 ft.
Trompete	4 ft.
Mixtur	6 ft.
Coppel.	

No organ I heard in Germany pleased me better than this; it has a ringing quality of tone of a rich and powerful character, and were the reeds equal to the flue work, the instrument would, for its size, be quite unsurpassed. As with previous German organists, Herr Merkel politely requested me first to try the organ, which I did by playing some English compositions, that appeared greatly to interest him; and afterwards he performed in his own admirable style Bach's Passacaglia in C

minor, one of Schumann's Fugues on the name of Bach, and some of his own charming compositions. The reverberation and echo in this church, when empty, are great indeed, greater than I have heard in our English Cathedrals and large public buildings, and I need scarcely add that this fact considerably militated against the clear and distinct hearing of the music. I ought to mention that the case which contains the organ is one of immense size, excellent design, and most richly ornamented. Most of the 16ft. metal pipes are placed in front and divided into five compartments.

The next day, in accordance with an invitation, I paid a visit to Dr. Julius Reitz, when we discussed at length musical matters in general, but more particularly the redoubtable Richard Wagner, as well as organ-music, German and English. As with other Germans I found him also quite unacquainted with any compositions for the king of instruments by Englishmen, and I felt it therefore a pleasure to be able to enlighten this able musician by going through with him not only many excellent works written for the organ, but also several cantatas, anthems, etc., by some of our first composers. On the whole he seemed somewhat surprised and much gratified by their perusal. I was highly pleased to receive from Dr. Reitz a copy of a new and exquisite duet which he had just written for organ and violin, and which, since my return to England, I have frequently introduced (such favour has it earned) at my own organ concerts in Leeds. The pleasure of my visit to this most amiable musician was further enhanced by a promise from him to send me a contribution for my organ book.

On the evening of the same day, after having discovered and supplied myself with many new musical publications of much interest and beauty, I left Dresden for Magdeburg. During the journey a singular incident occurred which showed unmistakably how well the musical education of the young is cared for in Germany.

At one of the stations (Oschatz) where we stopped for refreshment, a number of boys (perhaps twenty) returning from school, were met by their companions and also by several young girls, whose joy at returning home was evidenced in their beaming, happy countenances. The whole party quickly formed into a procession, and, marching off two abreast with military precision, headed by the biggest boy, who played a large accordion, sang with excellent time and accent to some appropriate words the following pretty and simple two-part song :—

I reached Magdeburg in the middle of the night, and early on the following morning called upon Dr. Ritter, the organist of the Cathedral, to whom I had a letter of introduction, but to my great disappointment found that he had left home only the day previous for his usual fortnight's holiday, and that the immense Cathedral organ which I had travelled nearly 200 miles to hear would not, and could not, as my informant told me, be played during the doctor's absence. I had, therefore, to content myself with an inspection of the Cathedral, in which are many beautiful objects of art, the marble pulpit especially claiming attention, and with eliciting such information of the organ as the attendants of the Cathedral could afford me. The instrument which now stands in the church was built under the direction of Dr. Ritter and N. Reubke, of Hansneindorf, near Quedlenburg, at a cost of 7,000 thalers. It has four manuals, eighty-one registers, and 5,256 pipes, most of the metal pipes being made of almost pure tin; it has also the advantage of the pneumatic lever, and other modern inventions for facilitating performance. On leaving the Cathedral, which I did with a deep sigh of disappointment, having travelled so far for such small results, I encountered several troops of artillery just proceeding from the great fortress of Magdeburg, and who have since, I understand, actively engaged in the thick of the war. I was now anxious to return to my friends at Hamburg, for which hospitable city I left at 11.30 a.m., arriving there safely at 5.10 p.m.

LETTER VII.

HAMBURG AGAIN; WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS.

IT was a relief and a pleasure to find myself once more amongst my Hamburg friends, for, during my journey from Magdeberg, I had heard the war note sounding frequently, and in a manner not always the most harmonious or agreeable. All along the line of railway excited groups of people were gathered at the different stations, discussing the probabilities of the war which had that day been declared against their own Vaterland.

In Hamburg, the excitement was intense. I went with my friends to the Exchange, always an interesting and exciting scene, when the merchants gather in thousands between the hours of one and two; but now the place was perfectly alarming from the roar of voices and animated conversation of the traders and others who thronged that immense square on the ground floor of the Hamburg change.

When I remember the different expressions made to me on that memorable day, and compare notes with the facts as they exist at the present, I cannot but regard the general judgment of the Germans at the time, as having been founded on a confidence in their own powers, which was not altogether misplaced or overestimated. "Napoleon," said one, "little knows what our resources are." "We have," said another, "tried to *avoid* fighting, and done our best to remove any cause of quarrel, but he will not be pacified; he *will* fight, and now, *mein Herr*, he shall have it, and in a way which he will never forget." "We are no match for him on the sea, that we know full well, still we think we know how to prevent him from coming into our ports, and our own dear Hamburg he shall not touch." How true these words were, most of us will now well know. To me, they indicated a complete change in the peaceful occupation of my tour. Up to this time it had been peace, peace, peace. It was now war, war, horrid war. Moreover, there was a little change from that kindly feeling and sentiment which I had so much admired during the first part of my journey, and I saw clearly that I must now make the best of my way back to old England; and so, at the close of

my second day in Hamburg, I secured a berth in the well-known steamer the "Grimsby," which has since been more than once overhauled by French cruisers, and arrived in Great Grimsby early on Sunday morning, July 17th. Shortly after leaving Hamburg, when off Heligoland, the passengers were greatly alarmed to sight what was said to be a French fleet, which proved, however, to be, on nearer approach, the chief ships of the Prussian navy, making their way as quickly as possible into ports where they would be safe from the attacks of their more powerful opponents.

And now, having finished my tour, I will venture to offer a few general observations on the cultivation and practice of music in North Germany, and in what respect we, in England, differ from our Teutonic friends. I may first say that musical training throughout Prussia is regarded as an indispensable feature in the education of every child, no matter what the creed or position of their parents. In the state-aided schools, not only is part-singing regularly, systematically, and efficiently taught, chiefly from the large black music board, but partly from the cheap hand books so plentiful throughout Germany; but to every school there is attached outside masters who impart a knowledge of playing on different instruments for fees which would be considered in England ridiculously small—too small, indeed, to reward sufficiently these painstaking educators. The result of this early musical training is to be found in the fact that the whole of the people of Germany at the present time are more or less musicians. Where any particular talent for the art is shown, there are plenty of relatives and friends ready to give counsel and advice as to the best mode of developing it in the numerous schools and conservatoires which exist throughout the country, and which, be it remembered, are partly supported by Government aid. But whatever course in life is marked out for the German child, there he carries with him sound elementary musical instruction which enables him both to perform and appreciate music in a way which must conduce to the advancement of the art, and the stability of its professors. Moreover, the education of the professional musician is *thorough*, not only for performances, but in theory and the higher forms of composition.

In this country it is often considered sufficient for teachers to be able to play a few showy pieces on the pianoforte, or on any other instrument they may wish to teach. The German vocalists, too, as a rule (though we may not always admire their somewhat hard and inflexible style), are well acquainted

with the theory of music, and feel no difficulty in reading at first sight complex works. There, as a rule, female teachers are not recognised, excepting as overlookers, in a matter of practice and preparation for the masters' lessons. The increasing cultivation of music has brought to the surface, in the large towns of England especially, swarms of ill-educated, incompetent youthful teachers, of both sexes, who generally are enemies and hindrances to the progress of true art—who teach upon no artistic data—and who impart that paltry smattering of musical instruction which develops itself in the encouragement and performance of senseless, puerile comic songs, trumpery dance music, and easy effeminate compositions, both sacred and secular, of no meaning, purpose, or good intent.* In music, too, as in almost every other matter, the Germans are thoroughly national. We are indeed, as I have already stated elsewhere, greatly behind both the Germans and the French in that *esprit de corps*, that national union of purpose and interests, which help so enormously to consolidate, elevate, and prosper every good and useful undertaking. Throughout my intercourse with the German musicians, I found them anxious—sometimes, indeed, too anxious—to recommend and eulogise their fellow-workers in the art. Most of our professional musicians are aware how different this matter is in our own country, so favoured in many respects, and yet so sadly behind in others. In every German town, great or small, there are numbers of people who live by, and upon, music. Music is a necessity of the community in which they live, and it is, therefore, for their interest and happiness not only to agree amongst themselves, but also to emulate each other with friendly rivalry in obtaining the greatest amount of perfection in whatever branch of the art they undertake. It must be noted also how greatly the musicians of Germany are indebted for the prosperity of music, to its recognition and encouragement by the press. Not only have they an immense number of publications of a didactic character, exclusively devoted to music, but almost every newspaper throughout Germany apportions a considerable amount of space in noticing musical performances of various kinds, new publications, and letters bearing upon the progress and cultivation of the art.

With a few honourable exceptions, the press of our own

* It must be remembered that this was written in 1870, before the great advance had been made in Great Britain in the higher branches of musical education, by the establishment of large, new colleges, examination boards, and an increase of better and more advanced teachers, both vocal and instrumental.

country give only small attention to the subject. Ordinary reporters, accomplished in other respects, but, musically speaking, profoundly ignorant, are constantly employed—often against their will—to write articles upon musical performances of a high character. This want of knowledge and appreciation of music on the part of newspaper editors and their assistants, many of whom obtain their impressions and information from either bumptious or biased persons, is no doubt a great drawback to the progress of the art in this country. As, however, immense sums are spent by those who provide concerts and other musical entertainments, in advertising, it seems but just to expect that newspaper proprietors should give more attention to the subject, and endeavour to secure the services of a musical contributor, as is now invariably the case with the French, German, and American newspapers; one who would take sufficient interest in the art, not only to write *con amore*, but with a view to impart information and instruction.

In a previous letter, I alluded to the choral associations of Germany as one of their greatest sources of strength in music, and I cannot refrain from reiterating my fervent hope, that the people of England will perceive that in proportion to the support and encouragement they give to their own local institutions, so will the knowledge and practice of music become more general, more appreciated, and further advanced. Undoubtedly, England has done much and well for music within the last quarter of a century, and every true lover of the art rejoices in its increased and increasing cultivation among all classes. In proof of this, I need only refer to the numerous musical associations and societies — public and private — established throughout the length and breadth of the land, for the practice and performance of both vocal and instrumental music. The opportunities largely embraced of hearing good music excellently performed, and very often—though not so often as could be desired—at a small cost to the listener, afford another and unmistakable instance, that the love of music pervades all grades of society, and has become an indispensable element in the recreation of all classes of the people. The formation of vocal classes, and brass bands by artizans, is also a matter of much satisfaction to those who believe as I do, in the power and beneficial influence of music as a kindly and social agent; the publication of classic works in a cheap form, the issue of several literary and other serials devoted to the interests of music; the number of compositions frequently issued by the great publishing firms, whose large establishments, together with

those for the manufacture of pianos, also testify to the increasing love and practice of music; and last, but not least, the almost universal adoption of a higher style and better performance of sacred music in our churches and other places of worship; all these facts give strong and unmistakable evidence of the great progress the art has made in England of late years, and which would be increased to a much larger extent, could we be sufficiently wise to derive those lessons of profit and instruction, which assuredly are to be learnt from the experiences of our more artistic European neighbours, especially from those whom I have more particularly specified in the letters I now conclude.

Leeds, Christmas, 1870.

A WEEK'S MUSIC IN LONDON DURING THE HANDEL FESTIVAL, 1877.

"DON'T forget the Handel Festival, sir, t'end of June," said one of my bass singers, in stentorian tones, early in April, after one of the Madrigal Society's rehearsals of *Jephtha*, which I had been conducting: "don't forget to put me in; for though we know a bit or two of old Handel in Yorkshire, and have sung many of his oratorios through and through, we don't get him anywhere so grand as at the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace, when he fairly stands before ye, sir, in the shape of a giant orchestra of four thousand performers."

"I won't forget you, Sam," I replied, "you shall have your ancient love of Handel's sublime music gratified to the full, if my recommendation of you be accepted I have myself been at all the festivals since their inauguration in 1857, and I am most anxious to be present now in 1877 to observe what improvements, if any, have been effected after an experience of twenty years."

"All right," said Sam, "and I hope we shall both meet after, and have a good long talk over it when it's fair done with, and compare notes, sir."

And so I parted from my warm-hearted, plain spoken, enthusiastic Handelian, who, I am happy to say, in company with thirty or forty other Yorkshire choralists, duly received their engagements from the Sacred Harmonic Society, and proceeded to London on Thursday, June 21st, so as to be ready for the general rehearsal at the Palace on the following day. Nothing very particular happened on the journey, except that whenever the train was brought up at any station, we could hear Sam and the other full-voiced singers, who were in a carriage behind mine, trolling heartily one of their

favourite glees, or part-songs, especially Webbe's jolly old glee—

"As the moments roll,
Let new joys inspire:
Hebe fills the bowl,
Orpheus tunes the lyre.
Let each cheerful heart
Join the festive strain,
Thus before we part
We'll be young again."

"What's all this about?" said a sallow-faced, tall passenger to a porter who was standing on a carriage step with his hand on the door fastener, "what are they singing about?"

"Only 'andle, sir, 'andle:" with which very clear explanation, the stranger disappeared into his compartment, wondering no doubt what "'andle" meant.

However, to the real Handel we paid our respects, and took our places the next day at 12 o'clock, immediately in front of the mammoth orchestra called after the great *maestro*—the courteous stewards of the Sacred Harmonic Society directing our steps to our seats in the great central area. I know of few sights more striking and impressive than the appearance of the Crystal Palace, from this spot, on a Handel Festival day. The eye first wanders bewildered amongst the four thousand performers in the gigantic orchestra, where the well-dressed ladies of the choir appear in all the variegated hues of the rainbow, fanning themselves in the most vigorous fashion, as if the agitated air they made would almost fill the bellows of the great organ itself; then we glance at the thousands forming the audience —every class and every size, every taste and every dress, musical, unmusical, silent, chatty, attentive, inattentive, interested, indifferent, modest, and inquiring, bumptious, important, and "know-a-thing-or-two" sort of people.

It is true this was called "Rehearsal Day," but the name was undoubtedly a misnomer. It was a performance of the most favourite excerpts from each of the three day's programmes, which many thousands of persons paid to hear; and, there being no corrections of numerous palpable imperfections, the "rehearsal" enlarged itself into a formal and most attractive musical exhibition.

First, we had the tuning of the orchestra, to the incessant and rather tiresome noise of the organ played by the able organist with all the strength in his power,—the strings, brass, and wood, of the immense band, vehemently emulating the rasping tones of this not very sweet specimen of the "King of Instruments,"—the whole thing promoting conversation to an alarming and

head-aching extent. Such, however, is the appreciation of art by some of the London critics, that we read in an evening paper of the same day the following or a similar astounding piece of information, which I quote from memory:—"Mr. Willing's tuning up on the great organ was truly magnificent. Combined with the sublime and majestic harmonies of John Sebastian Bach and George Frederick Handel, the organist skilfully varied his improvisation, by the introduction of the more modern and chromatic chords of Spohr, Meyerbeer, and Wagner. Truly the effect was imposing!" After this I scarcely think provincial criticism need fear. Sir Michael Costa, emperor of conductors, having been received with the cordiality so eminently his due, proceeded at once to let us hear the quality and quantity of both band and chorus. There was no mistake. The balance of tone was all that could be desired, or at least obtained in such a vast space. Everyone stood up. Place for the Queen! Cold indeed was the heart that did not warmly respond to the soul-stirring delivery of a grateful nation's prayer, "Long live our gracious Queen!" And now, place for Mr. Handel, and hear what *he* has to say. Stand up again and meekly take off your hats:—"Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." How many hundred times have I heard this sublime inspiration? and yet it was as fresh and grand as ever—dignified, impressive, overwhelming! And then a mighty "Amen"—the final chorus in the *Messiah*—the most intense vocal fugue ever written, and the most scholarly and overwhelming finale to an oratorio ever conceived. Both of these choruses were sung with a steadiness and vigour never surpassed at a former festival, if at all approached. With the aid of my opera-glass, I discovered Sam among the basses, with a face beaming like a full moon—a waistcoat as white as snow—and, evidently, a heart flowing with honest rapture over the genial "sing" he was having anent his musical god, Handel. This was a triumph for the choir. Now for the orchestra, with the *Occasional Overture*, a piece of music familiar probably to every village organist in the world. Still, there it was, fresh, effective, and stirring. Would it have been, in so vast a space and with such an array of players, without Costa's skilful additional instrumentation? Emphatically, No! Following this was another fine choral work, the coronation anthem, "The King shall rejoice," in which the fugue in B minor, with its prolonged pedal point on the dominant, displays the composer's great learning and power. No living persons could sing the solos better than those to whom they were entrusted,

Mr. Lloyd and Mdme. Patey especially distinguishing themselves by the purity of their style, and a total absence of that personal ostentation and demonstrative conceit so frequently displayed by popular singers, to the injury of the music, and the annoyance of every sensible occupant of the auditorium. But solos, to my mind, are entirely out of place in the Handel Festival orchestra. One may as well almost sing "Heart, the seat of soft delight," on the table land at Flamboro' Head to an audience of fishermen in their boats on the rough sea below.

Another choral triumph was the fine chorus from *Belshazzar*, "Sing, O ye heavens," with its bright and happy accompaniments, so thoroughly Handelian in their character. A little less effective, perhaps, was the well-known chorus, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," in which the descending scales of semiquavers were not quite well together; but the final chords came out like musical thunder, and worthily brought to a close the first part.

I wandered away to the back of the orchestra, and there pounced unawares upon my friend Sam, who immediately exclaimed in strong northern vernacular, "Isn't it grand, sir? foiner than I ever heard it afore; I feel it a-creeping all down my back."

"Dear me, Sam," I said, "where did you sleep, then, last night?"

"Ah now, please sir, don't joke about the like of this; it *is* beautiful, and I've enjoyed mysen grandly this morning."

"Indeed, *I* have, Sam; and am persuaded that we shall, in a musical point of view, witness the finest Handel Festival we have yet attended."

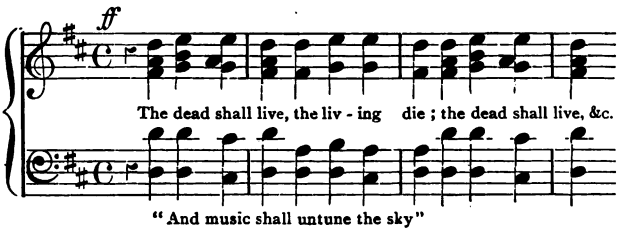
"It's right, sir," replied Sam, who, casting a wistful glance at his companion, looked slyly at me, and added, "And I tell thee what it is, doctor, singing Handel for two hours is an uncommon *dry job*, and I'm just off now to see if I can't handle a quart mug."

After half an hour's interval, and a pleasant chat with many dear old musical friends, and "them dreadful crickets of the newspapers," as Mrs. Malaprop would say, we returned to our seats, where, opera-glassing the occupants of the orchestra, it was a foregone conclusion that they *had* adjourned from labour to refreshment, and that profit and pleasure were evidently the mutual results.

First, we had the gratification of listening to Mr. Best's splendid playing of the well-known B flat Concerto, for organ and orchestra, a work originally written for the harpsichord,

with accompaniments for violin and violoncello, and therefore not so well adapted to the genius of the organ as some others of the famous six. The tone of *that* organ does not mix well with the orchestra, and neither were they in accord in respect of time, especially in the last eight bars of the *tutti* concluding with the *allegro moderato*. It is deeply to be regretted that, on such a glorious occasion as this, so great a player had not a finer instrument to manipulate; but I am assured that this is no fault of the eminent builders, whose many other organs testify to their skill and success, but to the lack of funds and a fitting opportunity on the part of the Crystal Palace Company to build a special organ exactly suited in scale, tone, and design, for the huge building where it is so often required.

The chief features of the remaining selections included the superb chorus, "The dead shall live," from Dryden's *Ode to S. Cecilia's Day*, one of the most spontaneous of Handel's choral inspirations, in his favourite key of D. Scholarly as is the fugal writing throughout, and beautifully varied by contrast of key, yet no part of this chorus made so sublime an effect as the following and similar simple passages, given out with full power of band, chorus, and organ:—



May our glorious hopes of futurity be cheered by the remembrance of such divine strains!

Then followed a selection from what is justly regarded as the most powerful of all the master's choral works, *Israel in Egypt*. But of this more hereafter, in its proper place. Enough that we were treated to nearly five hours of Handel's music, and became sufficiently mortal and unsophisticated to require dinner, which, in company with three devoted Handelians, we obtained to perfection at Sawyer's admirable dining-room in the Palace, and then made the best of our way to our respective homes and hostelries, having "done," to our own satisfaction at least, our first day of a week's music in London.

On the following day (Saturday) I visited several of the large music-publishing firms, notably, Novello, Ewer and Co., Boosey

and Co., Metzler and Co., and Ashdown and Parry, not only for personal business purposes, but to view their splendid establishments, and observe how they have gone on from little to more, until they have become eminent examples of enterprise and success. In Novello's spacious front shop in Berners Street (there is another place of business in the city), a whole side is covered with pigeon-holes, containing back numbers of the *Musical Times;* whilst innumerable shelves in various rooms contain thousands upon thousands of popular oratorios, anthems, organ pieces, services, etc. At Metzler's, in Great Marlborough Street, a beautiful new warehouse has just been erected, containing every convenience for the exhibition and storage of all sorts of musical instruments, from the famous American organ, down to the pretty little flageolet, as well as for their extensive catalogue of musical publications. Almost the same thing may be said of Messrs. Boosey's similarly famous house; whilst the piles—the miles, I had almost said—of folio sheet music at Messrs. Ashdown and Parry's admirable establishment in Hanover Square, fills one with astonishment at the enormous quantity of new music which is daily being issued from the music-press of the metropolis.

In the evening I went to both operas—Covent Garden first, to hear and see Adelina Patti in Verdi's last opera, *Aida*, and afterwards to Her Majesty's to witness the *début* of Mdlle. Ethelka Gerster in the familiar *Somnambula*. Of course, I could only hear a part of each performance—but both were most interesting, and greatly charmed me.

Aida, as an opera, contains many fine situations for imposing histrionic effects; but its music, delightful as some of it is, did not strike me as partaking of that fascinating, melodious style, so characteristic of Verdi's earlier operas. Nothing, however, could exceed the charm of Mdme. Adelina Patti's acting and singing, and I left with regret the attractions of one famous *cantatrice* to witness those of another.

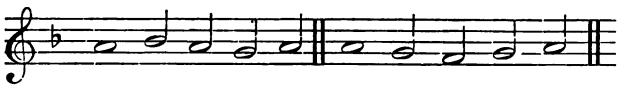
I did not reach Her Majesty's Opera until ten o'clock, and, consequently, only heard the latter part of *La Somnambula*, in which rather weak opera the new Hungarian *prima donna* elected to make her first impression on an English audience. Combined with a voice of great compass and exquisite, sympathetic quality, Mdlle. Gerster possesses knowledge and power of vocalism of the very highest order; her finished execution of the old favourite, "Ah non giunge," giving incontestable proof of this I did not see it fall, but in one of the papers I read the next morning that she had "brought down the house." The band was superb, play-

ing under Sir Michael Costa's direction with the sharpness and *verve* of a single accomplished performer. How I longed to hear these wonderful fellows in the *Fidelio*, or in some other opera by a really great master of the orchestra—*not* Bellini.

With Sunday came my visit to two representative churches—St. Pancras, Euston Road, in the morning for the Evangelical "followers," and All Saints', Margaret Street, in the evening, for the Ritualistic adorners. My observations, however, will not be on doctrines or formulas, but respecting the music used and the impression it made on my mind.

The service at St. Pancras commenced at eleven; and precisely at that hour Mr. Henry Smart, the premier organist of London, played a beautiful, impressive, extemporaneous voluntary, in E flat, on Gray and Davidson's fine-toned organ. The responses, versicles, etc., were made by the large congregation (upwards of 2,000 persons), led by a clerk (a character that I thought had long ago vanished), in tones loud and clear (probably from practice severe), in the natural speaking voice. The well-known double chant in A, by Goss, transposed into G, was sung to *Venite Exultemus* by the school children and the whole congregation with a heartiness and exactness deeply religious and impressive. There is no choir. The congregation form one vast choir. No one seems to "put in a second" or attempts to do a bit of harmony on his own account—but all sing the melody—and a grand unison it is! If the Daily Psalms had been given in a similar way, that would have been a great and elevating act of worship; but they were *read* throughout—and thus nullified the injunction and invitation implied in *Venite Exultemus*, "O come let us *sing* unto the Lord." The canticles were all sung to double-chants—and *well* sung too, by "the people." The rest of the music was confined to hymns and organ voluntaries. And here let me say at once that in no church that I know (I have been to a large number) can you hear these too important adjuncts to divine service rendered more impressively, more devotionally, and more *artistically* than at St. Pancras' Church. The manner in which Dr. Dykes's tune to the Trinity Hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy!" was given out, is a thing to be remembered—our modern organists can't do it; at least, but few of them. Both the singing of this and the grand hymn, "Nun danket alles Gott" ("Now thank we all our God"), as well as the organ accompaniment, cannot easily be erased from the memory. May it live in mine for ever! And then there was another display of genius in the extempore voluntary at the close of the service—a masterpiece of skill and true

musical feeling. Young organists, let me advise you to get an early opportunity of hearing Henry Smart play the organ at St. Pancras' Church, before it is too late, or else the finest genius of the organ living may have passed away—long distant may the day be when this calamity befalls us!

And now for the other church—All Saints'. A beautiful building, well adapted to the kind of service adopted here, and a fine organ by Hill, played by an able organist, Mr. W. S. Hoyte. We did not arrive in time for the commencement of the service, but heard the daily Evening Psalms. These were *all* sung to the same Gregorian chant:

The words were gabbled fast, and the music was loud throughout. This may be satisfactory to the priests, choir, and congregation of *All Saints'*, but it did not please *me*. Certainly I could not appreciate the division of the words, for instance, in the *Gloria Patri*, "Glory be to the Father, and to the So-ôn." Many persons like this; I don't.

The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, founded on Gregorian tones, and dressed up with modern harmonies, did not seem to me to be sufficiently varied in character to give adequate expression to the beautiful words of these time-honoured canticles; neither can it be admitted that there was much devotional feeling in the furious recitation of the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer to a rather loud organ accompaniment.

The anthem, "I will extol Thee," adapted from Hummel's "Quod in orbe," is more theatrical than ecclesiastical, with a fanfare sort of organ accompaniment, played on piccolos and reeds. It neither pleased myself nor the eminent musician who stood by my side, whose elevated and elevating style of church music offers so many fine examples of what is really dignified, spirited, beautiful, and thoroughly appropriate to the spirit and purport of the words. The hymns were, of course, sung at a great speed, *St. Pancratius* being so fast that I did not at first recognise a grand old tune I had known from childhood. At the conclusion of the service the organist played in brilliant style a showy fantasia by Behrens.

With Monday, June 25th, came the first day proper of the Handel Festival. *Messiah*, the most popular oratorio ever—or

ever likely to be—composed, was the chosen work wherewith to usher in the series of magnificent performances which would occupy three days of music from the same prolific pen during this memorable week.

Leaving our comfortable quarters at the Great Northern Hotel, so admirably managed by X. Meyer (formerly of Leeds), our party soon found ourselves entangled at the Ludgate Hill Station with a portion, at least, of the eighteen thousand—besides the four thousand performers—who were on their way to assist, as the phrase goes, at this great choral gathering. In the railway carriages taking us to the Palace we were all charmingly mixed up together, first and third class passengers, not the slightest check being given to one or the other until the presentation of the tickets at the end of our destination. But why first class should be compelled for want of room to ride third, and third should fill the first carriages without let or hindrance, I confess myself unable to comprehend. Perhaps the railway authorities will explain ; I cannot.

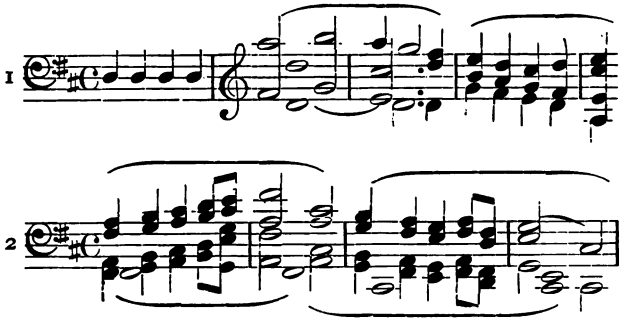
Landed at the Crystal Palace, the surging, chattering crowd seek their places to the "splendid tuning up" of the great organ and the thousand instrumentalists ; all round, a very pretty noise, as well as a most animated scene. But here we are, once more, to listen to *The Messiah.* Amongst the treasures of the sacred lyre there is none which unites so many of the elements of beauty and sublimity as *The Messiah.* We are equally affected by its grandeur and its tenderness, its pathos and rejoicing; it melts us with the deepest compassion; a loving devotion broods over the work as with the wings of an angel; it is the song of hope and gratitude asking a response from immortal souls.

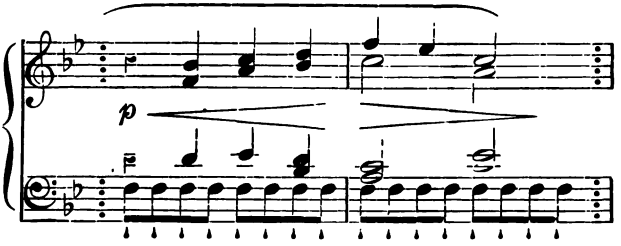
I could not help reflecting, whilst listening to the sweet airs and the mighty choruses which abound in this grand inspiration of genius, how fortunate it was that Handel's ill success in operatic composition and speculation led him, in the latter part of his career, to turn his attention wholly to that species of composition which has rendered his name immortal, and which, so long as there are ears to hear, hearts to feel, and minds to understand, must ever cause him to be regarded as among the most honoured of the world's heroes.

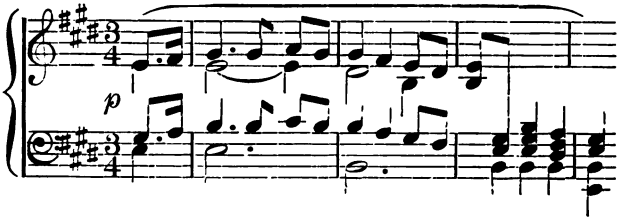
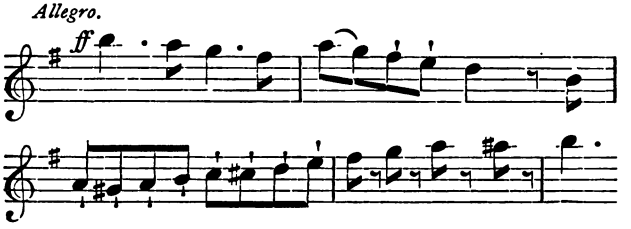
I do not wish to enter into any detailed criticism of the performance ; that has been done by many abler pens than mine. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing admiration of the *tempi,* which Sir Michael Costa adopted throughout, especially in the more stately choruses, thereby obtaining dis-

tinctness of utterance and dignity of time, both combining to produce a great improvement on former readings, and an effect at once imposing and sublime. The delivery of the "Amen" Chorus was something to be remembered, and the grand C natural—so dear to musicians—at the eighth bar from the close, came down upon us with the power of thunder in the midst of sunshine. During the full swing of some of the grandest choruses, especially where there was any bass lead, as at the commencement of "He trusted in God" and the "Amen," I noticed, with the aid of my glass, how gloriously happy my friend Sam appeared to be in the orchestra, singing with all his heart and soul, with a scarlet bound copy of his favourite oratorio held well out from his capacious chest and mouth, as if the success of the whole performance depended on his own individual exertions. Afterwards I mentioned this to him, and he seemed gratified that I had noticed his energy; observing, in his usual low, big tone, "Well, sir, it *was* fine, and t'Hallelujah I'm bound to remember. We all gave it weft in *my* neighbourhood, and *I* showed 'em who was King of kings and Lord of lords!" Sam meant no irreverence—not the least bit of it—he would scorn such a thought; but I knew his meaning was, that at the sublime reiteration of the passage to the words, "King of kings, and Lord of lords," in the Hallelujah Chorus, on the successive rising notes of the scale he had thrown into his singing every particle of force and energy of which his voice and strength were capable.

By losing no time in returning to my hotel to dress, I was enabled to reach St. James's Hall just before half-past eight, in good time, therefore, to hear the first notes of Dr. Arthur Sullivan's very clever overture, *In Memoriam*, with which the Philharmonic Society's ninth concert commenced. The work is one of which any composer—foreign or English—might feel proud. The ideas are spontaneous and beautiful; the scoring and workmanship, masterly. The splendid orchestra of eighty performers came out in fine form, under the direction of their most able and conscientious conductor, Mr. Cusins. Then followed what has been justly called "a noble masterpiece, perhaps the grandest of its class"—Beethoven's Concerto in D, for violin, with orchestra (Op. 61). Mr. Leopold Auer, whom I heard play some years ago, was the violinist, and superbly did he render every part of the work, with a beauty of tone and poetic feeling and power of the highest order. How I revelled in this mighty work of art! Here, as in the subsequent Sinfonia Pastorale, the magician Beethoven unveils

to us his divine thoughts and aspirations. If, as has been said, the master's works are a translation of his sentiments and emotions, we may safely delight ourselves with the assurance that he *must* have been gloriously happy in the conception and production of such genial strains as these :—

The concerto over, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington sang, like a true artiste, Mozart's lovely *aria*, "Padre, germani, addio!" from his favourite opera, *Idomeneo*. The orchestral colouring in this piece is remarkable for its dramatic fitness to the words and the situation, and exhibits its gifted composer in one of his best moods.

Another instrumental treat at this concert was the pianoforte playing of my old friend, Alfred Jaëll, who is a genuine artiste in the highest sense of the term. On this occasion the favourite Parisian pianist chose for his *pièce de résistance* Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, with orchestra (Op. 25); a great work, indeed, and thoroughly characteristic of its composer's individuality, especially in the *andante* and *finale*. One cannot, however, avoid a thought that the following passage—the second subject in the first movement—is rather like Beethoven :—

But who is there among musicians unacquainted with the exquisite beauty and originality of the melody (the sole one,

by the way) of the *andante*, and the novel way in which it is introduced, after a startling interruption of the expected close of the first movement?

Then comes the glorious *finale*, with its brightness, brilliancy, and power, so entirely Mendelssohnian:

Jaëll's performance of the whole work, first played at a Philharmonic concert by the composer himself fifty-five years ago, was in every respect worthy of the composition.

This fine concert was brought to a close with a spirited rendering of Weber's poetic overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*.

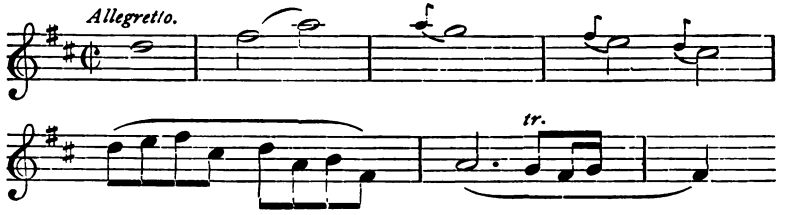
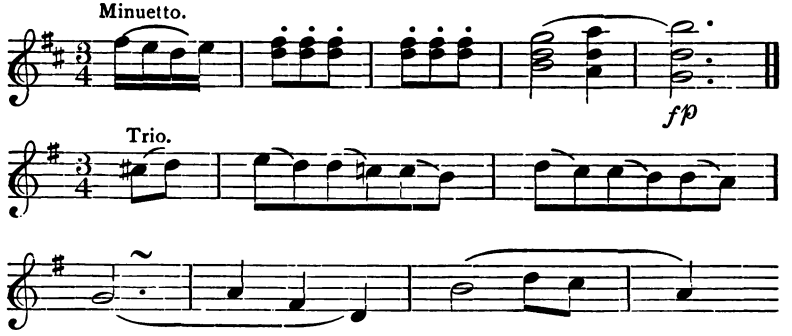
The next day (Tuesday) I paid a morning visit to the Royal Academy, and to the new Grosvenor Gallery, in Bond Street, in both of which the sister art of painting afforded me great delight. As taste cannot be too much or too carefully cultivated, the real artist, whether painter, poet, or musician, will always evolve happy and refining thoughts from the contemplation of the sister arts. For my own part, I never look on a beautiful picture, or read a fine poem, without experiencing a corresponding musical thought; and it is, doubtless, similar with the poet or painter when listening to lovely music. All real art is suggestive of good; but, unfortunately, the musician in this country is constantly surrounded with the vulgar, the false, and the debasing; he must make money, he panders to bad taste, and seeks popularity. I speak more particularly of composition; for, as teachers and performers, our musicians cannot always be their own masters; the public, the uneducated mass of the people, but too often demand quantity, not quality,

and will only dip their hands into their pockets to have their ears tickled by the light and the meretricious, rather than be elevated by the great and the good. Popularity, as in the case of Offenbach, invariably accompanies the lower styles of art; and the enormous pecuniary success which has attended that composer's light productions has had the mischievous tendency of influencing many talented writers to endeavour to please the unlearned multitude rather than the discerning few.

From the picture galleries, I wended my way again to St. James's Hall, where I enjoy another feast of music at the Musical Union, an institution which for thirty-three seasons has, under the direction of the venerable and indefatigable Professor Ella, contributed not a little to the advancement of refined taste in music, by the introduction of chamber compositions of the highest order, played by *artistes* of unexceptional prowess.

The programme was one calculated to gratify the most fastidious critic, and included Beethoven's Grand Quartet in F minor (No. 11), Op. 95. The leading executants were those I had heard at the Philharmonic the previous evening—Auer and Jaëll, assisted by Hollander, Waefelghem, and Lassere. Beethoven's very difficult Quartet was played by these gifted artistes with thrilling effect; perfect in time, tune, tone, phrasing, and expression, one had but to sit enraptured and drink deeply of the musical draught which the magic skill of Beethoven had prepared for us. Another treat was the Grand Trio, in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; the executants being Jaëll, Auer, and Lassere. No one can doubt Schubert's genius and power, his inventive faculty, and his wild enthusiasm. But he always seems to me to lack design and structure in his compositions, and thus comes short of the great masters. No doubt the poetic temperament has naturally something in it of vagabond, and when left to itself, as Washington Irving puts it, "runs loosely and wildly, and delights in everything eccentric and licentious." But there is a never-ceasing flow of melody in this trio, which, as a matter of course, would compensate for any amount of lack of scholarship. No such excuse is required in this instance; the highest admiration is excited, though not to be expressed, perhaps, in the enthusiastic admiration of Schuman, who says of it: "One glance at this trio, and all the *misère* of life vanishes—the world is once more fresh and green."

The sweet and plaintive imaginings of Mozart are now heard in the celebrated Quartet in D, No. 7. There is no straining after novel and sensational effects here. The composer is natural

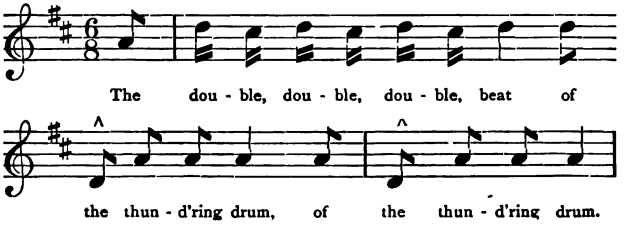
and unaffected, simple as a child, and yet learned as a philosopher. This is the lovely strain with which he begins the Quartet in D :

No less beautiful are the other portions of the work, and particularly fresh and invigorating are the themes and the treatment of the Minuetto and Trio :—

Jaëll and Auer both gave solos on their respective instruments, the pianoforte and violin, and both were recalled, as they deserved, by the enthusiastic director and his aristocratic audience.

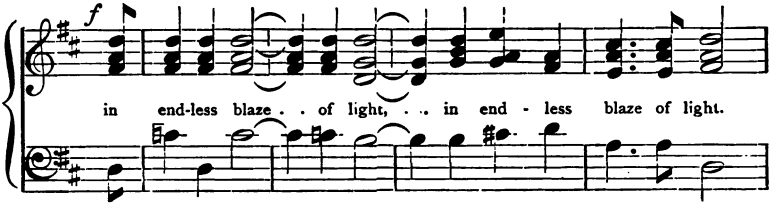
On the evening of the same day, I participated in the pleasures of a *conversazione*, given by the Council of the College of Organists, in Queen Square, Bloomsbury. A goodly number of organists had assembled, and a very pleasant evening ensued. First we were treated to a selection of music, performed by Mrs. Limpus (widow of the former secretary and founder of the institution), Miss Anna Williams, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Otto Booth, Mr. Alexander Cooper, and Mr. E. H. Turpin. Some of Klengel's little-known canons and fugues for the pianoforte were items of great interest, especially as played by Mr. Cooper. No less interesting, perhaps, were several original scores by Samuel Wesley, notably the mass he composed and dedicated to the Pope, and an oratorio, *Ruth*, written when he was only nine years of age. There was also one of those

astonishing mathematical instruments, the harmonograph, for drawing harmonic vibrations ; and many curious examples were obtained by its use. The autograph letters and photographs of several famous organists, etc., were scanned with great curiosity. After partaking of some innocuous refreshments, my friend and myself took our leave of the genial organists, and thus closed my fifth musical day in London.

Of the "Selection" day at the Handel Festival on Wednesday, the 27th, I need not say much, the principal part of the programme having been really performed on the previous Friday, the "Rehearsal" day. There was an immense gathering ; twenty thousand three hundred and forty-three persons, all listening attentively and reverently to the divine works of the giant Handel ; albeit, a large number of these had heard most of the pieces over and over again. That there was some potent attraction no one can doubt. Was it Mdme. Adelina Patti, the music itself, the four thousand performers, the other principal singers, Sir Michael Costa, the expected gay and glittering crowd, or the monstre drum?

Each and all, no doubt, possessed magnetic influence, and helped to draw together the largest audience of the Festival.

As on the previous day, the *choral* portions carried off the honour; the band came second, and the soloists last. This is reversing the usual order of things, at least, in the effects on an audience. There are some fine passages in the air and chorus, "The trumpet's loud clangor," from the *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day*, and there are also some exceptional ones. Take for instance the following :—

Once again, "The King shall rejoice," the finest of the four anthems written for the coronation of George the Second and Queen Anne, delighted us with its melodious power and structural beauty. The fine fugue in B minor, on two themes, to the words "Thou hast prevented him," was given with concentual strength and broad effect. No less imposing, and better sung than on the rehearsal day, was the grand chorus

in *Samson*, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," in which there is, near the end (as in the case of the "Amen" chorus), a C natural—an unprepared minor seventh, startling in its simple grandeur:—

A friend of mine was informed by a gentleman who sat next to him, and who was "reporting," he said, "for a magazine," that "this phrase was an especial instance of Handel's knowledge and use of *diminished sevenths!*" I hope we may all *see* that magazine, and let us pray that it may not turn out to be filled with powder or dynamite, though in any case it will probably possess the power of spontaneous combustion.

The choral selection was finished with "See the conqu'ring hero comes," in which the roll of the drums and the noise of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal were sufficiently prominent to gratify the most warlike taste.

Of the pieces played by the band, *solus*, the most effective by far were the unpretending marches, in which there exists a broad, stately, square-cut melody and harmony, astonishing in power and result.

The Organ Concerto in B flat, with its measured, diatonic, majestic chords and progressions at the commencement, came out better on its second performance, an especial improvement having been made in the *tutti* by leaving them to the band, without the admixture of organ tone, that wouldn't mix at all.

I have already expressed my humble opinion on the solo singing at the Handel Festival, which would be almost as effective on a moor; so I will say no more at present on the only matter really disappointing to me during the whole of the festival performances. This much for the "Selection" day.

The weather being lovely, I accepted the kind invitation of the munificent donor of ten thousand guineas towards the restoration of Sheffield Parish Church, and its amiable chaplain, who is a Reverend Mus. Bac., to accompany them in their open carriage from the Crystal Palace to Eaton Square, where we arrived at half-past seven, having had a charming drive and

a very animated discussion on the character of the music we had been just hearing, and on the appositeness of Handel's works to the taste and character of the British people.

After a most *recherché* dinner, served with that quiet respect and care peculiar to the tables and homes of old English families, we joined the ladies in the magnificent drawing-room, where, with the aid of one of Broadwood's newest and most brilliant pianofortes, we all contributed towards one of the pleasantest musical evenings I have ever enjoyed. Our hostess having been personally acquainted with nearly all the celebrated musical artistes of her time, both English and foreign, her reminiscences of these, told to us with infinite grace and charm, was truly something to remember with pleasure. The chaplain, too, had many a good tale of music and musicians, to all of which we listened with much interest and satisfaction.

The greater part of the next day (Thursday) was devoted to an examination of the well-known organ manufactory of Messrs. T. Lewis and Co., situated at Shepherd's Lane, Brixton. In company with my friend, Mr. Henry Smart, and a distinguished amateur organist, we first made a careful inspection of all the inside and mechanical work of the large organ now being built for the new Music Hall, Glasgow, from the designs and specification of Mr. Smart and Mr. Best.

More satisfactory work I have never seen in any organ; and, so far as I could judge, the raw material is of the very highest quality. It is not yet playable, so that I can offer no opinion on its quality of *tone*—the main point; but from what I saw of the pipes, the purity of the metal, their weight, the finish of the wood pipes, the voicing, etc., coupled with a good knowledge of other organs by Messrs. Lewis and Co., I cannot doubt but that, when finished and erected, Glasgow will possess one of the finest organs in Great Britain.

In the afternoon we inspected a recently built organ by the same firm in the fine church of St. Mary's, Newington. It has three manuals and about forty stops, including a most telling pedal organ. The flue work has a grandeur and purity of tone not often met with, especially in the great organ; the lighter stops, such as the salicional, salicet, vox angelica, and gedacts, are exquisitely voiced, and the reeds, with the exception of the clarinet, which I do not like, are smooth and even. The touch, general workmanship, and, indeed, the whole of the mechanism cannot be surpassed, thus enabling the performer to play in great comfort, with no fear of stickings, cypherings, buttons falling, and a hundred other evils and miseries to which

organists are but too often subjected in the use of a badly constructed and ill-made instrument.

Mr. Smart and myself having had one of those long, quiet, alternate playing and listening days, so well known and enjoyed by enthusiastic lovers of organs and organ music, took sweet counsel together and asked that important question with all true Britons in good health: "Where shall we dine?" Having decided in favour of Gravesend, we wired the once famous tenor singer, Charles Lockey, now mine host of the New Falcon —"Please order dinner for three at half-past six; *leave it to you.*" I am thus particular to give the exact telegram, because the last four words, "leave it to you," produced a result I can never forget, and if repeated, it will become indispensable that I should previously arrange all my worldly affairs, and be well prepared for a total physical collapse! It is generally considered stupid and commonplace to order a dinner in this way and leave it to the manager, as a fish dinner provided by the house is always excessive, if not in price, at least in the incredible and wearying number of dishes. But, in this case, there were no mediocre concoctions, but a succession of good things which are better "down the river" than anywhere else.

After a delicious vegetable soup, there followed a *souchel* of flounders, turbot, salmon, stewed eels, smelts, whiting pudding, curried shrimps, and then, the chief object of the dinner, whitebait, plain and devilled, the latter *slightly.* Whitebait, sodden and stale, as but too often presented to you in town, are very different from the fresh, genuine article served, as in this instance, near their native home. "*Quantum sufficit,*" I cried. But our genial host appeared and assured us that we had "left it to him," he must be permitted to work out his *carte blanche.* And so we pulled ourselves together, and proceeded, but very gently, with sweetbreads, cutlets and tomatoes, ducks and green peas, orange fritters, devilled haddock, Italian cheese, Rose water (which we did *not* drink, as a Town Councillor once did at a public dinner), coffee, *avec petit verre de cognac.* Of course, with all this there were the usual wines, which, in this instance, were of the choicest description. And then we have a pleasant chat with the original singer of the tenor music in *Elijah,* our host, Mr. Lockey, who shows us, among his thousand other curiosities, some original letters of Mendelssohn to him, written after the first performance of the world-renowned oratorio at the Birmingham Festival, in 1847. Still more interesting was the original music of a *recitative* which Mendelssohn had hastily written at the same festival to supply a lost one in

an oratorio by Handel, and which Mr. Lockey sang. After a little conversation with Mrs. Lockey, *née* Martha Williams, in her boudoir, the charming contralto (the Mdme. Patey of her day), we took our way to town, and soon found ourselves once more in the midst of the incessant noise of the great metropolis.

With Friday, June 29th, came the last day of the Handel Festival, to which I had been looking forward with impatience; for was not this work chosen as a climax to these performances —the sublime *Israel in Egypt?* It was listened to by 19,000 persons; and never do I remember having heard this glorious oratorio performed with so much power and legitimate effect as on this occasion. The blemishes were so slight that they ought not to be alluded to. The difficulties of the work were overcome with ease by the three or four thousand singers, who had been divided into two grand choirs, and whose individual, as well as united endeavours, produced the most gratifying and satisfying performance. From the beginning of the expressive chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed," to the song of Miriam, "I will sing unto the Lord," with its continued iteration of Divine glory and judgment, there was an enchanting succession of musical triumphs, never to be obliterated from the heart's tablet of a grateful listener. "He spake the word" came out from the army of basses in a unisonous tone of sustained thunder; indeed, the choral power was so overwhelming as to swamp entirely sometimes the rapid demi-semiquaver accompaniments of the violins, etc. The effect of the "Hailstone Chorus" was really overwhelming; and here, again, the giant-like roll of the basses, and the crashes of chords on the words, "fire," "hail," etc., electrified the audience, who insisted upon its repetition. Then that wonderful instance of word-painting, "He sent a thick darkness," with its sustained chords by the strings and its chromatic progressions for the voices, could only be equalled for its fine execution by the supreme excellence of "He smote all the firstborn of Egypt" and "He led them forth like sheep," the softly-sustained G's and D's in the latter, so delicate and pastoral, being worthy of refined solo singing. But I refrain from saying more, lest my enthusiasm for this noble work by Handel—for it *is* his as it stands, whatever hypercritics may say of the source of some of his themes—should lead me to weary the reader with any long-drawn out disquisition or critical analysis.

The whole work left a deep impression upon my mind, and I recall it only to regret that one cannot oftener participate in the musical glory of such a magnificent performance. "God save

the Queen" having been given with overwhelming effect, loud and well-deserved cheers arose for Sir Michael Costa, who returned to the orchestra to acknowledge the compliment, which had been so heartily and spontaneously accorded to him.

Mr. Willing was an efficient organist, and M. Sainton, as *chef-d'attaque*, rendered good service throughout the Festival; and, with the tender of my best thanks for the kind attention of Mr. Gardiner and the stewards of the Sacred Harmonic Society, I take my leave of the recent Handel Festival, and the pleasant week's enjoyment it brought in its train, with grateful remembrance, and a hope that we may be spared to participate in many more similar gatherings, and with the same gratifying result.

Leeds, August, 1877.

TURNING THE HANDLE FOR A WEEK:

ANOTHER AND A DIFFERENT HANDEL FESTIVAL.

Reprinted from the "Musical World."

Sir,—I am a plain, straightforward, English musician, and I should like to see a little more honest criticism, a little more truth spoken, and a little more endeavour to inform uninformed people how matters really stand as regards music in the metropolis. I don't reside in London now, but I know sufficient of metropolitan concert-givers, *artistes*, as they call themselves now-a-days, and a good many of the ins and outs of musical life in London. But still I find myself ignorant on many matters, and am anxious to be informed thereon, but it is difficult to get the information I require. I propose, therefore, to ask a few questions, and to give a few impressions of my own, whilst up for a week with some music-loving people turning the handle for a week. I had not quite made up my mind before the full rehearsal took place on Friday, the 16th June, whether I should disport myself at the Crystal Palace, to listen to the 4,500 struggling in that huge space, to fill it with the sounds of Handel's music; but after reading the glowing accounts of the reporters in Saturday's papers about the wonderful improvement in the "acoustical properties" of the huge concert hall, and a few other equally interesting and useful statements, I felt no further hesitation, but packed my portmanteau, looked to my cigar-case, etc., and like a good Christian musician, determined to "do" the *Messiah*, at least, on the first day of the Festival. Now this was a strange beginning, knowing, as I do, that I must have heard the *Messiah* "done," in one way or another, during my lifetime, almost as many times as there were performers round about the great Handel organ. You will please pardon my entering into any general criticism on the merits of the *Messiah*, or its performance, having some faint recollection that it has been done before

a few times; still there was a good deal of difference in this Crystal Palace performance by the 4,500 to what I had previously heard. And why may I not state the points of difference? First, let me say that through the courtesy of Mr. Grove, the prince of secretaries and musical dilettani, I was favoured with that little bit of yellow pasteboard, with "Pass everywhere" thereon, enabling me to choose my own position, and to examine for myself the best spot for hearing the performance. I was not quite half-a-mile off during Mr. Vernon Rigby's *delivery* of "Comfort ye" and "Ev'ry valley;" but, though comfortably seated in what was considered one of the best places, and the "rising tenor" inflated himself to the utmost, and sang with the full powers of his voice, I came to the conclusion at once, and have not since altered my conviction, that *solos* in that vast building could be heard very nearly as well as they could be on Hampstead Heath or Salisbury Plain. But then, does not every musical reporter in both daily and weekly musical papers affirm the contrary, and endeavour to make me believe that I have been entirely mistaken, and have not heard with *their* ears, or judged with *their* judgment. Certainly, the penetrating voices of Titiens and Sherrington came more gratefully and distinctly upon the ear, but very little else in the way of *solos* was acceptable, at least to *me*. The simple unison passage in the first chorus, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," and similar places, seemed to me to be the only choral portions of the oratorio which were sung well together, and produced a grand and overwhelming effect. But even here the effect would have been heightened had the ponderous organ had all its stoppers pulled out, and added its majestic tones to those of the 4,500; but no, it was ordained by *some* master-mind (not Handel's) that the organ should be entirely silent until the oratorio had arrived at the chorus, "For unto us a child is born," where, at the familiar "Wonderful," etc., we had as full a dose of the organic element as could be desired. And here, Mr. Editor, let me ask you my first question. Do *you* approve of the introduction into the score of the *Messiah* of gigantic drums, piping fifes and piccolos, clashing cymbals and the doubling of clarionets, oboes, bassoons, etc.? Perhaps you do, for the sake, as I was told, of keeping the multitudinous forces together, and obtaining intensity and fulness of tone, etc. However, after the first part of the performance was ended, and both audience and orchestra very properly adjourned, as in the Tichborne case, for half-an-hour's rest and refreshment, I found myself somehow or other in a

snug corner in the gardens outside the buildings, enjoying the fragrant weed, and reflecting upon the music I had heard, and wondering what old Handel himself would have said, had that portly and well-conditioned gentleman been present and heard his undying strains performed, not to a "beggarly account of empty benches," but to an audience of over twenty thousand people. Starting up from my reverie, I remembered a promise I had made to myself to attend in the evening the seventh concert of the Philharmonic Society, whereat the famous Arabella Goddard was to render (they "render" a piece now-a-days which used to be "played") Sterndale Bennett's glorious concerto in F minor. But of this and the rest of my exhausting labours during the week let me speak in my next.

June 29th, 1871.

SUNDAY MUSICAL SERVICES IN LEEDS.

No. 1.—The Parish Church.

THE fame of the choral services in our own Parish Church of St. Peter is not confined to Yorkshire. Ever since the days of the dear old vicar, Dr. Hook, the elaborate musical services inaugurated by him have been pointed to as models, not only in England, but wherever the English Church has planted her foot. It is true that at first the attempt was not quite successful, but when Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley was, in 1840, induced to leave his appointment in Exeter Cathedral for a similar office at the Leeds Parish Church, at a salary of £200 per annum (guaranteed for ten years), matters were soon changed; for not only was Wesley then in his prime (about 35 years of age), but he had already attained to the highest fame as an organist, composer, and choir master. It is therefore not to be wondered at that under his *régime* and direction the services speedily attained to a comparatively high state of perfection, although it may be admitted that the occasional eccentricities of the Doctor militated, now and then, against the perfect rendering of the music so much desired by the vicar and his devoted curates. Organists, and lovers of music generally, flocked from all parts to hear the services, and also to listen to Dr. Wesley's beautiful organ-playing; and indeed this latter was a treat of no ordinary character, when the Doctor was in form. It must, however, be borne in mind that, notwithstanding the genius of Dr. Wesley, he laboured under the disadvantage of playing upon an instrument greatly inferior to that which is now under the control of the present organist, Dr. Creser.

Not only were Wesley's extemporaneous fugues and voluntaries marvellous creations of power and genius as music, but his registration of the stops, fine organ touch, and great execution, as well as his regulation and variety of organ tone, produced on the minds of those who had the pleasure to listen to him both astonishment and delight. These were indeed happy and improving times to those who, like myself, had the privilege and advantage of listening and being with this great

master of music constantly. On Dr. Wesley's appointment to Winchester, in 1847, he was succeeded by Mr. R. S. Burton, who for over 30 years kept up the choir in a state of efficiency, and played the organ with brilliancy and effect. During his time the services and anthems were carried out on the same principles as in Dr. Wesley's days, but his hands were greatly strengthened, and his organ resources increased by the addition of a splendid new swell to the organ, built by Messrs. Hill and Son, of London, and also some valuable new stops in the other parts of the instrument by the celebrated German builder, Herr Schulze.

In 1880 Mr. Burton resigned his appointment, and was succeeded by the present organist, Dr. Wm. Creser, who was promoted from St. Martin's, Scarborough, where he had been engaged in directing a service chiefly of a Gregorian character. The desire of the present esteemed Vicar, Dr. Gott, that the services of the church should be maintained at a high point of excellence has been most ably seconded by his accomplished precentor, the Rev. N. Egerton Leigh, who has, in conjunction with the organist, secured some of the finest voices and ablest singers in Yorkshire to swell the "Hymn of Praise" in that noble sanctuary, wherein the services are equal to most, and scarcely surpassed by any, of the cathedral choirs in the United Kingdom. What a boon and a privilege this should be to the inhabitants of a great commercial town like Leeds, with its large population and assumed musical proclivities! The choir at present consists of about 50 voices—30 boy trebles, and 20 men singers, nearly all of whom possess fine-toned voices which blend together in producing the sweetest harmony. The two leading boys, Messrs. Whatmore and Peacock, are unfortunately nearly at the end of their choristership, but there are so many other youthful and clever aspirants to choir fame, that no doubt their places will be readily filled. Many of the altos possess lovely voices, amongst whom are Messrs. Barrass, Wilson, C. Wright, and Fawcett; the tenors have at their head that admirable vocalist, Mr. C. Blagbro, who is well supported by Messrs. Nunns, Robinson, and Pansire; and the basses (as they always are in Yorkshire) are full and resonant in tone, including the names of Messrs. Browning, Morton, France, Atha, etc.

It was my pleasure and privilege to attend the service on Trinity Sunday, and, taken altogether, rarely have I heard one more beautifully and devotionally rendered. There was no processional hymn, the organist playing, whilst the clergy and choir took their places, a soft voluntary by Archer. The

confession was monotoned throughout, the more modern pretty cadences, which were permitted to be sung for some years, being now, happily, excluded. The whole of the versicles, etc., were the beautiful and time-honoured work of Tallis. The *Venite* was sung to a single chant by Nares, and the Psalms for the day to a double chant in A minor and major by Battishill. I very much doubt if the major adaptation of this chant was written by Battishill, any more than was the chord of the six-four preceding the tonic at the end of the second phrase. A fine effect has always been obtained at the Parish Church by the basses alone giving out, in impressive unison, the first half of the chant, the second half being followed by the full choir. It might, perhaps, have been an improvement if there had been a little more variety of expression and power in the chanting of the Psalms, in every verse of which there lies a "point to seize," and the perception of this point will give a feeling in the rendition which will be taken as coming from the heart, although, in fact, it may be only from the lips. The choir, I venture to think, stand as precentors to the congregation, and their delivery of the poetry of the Psalms will govern the delivery of the congregation. Every syllable should be distinctly uttered—no gabble, no hurry. It would be as well that every church choir should have a master in this phonic science, in order that the Psalms shall be chanted in rythmical rule—every verse, in fact, marked out as to its harmonious form in language. I need not say how gratifying it was to me to hear the service of my life-long friend, the late Henry Smart, sung with such power and expression. Of this work I may perhaps be permitted to repeat, what I have said elsewhere, that it is agreed by the most eminent church musicians there is nothing more complete or beautiful of its class in the whole range of music, and nothing, indeed, can be more plain or straightforward, and at the same time more appropriate to the words of the grand Ambrosian hymn than the opening phrases, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." For dignity, power, and a grand conception of the text we must go on to that part of the *Te Deum* commencing, "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man." The manner in which this sublime passage is built up, rising chord upon chord with rich and flowing music, seems as if it would never stop until it reached the gates of heaven itself. It would, I think, be an improvement, of which the composer himself approved, if the closing phrase of this sublime *Te Deum* were sung slower and very *piano*, instead of in strict and unrelenting time. Smart's *Te Deum* is a pattern in

plan and execution. It has served to create an emulative feeling, to open new fountains, and to justify and encourage freedom in form, and a strong exhibition of individual spirit. The Creed of St. Athanasius was sung to Tallis's old two-note chant, consisting of C and B only in the melody, and this becomes somewhat monotonous unless a great power of tone and expression be given to certain passages of the text, especially at the words, "but One God," etc., which is greatly enhanced by a slow and deliberate accentuation. The "Introit" (which formerly was an antiphone sung while the priest proceeded to the altar to celebrate Mass), was, "How lovely are the messengers," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and the "Anthem," an extract from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, "And lo! a throne," etc. Both of these were sung with good taste, and in the latter the beautiful voice of Mr. Blagbro was heard to great advantage in the solos. It would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory if one of the anthems had been by an English composer, and surely there could have been no difficulty in finding such a work. The only hymn sung was, "Holy, Holy, Holy," to Dykes's well-known tune *Trinity*, in which the congregation joined with great devotional fervour. The Post Communion Service was Tours in F, and, excellent as it is in its way, I could not help regretting that Smart's magnificent setting was not taken so as to have continued his services throughout the day. The whole of this important part of the service, especially the unaccompanied responses and hymn, exhibited in the highest degree the efficiency of the choir. It has been truly said that the high choir service of our Church was made out of the office of Morning Prayer. The Communion office or Mass is, of course, the high musical service in the Latin Church; but our English Communion office, until within these few years, was a sober, secret, and almost somniferous celebration, without choir, and almost without communicants. And so it is now in too many of our local churches. But more of this hereafter.

The service was concluded with what is known as Stainer's "Amen," introduced first in St. Paul's Cathedral, for which it was specially written. It contains some fine harmonical progressions, and is undoubtedly very cleverly put together, but there are two bars therein so very much like one of Palestrina's celebrated works as would almost cause me to mistake one for the other. During the departure of the congregation, Dr. Creser played an expressive little voluntary on the sweet stops of the echo and choir organs, which were, I believe, voiced by Schulze himself.

On special occasions—Christmastide and Lent—oratorios are given in the Parish Church with increased musical resources, and greatly, I am persuaded, to the religious edification of those who attend them. Listening to an oratorio or an anthem is no direct act of worship, whether in or out of a church, nor is listening to a sermon; but the hearing of an oratorio is, with that of hearing a sermon, a religious act, and commonly a much more profitable and instructive employment of time.

I will conclude this notice by observing that all church music should be of so exalted a character as will delight the genuine composer, exhilarate the organist and singers, and stimulate each and all to exert their utmost abilities for the attainment of a musical service as faultless as possible.

No. 2.—All Souls' (Hook Memorial) Church.

It is somewhat singular that in describing the musical services at the premier church in Leeds, so intimately connected with the name of the esteemed vicar, Dr. Hook, I should in this, the following notice, have chiefly to refer to his son, who is indisputably the moving spirit in, and the active cause of, the beautiful choral service at All Souls', or the Hook Memorial Church. It was indeed a happy thought on the part of some one to suggest the erection of a sacred edifice in Leeds to the memory of him who had done so much to awaken church feeling and church work in Leeds, and to perpetuate his name not only by the building of a splendid edifice, designed by the greatest ecclesiastical architect of the age—Sir Gilbert Scott, a personal friend of Dr. Hook's—but to place his son, the Reverend Cecil Hook, as the first vicar of the new parish. "Do not give unto God that which costs you nothing," Dr. Hook used to plead in some of his eloquent sermons, and so thought and acted those benevolent persons who nobly contributed to raise that beautiful building wherein there is a daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving in the manner of our great cathedrals and richly endowed churches. Over twenty thousand pounds has already been spent on this fine specimen of Early English architecture, and when the carving of the nave capitals, the erection of the grand tower at the north-west angle, and other work yet to be done, has been accomplished—and it assuredly will be—the Hook Memorial Church will stand out as one of the finest of the many

new and grand ecclesiastical buildings Yorkshire possesses. The handsome stained glass in the east, the south chancel, the west, and four clerestory windows, all add greatly to produce that "dim religious light" which, coupled with the noble proportions of the building, the carved choir stalls, the fine organ, the earnest, devotional demeanour of the choristers, and the overflowing congregations, combine to produce a truly religious effect on the minds of all sincere and devout worshippers. The Sunday services are choral throughout. In the choir there are thirty boys (exclusive of probationers), four altos, six tenors, and seven basses, making a total of forty-seven efficient singers. These are all under the instruction and direction of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. Fred W. Hird, an old friend for whose talents and accomplishments we all entertain much respect and admiration. The regular choir—all voluntary—sing at the Sunday morning and evening services, and also on Wednesday and Friday evenings, after which there are general rehearsals or practices. The choir, who, with some of the elder boys, are communicants, attend the Choral Communion on the third Sunday in the month, and also at the early celebration on the High Festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, certain Saints' Days, and especially on the Festival of the Dedication of the Church—All Saints' Day. The devotion of the choir to their work is as remarkable as their ability to sing; the members being regular in their attendance, and faithful and conscientious in the discharge of their duties.

But they were trained to it even before the present noble edifice was built. The magic name of "Hook" attracted them to the old temporary wooden church, where they used to plunge into services and anthems of the most difficult and complicated character, sometimes landing themselves "on the other side of Jordan," but generally enjoying the satisfaction of singing lovingly and well "to the praise and glory of God."

When Archbishops Tait and Thomson attended the opening festival services, they visited this old wooden building, and so gratified was the former with the choir that at the request of his Grace all the members came severally to him to receive his blessing, and finally his benediction. In addition to the regular choir, there is another supplementary one, established under the direction of Mr. Thomas Coats, to supply the music at the first matins (9.15 a.m.) on Sundays, and at the children's service in the afternoons, at 3.15 p.m.

I regret that on my visit on Sunday morning (St. Peter's Day) there was neither Service, Kyrie Eleison, Introit, or Anthem—

nothing, indeed, to let me know what the choir usually do, and, I am assured, *can* do, alone; especially where such anthems are sung as Wesley's "The Wilderness," and "O Praise the Lord"; Purcell's "O Give Thanks," Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," Beethoven's "Hallelujah to the Father," and extensive excerpts from the best oratorios, etc.

It is the rule, I believe, at All Souls' to sing all the Canticles (excepting in Lent, when Best's setting of the *Benedicite* is given) to chants. The plan is no doubt intended to promote congregational singing, and to carry out the idea entertained by many of the clergy, that the Canticles (in parish churches, at least) belong as much to the people as to the choir. And this was demonstrated on the occasion of my visit in a most unmistakable manner, for the congregation took the matter well into their own hands, and joined the choir with fervour and zeal throughout the whole of the service. Sometimes the two forces were not well together, and the "start" was not always good and exact; but when once the people got hold they held fast with a tenacity and a vigour that would have delighted Mr. Spurgeon himself. It would perhaps be an improvement *occasionally* to introduce service music to the Canticles, at any rate as regards that magnificent hymn of St. Ambrosius', *Te Deum*, of which such splendid settings are to be found in the works of our best cathedral composers, in which every verse, every line, yea, and almost every word, has its proper and appropriate expression. I am persuaded that the most unmusical person in the congregation, after listening to a setting by Smart or Wesley, would neither suffer from langour or tedium.

The chants used for the *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*, though excellent as music, did not, especially the former, exactly suit the meaning and expression of the words; *exempli gratia*, in the verse, "Thou did'st open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers," and again, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the glory of the Father,"—surely such words as these should not be sung to a *minor*, but to a bright *major* strain.

The *Venite* and Psalms for the day (139, 140, and 141) were sung to chants by Frost, Turle, and Barnby—of which Turle's was by far the best, whilst Barnby's is pretty and rather secular. The singing of the Psalms was admirable throughout—time, tune, clear enunciation, and considerable expression being alike to be admired and commended. The sweet, clear voices of the boys, led by Masters Holliday, Umpleby, Dodds, and Heath, and the sonorous tones of the basses here came out with telling effect, especially in the unison verses, of which I should like to

have heard more. Again, the congregation joined with the choir, adding another proof that in such churches as the Hook Memorial, people go now to church to worship for themselves, and not to listen to a substitute like the old defunct parish clerk. When the Psalm says "Come, let us sing," the congregations of these days believe in the Psalm, and will not read, nor will they permit any substitute to read or sing for them. It is, therefore, most important, as Mr. Hird knows, that the chants should all be carefully selected, choosing those which have plain, simple melodies and pure, strong chords, which form the chain of church harmony, and, above all, avoiding such as have high reciting notes, or commencing on the major third above C the third space in the treble, and florid phrases. There is one point, however, in chanting the Psalms, which I venture to think the congregation would do well to observe, and that is to sing *antiphonally* with the choir, instead of joining with both sides, decani *and* cantoris. To accomplish this properly it might be desirable that most of the congregation should possess Psalters with the sides the choir take marked therein.

The musical voice of the congregation was heard at its best in singing the hymns. There they asserted their right and their power, and occasionally with so much vigour that the organist had to bring out the full power of his instrument to support the united voices of the choir and people. With rare exceptions all the hymns are selected from the popular "Ancient and Modern" collection, wherein there is much that is good, and certainly a sprinkling of that which is not good. But why take the tunes quite so fast? There is a *via media* in most things, and such a chorale as *St. Ann's* loses much of its dignity and grandeur when sung at the speed it was—especially if wedded to majestic words like—

"The Son of God goes forth to war."

One of the hymns (No. 436, "Gloria"), good as it is for harmony, will, oddly enough, be found by any musical person to contain melodic phrases exactly like those in the old English song, "The Vicar of Bray."

There was both a Processional and a Recessional Hymn, the effect of these with such a large choir, well supported by the congregation and organ, being remarkably fine and impressive.

Many conscientious persons object to these Processional and Recessional Hymns, but it must be remembered that it was an ancient custom of the Church, and not only so, but is in itself an act of praise and worship that gives tone, reverence, and solemnity to the beginning and ending of the services. The

original use of the cathedral nave was that of preaching to the people, and walking up and down therein singing processional hymns. Soon after the Reformation the union of walking and singing fell into disuse, and as the people did not hear or did not relish what they heard, the pulpit was removed into the choir, and the nave became a sheepfold, without shepherd and without sheep. Thanks to the awakened spirit of the times, and to the example set by churches like our Parish Church and All Souls', the nave of cathedrals has been restored to its original use. The Versicles, Preces, Litany, etc., are sung to what is called "Hill's Service"—a modification of the ancient *Durham Use*, introduced into our Parish Church service when Mr. James Hill was choir-master, during the first part of Dr. Hook's reign; but they have been discontinued for some time, and those by the immortal Tallis, of Queen Elizabeth's time, used instead. The former are comparatively weak, mostly in minor cadences, and are generally dragged by the choir, who sink in pitch considerably, especially in the Litany, which, by the way, was admirably intoned by the vicar, the Rev. Cecil Hook, the other parts being sung by the preacher, the Rev. B. R. Wilson.

The organ voluntaries and accompaniments were throughout admirably played by Mr. Hird, whose good taste and *technique* were always apparent and acceptable. The *March* which he played at the conclusion of the service, and which he contributed some years ago to *The Organist's Quarterly Journal*, served at once to display his ability both as a composer and an executant.

As before stated, the choir is entirely a voluntary one, though the boys have good conduct marks and corresponding payments —an admirable plan, producing excellent results.

The one grand point, however, in the success of All Souls', its services and its parish work, is the unselfish, enthusiastic devotion to their duties of all those connected with the Church, whether paid or unpaid. With the choirmen there is an *esprit de corps* of the most gratifying nature, several of its members, notably Mr. John Dickson, Mr. Jacob Hudson, Mr. T. Rothery, Mr. A. S. Newton, who reads the lessons so well, Mr. J. J. Briggs, Mr. Harry Wilson, and many others having expended much time and energy from the beginning in assisting to bring the services up to their present efficiency and popularity. All honour be to such men! They are pillars and bulwarks of the Church, and will assuredly have their reward. Already the congregation has cleared off their debt on the organ, and paid no less a sum than £1,500 altogether for the instrument, which deserves, and I hope

some day will get, a better case. Of course, much of all this is due to the untiring zeal of such enthusiastic churchwardens as Mr. G. O. Joy and Mr. J. A. Arnold, who are assisted in their labours by the sidesmen — Captain Upton, Messrs. Arthur Lawson, Thomas Tennant, Arthur Greenwood, and Messrs. Howell and Trenham. The new vicarage and schools will cost a large amount, but already a considerable sum has been subscribed, and the work is shortly to be commenced on a piece of ground, bought for the purpose, on the soutn side of the edifice. Like the church of our forefathers, All Souls' is free and open—no pews, pew rents, no restrictions, no vested rights. To be devout was to show devotion to sermons, and devotion to sermons was a strong indication of being one of the elect. The elect only had a right to sing ; but the services of the elect were of too solemn a character for music, *i.e.*, good music of a high value. How different to this are the services at All Souls! Good music is here put to its proper use, and all whose affection and duty is valuable to the Church ; all persons of sober and devout feelings ; all who sincerely and anxiously endeavour to profit by all means offered by her for promoting their piety and devotion, in the several portions of public worship—all these will, I feel persuaded, join with one voice and one heart in gratitude if by the reformation of the musical accompaniment of Divine service, so happily accomplished of late years, they enjoy privileges and intellectual happiness that will fit them better for the more perfect bliss of the Choir above.

No. 3.—St. Bartholomew's Church, Armley, near Leeds.

"Come up some Sunday and see our Cathedral," said a justly proud Armley man to a Leeds-loiner not long ago, and the latter sharply replied—"What do you mean by your *Cathedral ?* You can have nothing there to compare with our Parish Church ; but, howsoever, I'll come and just have a look in." And he went, saw, and was astonished, just as I was myself when I first viewed that magnificent edifice dedicated to St. Bartholomew—standing on an eminence in the village or out-township of ancient Armley.

On Sunday morning, the 6th ult., I had the gratification to attend the usual half-past ten service in St. Bartholomew's, and

arriving at the churchyard soon after ten I had an opportunity of observing with what neatness and order the graves and flowers are looked after by the surviving friends and relatives of the departed. The old church, too, remains, looking like an old "Charley Watchman" carefully guarding the new structure from harm or wrong.

How beautiful were the tones of that truly grand organ—how sweetly they travelled to my ears from the north transept to the furthest corner of the church, where I was seated! There should always, I think, be an introductory voluntary, whether there is a processional hymn or not. It has, if properly selected, or ably improvised, a calming influence on the mind, which prepares, with dulcet music, the humble worshipper for his subsequent duties.

The sounds of the organ die away, the distant "Amen" after the choristers' prayer is heard, and the procession of the priests and white-robed choir from the vestry to their stalls in the chancel, is accompanied with a more joyous strain from the organ, which gradually subsides, and the respected vicar, the Rev. G. Hume Smith, then commences to intone the sentences, preces, etc., in a manner which shows at once that you are listening to one who,

> "With practice severe
> And tone loud and clear,"

has attained to the highest point of chanting power, not to be wondered at when the Vicar's long connection as Precentor with the Leeds Parish Church is remembered. The Versicles and responses by Tallis were nicely sung by the choir, with the exception of the usual drop in the pitch. The grand old chant in C, of whose authorship we know nothing more than that it is called "Ancient," was a right one for *Venite, Exultemus*, and with hearty and expressive alternate unison and harmony did the choir "Sing unto the Lord."

The Psalms (6th day), commencing with the 30th, *Exaltabo te, Domine* ("I will magnify Thee, O Lord") were sung to the old familiar appropriate double chant in E flat, by Robinson (John, who was organist at Westminster Abbey in 1762), and another by an unknown author. The Psalms throughout, from Monk and Ouseley's Psalter, were chanted admirably—clearness and distinctness of enunciation, good intonation, and an exactitude of time and *ensemble* worthy of a cathedral choir. The same may be said of the *Te Deum*, also given to a double chant, without any change or variety, and this I think might be rectified either by the introduction of specially composed

Te Deum chants, or the more easy settings—anthem-wise. A fine, solemn effect was obtained by the singing of the verse "Holy, Holy, Holy!" without organ accompaniment, and in which the sweet female voices of the choir added greatly to the result. The Apostle's Creed, monotoned with varied organ accompaniment on A, made the pitch rather too high for the subsequent sentences and responses.

The anthem by Stainer, "Jesus said unto his disciples," sung very nicely, though it presented no particular features of power or interest, was preceded by a much too long introduction on the organ, not reminding one of any particular theme or subject, though serving as a medium for showing the good and varied qualities in the organ. After an excellent rendition of the Litany by the Rev. Percy Stewart (curate) Tours' Communion Service in F was taken, and here again the clear voice and distinct enunciation of the vicar could be heard in every part of the vast building,—thus proving the advantages of intoning in all large edifices, where otherwise the ordinary mode of reading would be absorbed in echoes and a jumble of words. The composer has cleverly varied his *Kyrie Eleison* in D by the introduction of the minor key, at the same time preserving something of its original melodic structure. The closing phrase to the words, "And write all these Thy laws in our hearts—*We beseech Thee*," is extremely devotional and impressive.

The *Credo* has some fine points, and was sung with appropriate taste and spirit; sometimes, however, the pedal predominated too much in the organ accompaniment. Following came the sermon by the Vicar, and a more admirable discourse of but fifteen minutes' duration I have never heard; moreover, every word was distinctly heard in every corner of the church. The Vicar took his text from Psalm 36, v. 6—"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." During and between the offertory sentences the organist played some pleasing strains, notably a "Meditation" in F sharp minor by Guilmant, in which the accompaniment was scarcely sufficient to support the pungent solo on the swell reed. During the singing of one of the hymns —in which, by the way, the congregation did not join as heartily as might be desirable—another thunderstorm came on, and the deep rolling tones of the thirty-two feet pedal pipes were mingled with heaven's grand diapasons—"Majestic, loud, and strong," the effect of which was singularly sublime and impressive.

There is a growing feeling that great help can be rendered

to surpliced choirs by the addition of female voices, especially as they are more to be depended upon, as a rule, than boys; and *why* there should be any objection to this practical aid I don't understand, especially as we are reminded by the Psalmist of the injunction:—

> "Young men and *maidens*, old men and children,
> Praise ye the Lord."

Of course there are grumblers and opponents. Some time ago the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo addressed a circular to his clergy, absolutely forbidding women to sing in churches, whereupon some clever rhymster struck off the following lines:—

> "The Archbishop of Spanish Toledo,
> Now what do you fancy would he do?
> Why, the ladies, this Cardinal
> Strictly debarred in all
> Churches from singing the Credo.
>
> Had he only forbidden their talking,
> His wish there'd be nobody baulking;
> But forbid them to sing!—
> No! that isn't the thing;
> In fact, his behaviour is *shawking*."

The *repertoire* of the choir is extensive, and the music library in which the Vicar takes much interest, contains anthems and other sacred compositions by all the best masters, most of which are sung sometime during the year. The efficiency of the choir of St. Bartholomew is due in a great degree to the earnest zeal and devotion to his work of the able choir-master, Mr. W. Pickersgill, whose services at St. George's, and afterwards at the Parish Church, helped to bring to his aid an experience at once useful and valuable.

Of the tones of the magnificent organ it is impossible to speak too highly, though its mechanism, especially the draw stop action, is faulty and noisy—a defect which will have to be rectified if that important part of the instrument is to equal the other. This beautiful organ, placed on an elevation in a recess on the north side of the chancel, was built by the famous Herr Schulze, of Panlinzelle, Germany, some years ago, for T. S. Kennedy, Esq., of Meanwood, Leeds, from whose special habitation it was removed to St. Peter's Church, Harrogate, and from thence, in August, 1879, to what I suppose and hope will be its final resting-place—the position it now occupies at St. Bartholomew's Church, Armley.

I ought to have mentioned that the blowing apparatus for the organ consists of a finely-constructed gas engine, of two-horse

power, made by Crossley's, of Manchester, which pumps and forces the water for working the large hydraulic engine, constructed for Mr. Kennedy at the works of Fairbairn, Naylor, and Co., Leeds. I cannot conclude this sketch of my visit to this magnificent church without congratulating the wardens (Messrs. J. H. Wurtzburg and J. D. Hunter) and the inhabitants of Armley generally, on the possession of such glorious privileges as this "holy dwelling" must afford them, if rightly used and duly appreciated.

No. 4.—Holy Trinity Church, Leeds.

When I was a boy and paid my first visit to this interesting old church, I was taken there to try the organ by the late Mr. Thomas Eagland, who for many years had given his services in playing the organ (built, I believe, by Greenwood), and also rendered other important aid in promoting and benefiting the work of the church generally. He was a good and true man, a faithful friend, and a warm supporter of the Arts, especially music. Indeed, it was to Councillor Eagland's never-failing enthusiasm, as well as his indomitable pluck and perseverance, that the people of Leeds are much indebted for the erection of the Town Hall organ. As he had been at Trinity, so afterwards at the Parish Church he became one of its most useful wardens, and one of its best supporters.

Trinity Church was built in 1730 by the wealthy merchants then living around it, almost exclusively for their own use. Gradually the population changed, and the original residents removed to other parts of the town and district, leaving the old dwellings and land to be occupied by a totally different class of persons, while the church itself became almost deserted. In truth, it is within the memory of those living that plans were actually prepared and considered with a view to removing this grand old fabric from off the face of the earth. *Tout cela change!* When the present eloquent and highly-esteemed vicar, the Rev. Canon Bullock, was appointed to the living two or three years ago, he had to consider how best to make the church most useful. He commenced his good work by establishing popular mid-day services for busy people on Fridays,

and by getting more attractive music, choral and congregational, on Sundays. Gradually and surely the morning congregation increased, while in the evening the church would not contain the numbers who sought admission.

My visit to this church on Sunday, the 13th ult., was exceedingly gratifying, the service generally being most devotional and impressive. Not that there was any ornate or elaborate music—quite the contrary; all being well-chosen (like Tallis's responses) on account of its pure and primitive character, and being full throughout. Indeed, the style took one back in spirit to those early times when church music was free from many of the empty embellishments which would rather grace the concert-room performances than assimilate with the simplicity and sublimity of our Liturgy. There was massiveness without heaviness, and plainness without monotony.

The appropriate processional hymn, No. 172, Ancient and Modern—"Praise to the holiest in the height"—having been sung, the confession was intoned softly by Canon Bullock, and responded to by the choir in the same quiet devotional spirit. In my long experience as a choirmaster I have always endeavoured to obtain this result; in fact, to keep the tone quite subdued until the glorious injunction from the minister, immediately preceding the *Venite* is reached—"Praise ye the Lord," which, with the still more glorious response—"The Lord's name be praised," should be given in a jubilant strain—decisive and *forte*. The Lord's Prayer, and nearly all the rest of the Preces, Responses, and Versicles, were accompanied by the organ—a practice which should, I think, be reserved for festivals and high days.

Monk and Ouseley's Psalter was used for the *Venite*, Canticles, and Psalms. As a rule the chanting was in good tune and time, the preservation of the pitch by the boys on the reciting note (sometimes too high) being excellent, considering how many very youthful singers there are. But there is room for much improvement in that most important point, the distinct enunciation of the words, so that not a syllable is lost, a vowel smothered, or the tails of the words—the consonants—swallowed. In my former articles on chanting in other churches, I have dwelt so much on the great importance of this matter, that I have only to refer my readers to them if they desire further information and suggestions. The *Te Deum* should not, in the opinion of experienced organists, be sung to the same chant throughout. The jubilant character of the strain which is suitable for such verses as "We praise Thee, O God" "All the

earth doth worship Thee," "Thou art the King of Glory," "Day by day we magnify Thee," is unsuitable, and does not afford a fitting expression for such solemn utterances as "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge," "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin," etc.

The canticle version of the Hundredth Psalm—*Jubilate Deo*—requires a bold, solid chant, which should be sung with spirit and animation.

The second hymn (No. 272, A. and M.), "O, Saviour, may we never rest," sung to a minor tune, was evidently not altogether acceptable to the congregation, who joined in but little.

One of the best portions of the service was Tallis's Litany, intoned by the vicar with admirable clearness of voice, distinct enunciation, and appropriate expression. And how grand the choral responses are of the service in this part, especially at the sentence, "Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us," where the harmonies and the change from the key of C to B flat major lifts the soul of the devout worshipper up from earth to heaven! The organ, built by Abbott, of Leeds—one of the best of its size he has yet erected—is placed at the north side of the church, at a height of ten feet above the floor, the underside of which has been ceiled with dressed oak boarding, and divided into ribbed, moulded, and ornamental oak panels, but it has yet to receive a worthy and appropriate case, and the sooner this is done the better for its external appearance and effect. The organist (Mr. Hudson) is an amateur of much ability, and no doubt he does his best to render his onerous duties faithfully and well. For his opening voluntary he played the well-known *Andante* in B flat, from a Sonata by Mendelssohn, the concluding voluntary being the late Edward Bache's clever *Andante* and *Allegro* in D.

In addition to Mr. Appleby and Mr. Fourness, the Church Council have the assistance of Messrs. W. Leigh, W. Morris, W. F. Smithson, and W. Teanby. The Churchwarden, of many years standing, is Mr. Wm. Green, who has rendered long and valuable services to the Church, and the able, hard-working curate is the Rev. F. S. Baines. All these, with the indefatigable Vicar as their chief and guide, work together with zeal and fervour for the welfare of the Church; in short, there seems to be a Masonic unity with them all, and probably this is so, remembering that Canon Bullock is the present Provincial Grand Chaplain of West Yorkshire.

No. 5.—St. Martin's Church, Potternewton.

THERE is no pleasanter spot within the same distance from busy Leeds than that part of Potternewton whereon stands the beautiful Church dedicated to St. Martin. Newton Park, the district in which it is situated, has long been noted for its salubrious air, undulating land, and its surrounding rich umbrageous woods and foliage. The edifice has been erected on a rising piece of ground a short distance from the main road to Chapeltown and Harrogate, and contiguous to what was for many years known as Sir George Goodman's Park.

The particular services which I wish now more especially to notice were held on Sunday, July 20th, the Sixth Sunday after Trinity, in the morning at 10.30 and the evening at 6.30. After a soft voluntary, an *Andante* by Mendelssohn, the excellent choir, which numbers twenty boys, four altos, four tenors, and seven basses (thirty-five voices), emerge from the vestry at the back of the organ, and sing with much sweetness (in which they are immediately joined by the congregation) a processional hymn,—on this occasion it was No. 240, Ancient and Modern—

> "Pleasant are Thy courts above,
> In the land of light and love."

With the exception of the pretty, interpolated cadences in the Confession, Tallis's Responses, Preces, Suffrages, Versicles, etc. —composed in 1570, and never yet surpassed for purity of ecclesiastical melody and harmony—are invariably sung. In some places the Confession is harmonised throughout, with a cadence at the end of each clause; in others, two or three scraps of it are harmonised, and the rest given in unison—a bad practice. This originated at Ely, and has been introduced elsewhere. Some choirs make a chord and an accent on the word "lost," so as to give great importance to this word. There is no word in the Confession which can be cut out with less injury to the service than this. The important part of this clause is, "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways" — by way of simile we add "like sheep," and then, without any additional information, we add "lost." It is, in my opinion, wrong to give great importance to this word, not to mention the bad break it makes in the unison. The consistent plan is, I think, to have the Confession entirely *in unison*, sung very softly on Fa, Amen included. In the words of the Prayer Book, the minister invites the choir and people to say the Confession "with a pure heart and humble voice," and in pursuance of that request it is sometimes gabbled in the most indistinct, slovenly, undevo-

tional way possible; and is neither quite *after* the minister, nor quite *with* him, but between the two; not thus, however, at St. Martin's.

The *Venite*, Psalms, and Canticles were all sung to chants—a mixture of single and double chants. The fine old chant by Tucker to the *Venite*, with occasional unison verses, was very effective; not so, however, Purcell's minor chant in A (in which the people joined but little) to the Psalm *Domine exaudi*, "Hear my Prayer, O Lord"; but fine again to the grand old 103rd Psalm, *Benedic, anima mea*, "Praise the Lord, O my soul," sung to the well-known double chant in D by Davy, of Exeter, who, by the way, was the composer of the famous song "The Bay of Biscay."

The Communion Service was most impressive. The quiet, devotional manner in which most of the music was sung, and the sweet voices of many of the ladies in the congregation, all aiding to swell the voice of prayer and supplication. The *Kyrie Eleison* by Tours is an expressive setting, as I mentioned after hearing it sung at St. Bartholomew's, Armley, but the offertory sentences by *Farebrother* are not so good as music. The *Credo* by Merbecke, in unison, written in 1550, I do *not* like. It is in a bunch of keys, ugly and obsolete in its form, and utterly devoid of character and true musical feeling, and in which Ancient and Modern chords get strangely and indefinably mixed. Only listen to the settings by Smart and Wesley afterwards, and the truth of what I assert will at once be seen. The declaration of faith in the *Nicene Creed* has ever been regarded by Holy Church as one of the grandest parts of our Liturgy, and especially suited to the finest and most elevated strains of musical composition. In olden times it was the custom in Poland for the nobles to draw and elevate their swords at the words "God of God! Light of Light! Very God of Very God!" But the accompanying music was also noble and elevating. I should like to have seen them do it when Merbecke's music was being sung. Monotoning the Creed with free, appropriate, and changing organ harmonies, is far better and much more effective, in my humble opinion, than Merbecke.

The hymns, all chosen from "Ancient and Modern," are well sung by choir and congregation at St. Martin's, with much devotional fervour. The principal hymn in the morning service was "I heard the voice of Jesus say" (No. 311), and in the evening "Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling" (No. 223). Dykes wrote the first and Smart the second tune. Both

are good, but the last is immensely so; and those who can analyse music a little will perceive the difference between the work of a clever amateur and that of a practised, sterling musician like Smart. One is pretty, expressive, and devotional; the other is strong, well laid out for each voice, melodious, and elevating. It may be taken as an illustration of the divergence and divarication existing between amateur and professional musical work in general. At the evening service, at which there was the usual large congregation, the Psalms were sung to a double chant by Soper, with a reciting note for the last phrase in the treble on E natural—two notes higher than necessary—transposed.

In addition to chants and hymns, there was an anthem by Sir George Elvey, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," in which the soli parts were taken by Master Leonard Sedgwick, Messrs. Winkworth (alto), Whitehouse (tenor), and Atkinson (bass), whose excellent voices blended well together. The organist and choirmaster is Mr. Alfred Benton.

No. 6.—Brunswick Chapel.

Brunswick Chapel has for many years been regarded by a large section of the Wesleyan community as being one of the most important centres connected with that notable body in the kingdom. On memorable and important occasions nearly 2,000 people have assembled in this place of worship, and the weekly congregations have been large and influential.

I have had the advantage of attending the services on two Sunday mornings, viz., the 10th of August and on last Sunday (November 23rd). The grand organ, which is placed in the south gallery, and extends its wings from one side of the chapel to the other, has a massive mahogany case with most elaborate carving and gilt pipes throughout the front, and cost £1,000. The instrument itself has had nearly £2,000 expended on it since it was built by Mr. Joseph Booth, of Wakefield, in 1827, and opened by the distinguished organist and composer, Samuel Wesley, father of Dr. Sebastian Wesley, who was for six years organist of the Leeds Parish Church. The instrument is blown by two hydraulic engines, and is now justly regarded as one of the most effective Wesleyan organs in Yorkshire. It consists

of three complete manuals and a pedal organ; compass of each manual CC to F; pedal from CCC to F. In the great there are ten, swell twelve, choir seven, and the pedal, twelve stops, including a double thirty-two feet open diapason. There are also five couplers and ten composition pedals for the adjustment of the stops, etc., making altogether a total of forty-one stops, exclusive of pedals of adjustment. An important feature is that all these registers go through: there are no half or divided stops. Some notable men have been organists at Brunswick Chapel; amongst these may be mentioned Mr. Edward Booth, editor of the "Wesleyan Psalmist," and who held the appointment for fifty years, commencing with a salary of £30, which was gradually advanced to £150. Then the clever Mr. George Hirst, who was followed in his turn by the present talented player, Mr. E. A. Keighley. When the organist who now occupies the organ seat was appointed two or three years ago, at a salary of £80 per annum, a large number of candidates applied for the office, and an amusing and curious incident occurred respecting his election which I think is worth recording. Mr. G. S. (since deceased) was regarded by the trustees and others as not only being himself musical, but, coming from a family who had taken a deep interest in the chapel services for many years, particularly qualified to judge at the trial which took place in the chapel. After some of the selected candidates had performed their pieces with more or less skill, Mr. G. S. was informed that the succeeding player was a pupil of my own, and that he was to be followed by a pupil of another and very prominent organist in Leeds. Unfortunately for the assumed knowledge of the chief judge, the names of the two latter candidates had been reversed, and my *supposed* pupil, who, I understand, did not play well, was highly lauded and strongly recommended, whilst my *real* pupil —represented to belong to the other teacher—received the appointment! Under these circumstances I do not feel myself in a position to say much about Mr. Keighley's playing, but it is only a simple act of justice to state that on the two occasions on which I have attended Brunswick Chapel he gave very fine readings of two of Bach's most difficult *toccatas* and *fugues*, Mendelssohn's Sixth Sonata, and pieces by Guilmant, Smart, etc. The excellent choir consists of 45 singers, divided as follows, viz.: Treble (females), 14; altos (men and females) 9; tenors, 8; basses, 14.

The vocal portion of the service on my first visit was of a simple and congregational character, consisting only of chants for the *Te Deum* and hymns. Chanting the *Venite exultemus*,

Te Deum, selected Psalms, etc., is a modern innovation in the Methodist service; and whilst those who have been accustomed to its almost daily use from childhood (as I have) can readily perceive that it is scarcely "native and to the manner born" with a Wesleyan choir, the introduction of the grand old canticle of St. Ambrosius, objected to at first by many of the elder members of the congregation, is now accepted as a welcome addition, affording a devotional and elevating act of praise which did not exist before. It is only ten years ago since the "Brunswick Service Book," edited by the Rev. H. W. Holland, containing Psalms and other portions of Scripture, pointed for chanting by Edward Booth, was published and introduced. Having had much experience in this branch of the musical service, I think I may venture to say that the chanting is too slow, and somewhat drawling—it lacks life, spirit, and animation, the recitation on the first note and the rythmical portion of the chant being much too deliberate; while the pauses at the end of each verse should not exist, two quick minims in each bar being necessary to secure a proper rendering of these chants. Still, both organ and choir keep admirably together, and each blends with the other in sweet and dulcet harmony.

Many Christians, especially the frequenters of "fashionable" places of worship, seem not to regard the intelligent and hearty use of Hymnody as a duty, or an important privilege, but rather as a mere mundane indulgence. The movement, however, toward congregational singing has undoubtedly gained great strength of late years, and much activity in regard to it has been displayed by almost all sects of Christians, excepting, perhaps, the Roman Catholics. But the Methodists, whether it be the "old body," or any of its numerous off-shoots, all went in for hearty congregational singing; they didn't wait to be taught to sing, and declined artistic training when it was proffered. They relied on the human voice divine—on "the organ made without hands." I should mention that the Rev. J. Alexander Armstrong occupied the pulpit on the occasion of my first visit and that last Sunday the minister was the Rev. Marshall Randall, Superintendent of the Circuit. In memory of the Rev. John Farrar, the oldest minister in the Methodist connexion, who died last week, the organist played *The Dead March in Saul* at the conclusion of the sermon, and, as an outgoing voluntary, one of Bach's brilliant—rather too brilliant under the circumstances—*Toccatas*.

No. 7.—St. John the Evangelist.

My visit to this interesting old church was on Sunday, September 21st, the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, on the occasion of its re-opening after extensive repairs and renovation, and also in celebration of the 250th anniversary of the consecration, which took place in 1634.

The congregation on the day of my visit was a very large one, and included the Mayor (Ald. Woodhouse), Mr. Bruce, the Stipendiary Magistrate, and many other leading local gentlemen.

The choir entered, singing the favourite processional hymn—

"We love the place, oh God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells,"

consisting of sixteen boys, six or eight probationers, five altos, six tenors, and eight basses, making about thirty-five (exclusive of the probationers), all voluntary singers. The good old English plan of putting the number of the hymn in a prominent place—in this church in black figures placed against the nearest pillar to the entrance porch—is here wisely carried out. The whole of the Preces, Versicles, Responses, etc., are sung to Tallis's time-honoured music. Unfortunately, however, the priest's part is read, and not intoned as it should be, and from this cause no doubt arose the sinking of the pitch by the choir, sometimes reaching a whole tone, which, of course, is very objectionable, and, in fact, results in a lack of devotion and proper effect. The chants used for the Psalms and Canticles are generally taken from Mercer's Psalter, and the hymns are invariably selected from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the new and revised edition.

On this occasion the *Venite* was sung to a fine ancient chant, chiefly in unison, the Psalms of the day to two chants, Crotch and Woodward; the *Te Deum*, and others by S. Wesley in F, and Jackson in B flat, and the *Benedictus* with its devotional ending, "Guide our feet into the way of peace;" this being followed by the *Athanasian Creed* to the usual old chant inverted.

The pointing and division of the words, in the Canticles especially, is not satisfactory, and should, in my humble opinion, be speedily changed, and I must confess that the hurried, indevout style on the reciting note as well as in the singing of the rhythmical part of the chant led prominently forth by the choirmaster, whose voice was always in advance of the rest, cannot be commended. Undoubtedly the best efforts of the choir were shown in the Communion Service, when Calkin's setting in D was on the whole excellently given; but the trebles were certainly too weak in the *Credo*. Canon Scott very distinctly intoned the priest's part. I believe that the choral

celebration of the Holy Communion is generally rendered at this church in a most devotional and efficient manner. The best part of the musical services at St. John's is, however, reserved for the congregation, who take the singing of the hymns chiefly into their own hands, and give forth with heart and voice those beautiful hymns which have become popular ever since they were first introduced by that never-to-be-forgotten estimable parish priest, the Rev. Ed. Munro, and continued and fostered by his learned and respected successor, Canon Temple. It is also, I believe, the earnest wish of the present vicar, Canon Scott, that the services of which he has charge should be as popular and congregational as possible.

Unfortunately for the organist, Mr. George Tetley, who has the reputation of being a clever amateur, the organ used on this occasion was a very small instrument, which had done duty for many years in Roundhay Church, and was placed there temporarily whilst the new organ is being built.

The large instrument, which is to be rebuilt and enlarged by Mr. Abbott, at the expense of Mrs. Stead, of Harrogate, widow of the late Walter Stead, who attended the church for many years and gave the magnificent oak case in 1871, was erected by Mr. Francis Booth, of Wakefield, in the same year. It contains three manuals and pedal organ, and has altogether forty stops. No doubt when the organ is completed and has been artistically inaugurated by eminent, experienced performers, it will prove to be of infinite value in the rendering of the musical services generally at St. John's the Evangelist.

I may mention, in bringing my notice to a close, that the works recently finished at the church have been carried out by the following firms:—Messrs. Franks and Evans, Messrs. Dean, Horsman, Welsh, Dacre, Beckwith, and Furniss.

No. 8.—St. Mary's, Richmond Hill.

It has, I believe, been generally admitted by all competent impartial observers, that the Church, but more particularly the Roman Catholic Church, is the grand and fundamental source of musical knowledge. No doubt those with less experience, and whose proclivities lead them to prefer secular music, would assert that the opera is the fountain-head of musical knowledge, and from which the light flows and is diffused on all sides. It has been said that the Catholic religion is proverbially "the

religion of music," a title that it unquestionably merits in the most exalted sense that the term can be applied to it. Of course I do not mean to affirm that all the music of the Catholic Church is appropriate for devotional purposes ; far from it ; for much of it is very inappropriate ; but it is perfectly true that a great deal of the old Italian and German church music shows that in both countries the great ecclesiastical writers have preceded the lyrical composers. Pope Gregory, Allegri, Durante, Pergolesi, and others, were certainly the precursors, not the successors or contemporaries, of the Cimarosas and Pasielos, who also wrote church music. But what a glorious band of German composers they were, and produced the very highest order of ecclesiastical composition! The masses of Sebastian Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Winter, Beethoven, and Weber are among the most interesting, beautiful, and affecting of all musical works ; and are the outpourings of genius ; full of deep learning and glowing sympathy, and never fail, when properly performed, to produce the greatest and highest devotional and religious effects on those to whom nature has deigned one spark of the celestial fire, or rendered in the remotest degree susceptible of musical impressions. And then to remember that this lovely music, which was designed to assist the handmaid of religion in rendering all the pomp, ceremony, and splendid ritual of the Church with the greatest effect, should be performed to perfection by the greatest artistic talent the world ever knew—Patti, Grisi, Garcia, Catalani, Titiens, Gassier, Tamburini, Mario, Santley, Guiglini, and scores of other heaven-born singers ; when, in an instant, *Mirabile dictu!* it was dropped as a worthless stone in a deep loch—from which it will not easily be drawn up, without the most persevering and gigantic efforts on the part of those who *do* believe in the power, beauty, and usefulness of music, such as I have described, in adding to the attractions, influence, and wealth of Mother Church.

These reflections have occurred to my mind from a knowledge of the fact that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, several years ago, promulgated a pastoral letter in which he desired that female singers for "various" cogent reasons, should be excluded from taking any part in the musical services of the Catholic Church in England over which he presides.

Those who agreed with him speedily adopted his suggestions, and substituted very sorry choir boys for the talented lady vocalists who had previously assisted them. But there were bishops and priests who did not agree with or obey, and only last year I opened a new organ at Stockport, where the usual

choir of the church, so ably trained by that clever amateur, Father Robinson, was supported and strengthened by some of the best lady vocalists Lancashire could produce, and their united efforts in the performance of masses by the great masters was productive of the most gratifying results, religiously and pecuniarily. Why should Yorkshire or any other county be deprived of the great advantage of the assistance which female voices can give so beautifully and efficiently?

My visit to the church of the oblates of Mary Immaculate, Richmond Hill, Leeds, was, as it happened, most opportune, it being the anniversary of the re-opening of the church, and the feast day of the Saint to whose honour the church is dedicated.

The present choir consists of twenty-five boy trebles, three altos, six tenors, and six basses, all of whom give their services voluntarily. The organist, Father Gobert, receives no salary, but has discharged his duties admirably for thirty years. At the ordinary services the music used is of a plain character, and, excepting on Sundays, the singing partly congregational. I must confess that I should only have been too glad to have heard a little congregational singing in our own vernacular, but all that was sung, being uttered to Latin words, and the congregation being mostly of the poorer classes, I could not help thinking that very little of it could be "understanded of the people," in which case the Reverend Fathers had it all to themselves.

Since the female choir has been disbanded no entire Mass by any of the great composers has been sung, and even on Sunday last, their great festal day, only various small excerpts from the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Weber, etc, were given.

Generally on Sundays there are two services for children; one in the morning at 9.30, and another in the afternoon at three o'clock. The children form the choir at these services. At eleven o'clock mass is sung by a full choir, who again in the evening assist at vespers, an anthem, the benediction, etc.

During the consecration one of Samuel Webb's beautiful *Agnus Deis* was admirably sung by the choir, and at the offertory an *Ave Maria*, by H. Phillips, was rendered in a satisfactory manner. The organ, of two manuals *only*, is not worthy of the church. It was built many years ago by Booth, of Wakefield, and is placed in the west gallery. With a church so admirable for its acoustic properties, there is a splendid opportunity for erecting a large and effective instrument which would be worthy of the grand edifice, and the devoted Reverend Fathers whose whole lives are given to the services of Him to whom we owe everything.

No. 9.—Mill Hill Chapel.

THE musical services in the handsome and commodious chapel situated in Park Row, and very nearly opposite the General Post Office, are certainly of a superior character, and deserve special notice and attention. The cultivation of the arts, together with intellectual refinement and research, have been always marked characteristics of the Unitarian life. The members of this body are generally to be found amongst those who are ever anxious for the higher education, both of themselves and the community at large. Its members have occupied high and responsible positions on the magisterial bench, as well as in the advocacy of the law and in the higher professions generally. Leeds especially has had several men of great mark, benevolence, and influence, who have been members of the Mill Hill Chapel congregation, and who have taken an active part in the work connected therewith. The names of Lupton, Carbutt, Buckton, Kitson, Schunck, Cliff, Wurtzburg, Wm. Brown, etc., sufficiently testify to the influence and intellectualism of this congregation.

The organist, Mr. A. Farrar Briggs, is a musician of high accomplishments; not only is he an able organist, both as a soloist and accompanist, but he is also an excellent tenor vocalist, and very recently he made a decided "hit" by his tasteful singing in Scotland. I am proud to add that he was one of my favourite articled pupils, and adds to his other accomplishments those of being a clever choir-master and teacher, and his playing is characterised by combined decision and expression —both equally to be commended. The selection of the words of the hymns, psalms, canticles, anthems, etc., has been prepared expressly for the use of the Unitarian community, and, I should say, are to a degree æsthetic and philosophical. For instance, the opening hymn commenced with the lines—

> "Ancient of ages, humbly bent before Thee,
> Songs of glad homage, Lord, to Thee we bring."

And the second hymn—

> "See, through the heavenly arch,
> With silent, stately march,
> The starry ranks for ever sweep;
> In graduate scale of might,
> They all are sons of light,
> And all their times and orders keep."

The first of these was sung to a very good tune, composed by the organist; and the last hymn, commencing with the words—

> "Thanks to God for those who came
> In the gospel of glorious name,"

was sung with much power and fervour by the choir and congre-

gation. The first lesson was taken from Isaiah and Jeremiah, and for the second a short reading from Corinthians II., chap. vi. The Psalms were the 51st, *Miserere mei Deus*, sung to an old English chant by Flintoft, transposed from the original key of G minor to E minor, and the 52nd, *Quid Gloriaris*, to a double chant in C major, which is a concoction of two Gregorian melodies dovetailed into one. Taken altogether, these were rendered with distinct utterance, although somewhat rough in tone, the chief fault being that of making too prolonged a pause at the end of the reciting note.

The *Te Deum* by Joseph Barnby is characteristic of the composer's general style of sacred music—it is flowing and melodious, though somewhat patchy, but rarely rises to dignity or grandeur. Such magnificent words as

> "We praise Thee, O God,
> We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;
> All the earth doth worship Thee,
> The Father everlasting,"

should, without doubt, be allied to music divine and elevating.

The hymn *Te Deum Laudamus* is not a Roman hymn according to recent investigations, and must not be attributed to S. Ambrose. The Abbé de Fleury affirms that it is of the Galician rite, and the composition of S. Hillary, Bishop of Poictiers. And this hymn, being the work of episcopal hands, and flowing from an episcopal head, has always been a great and special favourite with bishops Hence the elephant folios, the large square blocks of Gregorian notation, the beautiful writing, the exquisite ink, the gorgeous capitals, and the expensive bindings, with which the hymn is surrounded. But our present bishops are exceptions. Very few of them attempt to sing even the opening phrase

The *Te Deum* was never a people's song—never a great congregational hymn. On the contrary, it was a hymn for a high dignitary to play off with, and for a good choir to exhibit in. Most of our native composers have set music of a more or less exalted character to the *Te Deum*, and the oftener the choir at Mill Hill sing those by Wesley, Smart, Attwood, Hopkins, etc., the better will it be for the congregation as listeners. I may now mention that the present choir consists of no less than thirty-four voices—thirteen trebles (females and boys), seven altos, six tenors, and eight basses. For many years, when the late Mr. Joseph Lancaster was organist, the choir consisted only of a paid quartet—four of the best vocalists that could be obtained in Leeds. Afterwards, by the persevering efforts of

that accomplished amateur, Mr. Charles Wurtzburg, assisted by an influential choir committee, the foundation of the present choral body was laid, and their performance of such anthems as "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn), "Lauda Zion," "Come, let us sing," Wesley's "Wilderness," Green's "God is our hope," etc., affords the most gratifying proofs of their ability to sing the highest class of sacred music. It is of course a great advantage to the congregation to be supported by a choir like this; they rarely joined with the quartet in the people's music, but now unite heartily and well in singing "glorious songs of praise." There are no versicles, responses, etc., as in the Anglican Church service, but snatches of Scripture called "The Beatitudes"—("Blessed are the poor in spirit," "Blessed are the pure in heart," etc.)—have been adapted to Tallis's grand old ecclesiastical strains, and are frequently used in the service with much acceptance. It would be a decided advantage if the authorities could obtain a copy of the responses composed by Henry Smart to the order of Mr. R. Peacock, J.P., of Gorton Hall, near Manchester, for use in the splendid church (Unitarian) which he has built at his own expense, and furnished with a magnificence hardly to be surpassed. Having on several occasions presided at the grand organ in this church, I have often heard these responses by Smart sung, and it goes without remark that they are beautiful and appropriate.

In connection with the choir at Mill Hill there are many good concerts given in the fine room erected for that purpose and congregational meetings. Such popular works as Bennett's *May Queen*, and Cowen's *Rose Maiden*, have been given with excellent results; and at present the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation* are in practice for production early next month.

I must not forget to mention that the anthem last Sunday morning was Mendelssohn's "How lovely are the messengers," from *St. Paul*, and that it was admirably and spiritedly sung by the choir, its touching melody and powerful harmonical combinations being finely developed by both singers and organist. No notice of the choir of Mill Hill Chapel could be perfect without naming the long, able, and faithful duties of that fine old bass chorus singer, Mr. Edward Cooke (Registrar), who is a veritable G.O.M., and who on Sunday last was present, joining heartily in the services, and appearing more like a middle-aged healthy looking man than one who has attained the venerable age of eighty-two. May he live long and preserve his present good health and keen intelligence!

The organ, which is placed in a recess at the back of the pulpit, was originally built by Holt, of Leeds, and now consists of three manuals, 36 stops (or registers), two and a half octaves of pedals, six composition adjustments, etc. It is a tolerably effective instrument, containing many sweet stops; but, taken altogether, is scarcely worthy of the building, the congregation, or the organist's powers. The noise or bumping of the hydraulic blower is an annoying defect, that I venture to say ought to be rectified forthwith.

The sermon was preached by the learned and eloquent minister of the chapel, the Rev. Charles Hargrove, M.A., whose energetic work in connection with his congregation, and, generally, in all matters connected with the welfare and social advancement of the town of his adoption, are so well known.

So close a reasoner as Mr. Hargrove will, I hope, forgive me if I venture to say that I cannot agree with him in his statement that "Music is the frailest of all arts" (the actual words used in his delivery). My own humble opinion is that it is the strongest, and will live the longest; indeed, we have scriptural authority for knowing that music is the only occupation promised in heaven for the redeemed. There is no mention whatever of painting, sculpture, or any other art, save and except music, and that will therefore remain to the end of the world, and through all eternity. Only a very limited number of persons can gaze upon an original painting or a piece of sculpture at the same time; but the works of the great Masters of Music may be heard simultaneously, *as they were written*, in every quarter of the globe by millions at one and the same moment! There is no "frailty" in music; in itself it is pure, holy, undefiled, and strong. It is only when allied to improper words, or interwoven with the objectionable work of other arts, that music can be termed "frail." *Goëthe* says "*The whole of art appears most eminent in music*, since it requires no material, no subject matter, whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses." No; music is not the "frailest," but the best, most useful, and strongest of all the arts, in its relation to religion, war, peace, education, and immortality; and I may be permitted, I trust, in conclusion, to express my own firm conviction in regard to the first relation of music (religion), that all church buildings without this art are mere shells without inside fruit, ships without crew and cargo, and simply provocative of the inevitable condemnation and distraction of the church itself.

It will be interesting to many persons to peruse the following

list of the distinguished men who have occupied the pulpit at Mill Hill Chapel:—Dr. Priestley; Rev. Dr. Hutton, father of Richard Hutton, the well-known present editor of *The Spectator*, 1818—1835; Charles Wicksteed, B.A., Glasgow, 1835—1854; Thomas Hincks, B.A., London, 1855—1869; Joseph Estlin Carpenter, M.A., London, 1869—1875; Charles Hargrove, M.A., Cambridge, 1876.

No. 10.—East Parade Congregational Church.

In connection with religion, politics, and freedom, the Congregationalists of this country hold an undeniably high and influential position, and probably no town in the provinces has stood more nobly forward and been more successful in its movements connected with the Congregational Churches than Leeds. But what a galaxy of talent, industry, and energy the members have had to work with! Taking the first and foremost of those living, and bearing in mind the many distinguished men who have gone before, there stands Sir Edward Baines, the impersonation of all that is good and great among his compeers of the Congregationalists. There are, however, many others whose names I shall mention further on, from the time of that famous minister, the Rev. John Ely, down to the present occupier of the pulpit, who have done good and laudable service, and been burning and shining lights in the history of the Independent churches in Leeds.

My chief object is with the music used and practised in their worship in the sanctuaries, and of this I had a fair opportunity of judging last Sunday at the fine edifice in East Parade, when the Rev. Dr. Conder, the present highly-esteemed and learned minister, conducted the services. From the earliest days of their existence, Independents and Presbyterians have taken a warm and deep interest in Psalmody, and many grand old German, Scotch, and Lutheran chorales were preserved and sung by them with a tenacity that reflected much credit on their taste, judgment, and faith. It was not, however, until 1858, when a determined movement was made by the introduction of large choirs of good singers, and the publication of that comprehensive tune book, "The Congregational Psalmist," edited by the indefatigable Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, and the learned musician, Dr. Gauntlett, that the musical arrangements of all the churches were improved in a very decided manner. In the last edition of

the Psalmist there are no less than 500 tunes, nearly all having been selected from the best and most authentic sources, and numbers were specially composed for the work by Dr. Gauntlett and other sound and experienced musicians. The collection is to be commended also for being arranged and printed in the exact rhythm or time in which the tunes are to be sung. It is but too often the case with other hymn tune-books that the executants do not know how long to sustain the closing and beginning note of each phrase or line. Dr. Gauntlett, however, insisted upon every tune being sung with exactness of time and equality of parts. This, with the addition of strong, pure harmonies, makes the "Congregational Psalmist" a very valuable collection of tunes. At the same time it has a fault—and a serious one in my opinion—and that is, many of our best and most familiar tunes have been transposed into a higher and a more difficult singing key, no doubt with the idea of obtaining increased power and brilliancy, as with the extended musical pitch so strongly advocated by many persons for the wood and brass instruments used in our bands and orchestras. For example, Dr. Croft's grand old tune "Hanover," generally sung to the words—

"My soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of His name;" etc.,

is in most collections given in G (some in A), but Dr. Gauntlett prints it two notes higher, in the key of B flat! The first hymn sung last Sunday (No. 385), commencing with the words—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,"

and ending with the refrain—

"He is able, he is willing; doubt no more,"

was given to Smart's fine tune, "Regent Square," now so popular with all sects and denominations.

The second hymn (No. 375),

"My heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing," etc.,

clothed as it was in the beautiful strains of the tune "Elim," by the late William Hutchings Callcott, was sung most sweetly by the united choir and congregation, but, like the first, was scarcely sufficiently and appropriately supported by the organ; and where, in the last verse, ending—

"Thou art my portion, saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away,"

the organ was surely required to swell out its deep and glorious tones instead of which it became softer by degrees, and in the end the voices were left to shift for themselves and retire consumedly. But perhaps the engine failed, the wind went out, or something happened of which I am not cognisant.

It was most gratifying to find that the bulk of the congregation had music books with them, and took their respective parts of treble, alto, tenor, or bass with becoming accuracy and confidence. Indeed, one member near me was able to sing correctly either tenor or bass—according to his inclination—thus proving that he must have studied singing for many long years. Following on the publication of the *Psalmist*, Dr. Allon brought out in 1875 a second section, consisting of chants, sanctuses, etc., in which a choice selection of the Psalms of David are pointed and divided for recitation and cadence. Nearly all the chants are drawn from the best Anglican Church collections, and are as familiar as household words "in quires and places where they sing." This is another step in the right direction, and cannot be too highly commended, for assuredly the compositions of "the sweet Psalmist of Israel"—"the man after God's own heart," afford the best source of praise and thanksgiving in worshipping the Lord in His holy temple; and hath not the pious Hooker said, "They must have hearts very dry and tough from whom the melody of the Psalms doth not sometimes draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth." And thus it is, I make bold to say, that when Dr. Conder *read* for the first lesson that glorious Psalm of David, the 107th, *Confitemini Domino*, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious: and His mercy endureth for ever," I longed for the music and the chanting thereof which I had been accustomed to from childhood, and to have sung with heart and voice, "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness: and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!"

The *Te Deum* was Dr. Wesley's chant service in F (composed for use in the Leeds Parish Church when Wesley was organist there), and admirably was it sung by the choir (strong in all parts excepting the alto), although the *rallentando* and the *pianos* at the grand jubilant passage to the majestic words, "Holy, holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!" passed my comprehension, and were never dreamt of by the composer himself, who I have heard accompany this beautiful work "many a time and oft."

The choir appeared to consist of about 24 voices, including five or six principal, excellent singers, such as Mrs. Gill, Mr. Thompson (tenor), Mr. Dan Billington (bass), etc., and for 53

years the services of the professional choir have been supplemented by a succession of able amateurs, both ladies and gentlemen. A good choir like this should always be well balanced in tone, and no one voice heard above another, especially if there happens to be voices of unusual excellence and power. Sometimes a fine trumpet-like tone in the higher register of a bass was heard soaring aloft beyond the rest, and anon a sweet tenor note would be prolonged after the others had done—as much as to say, "Please observe, I am here!" No doubt it is laudable for the leaders of a choir to imagine that the songs of praise would never get to heaven if they didn't give them a personal lift in the shape of an extra shout, but all that requires modification in the treatment, which should be of a careful and judicious character. Mr. Scattergood and Mr. Edward Butler (Chairman of the School Board) have also for a long period taken deep and practical interest in furthering the cause of music in the services and among the congregation. Some years ago these gentlemen, in conjunction with Mrs. Reynolds (wife of the minister), prepared and published a supplement to the Psalmody then in use, in which many fine, useful tunes were introduced, and much musical benefit came therefrom.

The organ was built by Mr. Holt in 1842, when the chapel was opened. It was what was known as a G organ, with three manuals, the swell being an octave shorter than the great and choir, and with one stop on the pedal of open wood 16ft. and large scale.

In the year 1865, the organ was remodelled by Messrs. Radcliffe and Sagar, being converted into a C organ, and rescaled by putting up the diapason stops two or three notes. Two stops were added to the pedal, namely, a Bourdon 16ft. tone, and an 8ft. flute bass. Some modifications were also made in the great organ, chiefly in substituting for the No. 1 open diapason one of greater breadth and fullness of tone, and in consolidating the four mixture stops into two. New manual and pedal keyboards were at the same time provided; the hand bellows had been discarded for a hydraulic engine some years before. In the year 1877, the organ requiring cleaning, the opportunity was taken of making further improvements; amongst the rest that of adding an 8ft. open flute to the great organ, and an 8ft. "gedact" to the swell, and increasing the power of the pedal by a 16ft. reed.

The organ now contains 34 sounding stops, namely, pedal organ 4, great 12, swell 11, choir 7, all with very few exceptions

going through the whole keyboard. There are four composition pedals to the great, and three to the swell, and five couplers.

The mechanical arrangements are old-fashioned, and a good deal the worse for long wear, and the "touch" heavy; but it is hoped that these defects may shortly be remedied, and other improvements made.

For a short time after the building of this organ Mr. Holt acted as organist, and after him Mr. John Hopkinson. The late Mr. John Bowling was next appointed, and retained the position until 1877, when he was succeeded by the present organist, Mr. C. W. Wilkinson, who on the occasion of my visit played as an introductory voluntary Smart's delicious *Andante* in G., from *The Organist's Quarterly Journal*, and as a postlude, Bach's glorious fugue in E flat on St. Ann's tune.

The prayers and sermon by Dr. Conder were all given in a quiet, earnest way, with clear though not strong voice, and distinct enunciation, that lent a charm and persuasiveness to all his utterances.

NO. 11.—METHODIST NEW CONNEXION CHAPEL, WOODHOUSE LANE.

THE handsome and commodious Methodist New Connexion Chapel, which stands in Woodhouse Lane, not far from the statue of the late Alderman Marsden, has been for many years the resort of many pious Christian men, women, and children, who have derived from the Sabbath and other meetings held there, an amount of spiritual comfort and joy, improving and blessing their daily lives, and leading them to appreciate and value more fully the depth and riches contained in religious manifestations, as well as the power and wealth of earnest ministerial labours, honestly and fearlessly conducted. Outside the pale of this denomination, few persons are perhaps aware that the Methodist New Connexion stands first in the order of those bodies who separated from the original institution founded by the Rev. John Wesley, and was established so far back as 1797, chiefly by the action of Mr. Alexander Kilham, "a man of irreproachable morals, sterling piety, and respectable talent."

The chief causes, however, which led to the origin of the denomination existed in the scriptural views which great numbers entertained on the subject of church discipline and government; views which many felt it a duty to advocate and

carry into effect. The chapel in Woodhouse Lane was built in 1857, from the plans of Mr. W. Hill, the well-known and highly talented Leeds architect, whose works in other places—notably, the Town Hall of Bolton, in Lancashire—have rendered his name famous. The building (in the Italian style) is capable of holding 1,050 persons, the pews are spacious and comfortable, and the preacher can be seen and well heard from every corner of the gallery and the body, or ground floor of the building. The fine organ (which I will speak of more particularly hereafter) stands at the east end of the gallery, and its wings extend to each side of the chapel. There are two beautiful stained-glass windows, one erected to the memory of the late esteemed and beloved Alderman Marsden, twice Mayor of Leeds, who was a regular attendant at the chapel, and whose respected widow and family are worshippers in the same place at the present time. The subject of the Marsden window is "The talents:—Well done thou good and faithful servant." It is beautifully designed, and faultlessly executed. Almost as much may be said of the other window placed in memory of the Rev. W. N. Hall, one of the first missionaries of the M.N.C. to China—the subject being "St. Paul's preaching at Athens."

I will now go on to give some account of the service (especially the musical portion thereof) which I attended last Sunday week, June 14th, it being, I may add, the occasion of the quarterly collection.

The initiative was taken—as seems to be now the case in every place of worship where there is an organ—by the organist (Mr. Wm. Holt) playing a very tastefully executed extemporaneous voluntary. This was followed by C. Wesley's hymn (130), "My soul inspired with sacred love," sung to the tune "Melita," by Dr. Dykes.

After the hymn followed the prayer of the Minister, of a wide and practical character—comprehensive, particular, and specially adapted to the congregation and its religious, social, and public duties. Then the choir and congregation sang Psalm 34, to a double chant by Lawes (one of the old cathedral composers), pointed, with many others for use in the chapel, but not in a very satisfactory manner; indeed, this part of the musical service requires revision, especially such a division of the words as—"I will bless the Lord at | a—ll | times;" "My mouth shall | be—e | glad;" and | "the—m | all." Such crude work should be expunged. The first lesson, from Isaiah 47, having been impressively read by the Minister, the 111th hymn, "All praise and thanks to God most high," was sung to a fine

old German chorale, but no heartiness was observed in its rendition, the tune being evidently too complicated to suit the taste of the congregation.

After the sermon and during the collection, the choir sang, with much taste and expression, the quartet from Sir Sterndale Bennett's oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*, "God is a spirit." The chapel authorities may be congratulated on possessing four such excellent vocalists, especially in respect to the Misses Tetley, whose charming voices and energetic style can hardly be too highly commended. The tenor was Mr. Alf. Meek, and the bass Mr. Richards. The last hymn was John Wesley's "What shall we offer our good Lord?" sung to a fine German tune by Spangenberg. In this as in the other accompanied music, the organist certainly dragged the time, and was frequently behind the singers. Possibly Mr. Holt may not desire the tunes to be sung so fast—and my own taste and experience rebel against the ignoble pace adopted in many modern churches; —but there is a medium in all things, and I feel sure there would be more life and vitality in the hymnody of the M.N.C. if the speed of their tunes, etc., was considerably increased.

Following on the Benediction, the *Dead March in Saul* was played on the organ—not quite so impressively as I have heard it—in memory of Mr. Levi Law, an old and respected member of the congregation, who died not long ago. The people remained in their seats, and only separated after the last note had been heard.

The organ, built by Messrs. W. Holt and Son, of Leeds and London, consists of three manuals and 35 stops, four double-acting composition pedals to great organ, and two to the swell organ.

This fine instrument was opened by Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool, in December, 1860, on which occasion that distinguished organist played an admirable programme of classical music, interspersed with vocal selections, well rendered by Miss Winder and Miss Annie Anyon, two pupils of mine, and at that time among the most popular local professional singers.

It will have been observed from what I have already written, that this chapel possesses excellent and attractive musical *matériel*, and there is nothing required, excepting the will of the authorities and the congregation, to greatly extend the use of music—the handmaid of religion—in the promotion of a higher service and more intense worship in the sanctuary. It must be borne in mind that we live in a very different age now to that of thirty and forty years ago, when the only music heard

in similar places of worship was some queer twist-about-tune, with an absurd repetition of the last strain, and sometimes with broken-up words like—"My great Sal—My great Sal—My great Sal-va-tion," etc. Since music and education generally have extended their beneficent influences in every direction, this very stupid sort of thing has been, or ought to be, entirely discarded —and a more refined, sensible, and appropriate use of the divine art introduced. Music, in its highest forms, especially when allied to the words of Scripture, appeals strongly to the hidden springs of human nature, causing them to vibrate in response to its holy call. Why not then, in this beautiful chapel, keep pace with the musical attractions introduced into the services of other denominations? Anthems, Canticles, offertory sentences, *Te Deums*, Cantatas, etc., are to be had in abundance, and at merely a nominal cost—and many of these could be brought forward and tried without much effort on the part of the organist, choir, ministers, or congregation.

12.—ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, LEEDS.

LAST year I wrote a series of eleven articles on "Sunday Music in Leeds"—chiefly dealing with the established Church—and these were duly published in a weekly contemporary.

It was at first my intention to include St. George's Church, and to have placed it, as it had stood for many years, second to the Parish Church; but on attending the service there about a year ago, I found the musical portion thereof so very unsatisfactory that it was impossible for me, in the interests of truth and justice, to speak in favourable terms, and I therefore concluded that, under all circumstances, it was better to leave St. George's alone until it had recovered from the shock it had received when its former organist and choir left *en masse*, and to enable the new musical arrangements to be well and fairly tried, before I ventured to say anything at all on the subject.

Fifteen months having passed since the change was made, I deem myself quite at liberty to "review the scene," and to give what I hope may be regarded as a not uninteresting or unuseful account of the past and present musical services at St. George's Church.

When the edifice was erected nearly fifty years ago, church music in Leeds was in a very different state to what it is now; Dr. Hook and Dr. Wesley were not then at the Parish Church,

the prevailing mode being that which is still adopted in most Wesleyan and other dissenting places of worship,—*i.e.*, a quartet of singers with the organ and organist in the west gallery—the parish clerk (who had something to say in those days) being placed prominently near the parson in the body of the church. This was the accepted style at St. George's when Mr. Robert S. Burton was appointed the first organist, and with the assistance of four or five professional singers he was enabled to introduce and give a capital rendering of a goodly number of services and anthems—some of a brilliant ornate character, but all *sui generis*, more or less excellent. The Preces, Versicles, and Responses, according to the *Durham Use*, were introduced at this time, in addition to a new Psalter pointed for chanting by Mr. Townend Dibb, whose personal interest in the organist and choir then, and for a great many years afterwards, was of the greatest value and encouragement to those who were desirous of improving the musical portion of the service.

On Mr. Burton obtaining the Parish Church organistship—through arrangements with Dr. Hook and Dr. Wesley, and which afterwards led to a civil court action at York (Wesley *v.* Burton)—I received the appointment of organist and choir-master of St. George's, being then a very young man, and considerably Mr. Burton's junior—that was in 1850.

The Rev. Wm. Sinclair was then, and for a long while beyond, the respected Incumbent of the Parish, and it is not too much to say that a finer specimen of clerical humanity has rarely been seen or known in this "county of broad acres." He was the brother of Archdeacon Sinclair, of Kensington, and the son of Sir John Sinclair.

In his early days Mr. Sinclair was an officer in the Indian Army, but he left an uncongenial occupation, and entered the ministry of the Church of England, in which he soon became a burning and a shining light. Though no musician, he and his much beloved and respected wife and family took great interest in the services at St. George's, and both by personal activity and their great influence, they obtained for me that encouragement and support which enabled all who took part in the music to devote themselves heartily and industriously to render this essential department efficient and devotional.

The organ was rebuilt twice during my term of office; once, when I first came, by Messrs. Holt, of Leeds and Bradford, and fifteen years afterwards by Messrs. Gray and Davison, the builders of the Town Hall Organ. It has since been renovated in tone and action by Messrs. Wordsworth and Maskell, and

consists of three manuals, Great, Swell, and Choir, and about 30 stops—besides a Bourdon and Open 16ft. on the Pedal Organ, and several "Pedals of Adjustment," etc.

There is much effect and beautiful tone in the instrument, but this I did not hear so well brought out on Sunday last as I expected and desired. The original organ was built by Samuel Green, a famous artist (1740-1796), for Wrexham Abbey Church, and three or four of the stops are embodied in the present choir organ, notably the delicious open diapason.

The swell reeds are of the finest quality, and were made by the best hands in Messrs. Gray and Davison's celebrated factory —the cornopean being especially pure and brilliant in quality and evenness. Although the organ has several defects—chiefly in its mechanism—there are many good and valuable parts, which I used to try and avail myself of during my term of office. For some time after my appointment, the choir consisted of five or six of the best professional singers I could find; among them, Miss Atkinson (afterwards Mrs. Fred Buckton, now Mrs. Saunders), Miss Helena Walker, Miss Winder, Miss Mountain, Miss Louisa Beverley, etc., etc. With the exception of the "Priest's part"—never yet attempted at St. George's—the service was fully choral, and of an infinitely more musical and artistic character than they are now. Mr. Dibb, Mr. J. W. Atkinson, and Mr. J. Piper ("Butt's Court" as the firm used jocosely to be called) took the deepest interest in the musical arrangements, and Mr. Atkinson and I spent days and months in getting together the best selection of Hymn Tunes, Kyries, and Chants that could be found, and published afterwards under the title of "Sacred Harmony." When the contents became known, the work was adopted in many churches in various parts of Great Britain, and is still used in many "Quires and places where they sing," although discarded, I believe, at St. George's, and that bad arrangement of tunes, "The Hymnal Companion," has replaced it. After Mr. Sinclair resigned, and went to Pullborough, the Rev. Jno. Bloomfield was appointed, and under a new Act became the first Vicar of the Church. The agitation for surpliced choirs in the West Riding, and the discharge of all "female singers," had now commenced, and Mr. Bloomfield, moving with the times, agreed to the Churchwardens' suggestion to shift the choir downstairs and robe the choristers. But here the fatal mistake was made of not then removing the organ to its proper and customary position near the choir,—just precisely on the same principal that an accompanying pianoforte must be placed close to the singers at a

concert. Had this been done, I believe we should soon have had one of the best choral services in Yorkshire, and, moreover, I myself could have satisfactorily and comfortably retained my position as organist and choir-master.

The separation of the organ and organist from the choir was fatal to good singing from the first—the latter could not hear the former unless played much too loud—and thus the "musical troubles" at St. George's commenced.

The present organist is heavily handicapped in this matter, as I was, and it is only due to him to say that no one, however clever, can discharge his duties satisfactorily and comfortably while so placed—"like a rat in a cage."*

During over 30 years' services at this church, we were fortunate in possessing among our choirmen—at first six, then augmented by amateurs to eight and ten—some of the best voices and readers to be found in the West Riding. There was hardly a contest at a Cathedral or our own Parish Church where the candidate from St. George's, Leeds, was unsuccessful; the choir was often preferred to any other for organ openings, lecture illustrations, special services in other churches, and it was only four or five years ago that I gave a lecture on church music, under the auspices of the local clergy, etc., in the large Corn Exchange at Doncaster, when the choir (led by young Arthur Thompson) sang numerous and difficult illustrations in such a manner as to elicit warm and eulogistic encomiums from the Vicar and the Press. And this was at a time when many of the St. George's people were "growling at the singing." It was *not* the singers, but the false position they occupied, as I have before explained, that constituted the chief and almost the sole cause of the defective singing.

The opening Voluntary, instead of being quiet, melodious, and devotional, was a brilliant, noisy, and operatic offertoire by Batiste, which the organist, however, played most carefully.

The *Venite* and Psalms (5th day) were all sung to easy, simple single chants, selected from the Cathedral Psalter, but they became tame and monotonous from want of variety in power and expression, especially in such verses as "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!" There was, however, a unity of reciting, as formerly, which was highly creditable to the choir men and boys, who numbered altogether some thirty voices. The first lesson was read by the vicar in clear tones, with distinct enunciation and impressiveness. Then came the *Te Deum*, that mighty hymn of St. Ambrose,

* This has since been altered, and my oft-repeated suggestions carried out.

in which the attributes of the Deity command the adoration of the creature, in language sublime, and in spirit and conception wonderful. It was given to two double chants by Attwood and S. Wesley, and was nicely sung on the whole—but again without power, brilliancy, or devotional uplifting. Surely on the first Sunday in the month, in a church like St. George's, service music might be given to this magnificent *Hymn of Praise*, the settings of which to music by the masters of music in our English Church are glorious and elevating, and something beyond and above mere village music.

The *Jubilate* having been rendered to another single chant, the *Apostles' Creed* was uttered by the curate on one note, and by the choir on another! This sort of thing cannot induce either devotion or respect for the *Creed*,—neither can it advance the belief it is designed to inculcate. It should either be read by all, or sung by all. After the *Creed* came the beautiful preces and responsals—the Priest saying, "The Lord be with you," and the choir and people responding in the heavenly harmonies of Tallis—"And with thy spirit." In all these and the succeeding choral replies—"And grant us Thy salvation," etc.,—the organist led in the strain by playing the opening bar in single notes on the swell organ, as if he could not trust the choir to sing alone—as they ought here—for one single response. The proper way is either to accompany throughout, or not play at all.

There were two hymns—both selected from the "Hymnal Companion"—the first, No. 201,

> "To Thy Temple I repair,
> Lord, I love to worship there,"

sung well and heartily by the united choir and congregation to Pleyel's fine old German hymn in G. In the fifth verse the words are—

> "Through their voice by faith may I
> Hear Thee speaking from the sky."

After "may I," there was a longer semi-breve than usual, instead of a short note, so as not to spoil the sense and continuity of the two lines. This is an important point in the rendering of hymns, and should be seen to. The *Kyrie Eleison* in the Communion service that followed was an adaptation of a somewhat unrhythmical phrase of Schubert's, and not at all easy for the choir boys to sing correctly in time. This part of the service used to be deeply devotional and impressive at St. George's, as all the congregation well know. And then, the next portion—that grand declaration of faith—the *Nicene Creed*, was, *mirabile dictu! read* by the vicar, choir, and congregation,

in all sorts of tones and varied inflexions of voice, without organ accompaniment. Surely this is a matter that cannot have been considered. Excepting the *Te Deum*, there is no part of the Church's ritual so sublime and so suited to musical accompaniment and illustration as the *Nicene Creed;*—the great masters, Pergolesi, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and our own English writers, Wesley, Smart, Goss, etc., have each and all opened out their musical souls to give the grandest expression to this *Creed;*—to the *Sursum Corda;*—the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, etc., all in the Communion, and Post Communion Service, in which, at St. George's Church, not a note of music is heard, even on high days! Here again there should be reformation or contentment to rest satisfied with belonging to some of the least important places of worship in Leeds.

Following on the *Creed* was the old Sacramental Hymn, "My God, and is Thy table spread," sung to the favourite *Rockingham*, in triple time. The congregation joined heartily with the choir in giving a powerful exposition of this familiar Hymn, but, at the same time, it was not very grateful to educated ears to listen to the division of the words in the fifth verse, "Why are its boun—ties," and in the sixth verse, "O let Thy Ta—ble honoured be." If anyone will sing the tune over to these words, they will at once perceive the force of my objection, an objection which used to be obviated by making a half-closed, or interrupted cadence at the end of the first strain in the tune to the first line of words.

In the foregoing I have only chronicled the mode and execution of the service at St. George's as I heard it, and I am sure that what I have said is the truth, and nothing but the truth, though not quite "the whole truth." The old Portuguese proverb says—"When you speak, say the truth, but the truth need not always be told;" and so with St. George's, about which, and my own connection therewith, more will be written hereafter by other pens than mine. For myself, the remembrance of happy, prosperous days, chiefly resulting from the kindness, generosity, and friendship of those in power at this Church during a period of thirty years, will never be effaced from my memory, so long as that memory lasts; but that cannot be very far off. "There were giants in those days;" aye, giants who were as gentle, loving, and considerate, as they were rich, wise, and powerful; and amongst those of the congregation who were first and foremost in all good works, and especially in promoting the excellence of its musical services, I remember well the names of Beckett, Gott, Atkinson, Dibb, Tottie, Sykes,

Hey, Heaton, Nelson, Irwin, Stables, Braithwaite, Kirkby, Ellershaw, Lambert, Beardshaw, Eyres, Rider, Briggs, Asquith, Stallard, Ramsbottom, Depledge, Baxter, Greenwood, Kershaw, Kitson, Ingham, Nicholls, Wilcocks, Brown, Stockdale, Lampen, Fourness, and many others whom I cannot call to mind. And then there were those excellent, unselfish, high-minded Vicars, the Reverends John Bloomfield and S. Adams, both having musical families, and all appreciating the "divine art" and its powerful influence, when properly applied in the due rendition of divine service. *Tout cela change!*

It was about Christmas-time in 1883, when Churchwardens Robinson and Law Atkinson, in conjunction with the Vicar (Mr. Lamb), resolved to give the six professional members of the choir three months' notice to terminate their engagements. They did not know the addresses of several, so they sent for them into the choir vestry, and asked where they lived. Some of the older members, having a lively recollection of the generosity and thoughtfulness of Mr. Dibb, and other former Churchwardens at Christmas-time, at once jumped to the conclusion (so I was told) that the address was wanted to enable the new wardens to send a goose, or a crop of beef as a Christmas box, and one said jocosely—"You'll excuse me, sir, but my wife and me would prefer a *turkey* this time!" Sure enough in a day or two there came a letter signed by the Vicar and wardens *not* announcing the Christmas present of beef or fowl, but coldly giving each notice to quit at the end of three months!

Dr. S. Henry Ramsbotham, himself an accomplished musician, spent a great deal of time, labour, and money in connection with the choir and music of St. George's Church, and I should be wanting in common courtesy and good feeling did I not acknowledge with gratitude the kindness, attention, and able assistance he invariably gave to me—willingly and cheerfully—on all occasions; and I may also add that the schoolmaster, Mr. Turner, an able bass singer, was always kind and considerate towards myself and the choir. Before I say "Good bye" to the organ and music in St. George's Church, whose doors, I fear, I shall never again darken, I wish to publicly thank Mr. Edwin Oldroyd, and all the members of the late choir, for their invariable kindness to me, and for the handsome address and testimonial they *alone* gave to me on my retirement from St. George's after my over thirty years' duty in the service of that church, and I will only conclude in appropriate lines known to some of us—

"Happy have we met,
Happy have we been,
Happy may we part,
Happy meet again."

No. 13.—South Parade Chapel, Leeds.

"THE Baptist Churches of Leeds are not so strong and numerous as in some other places," writes one of its esteemed members; and this fact is much to be regretted, as the denomination is everywhere felt to be a strong influence for good, and an organisation worthy of the highest Christian zeal and self-sacrificing piety.

More than one hundred years ago (January, 1779) part of the Old Assembly Rooms, in Kirkgate, was fitted up and opened for public worship, when the Rev. Dr. Fawcett preached a powerful and clever sermon from the words, "What do these feeble Jews?" Shortly afterwards sixteen persons were immersed in the River Aire at Nether Mills, and were formed into a church. In 1781 a stone chapel was completed in St. Peter's Square, and dedicated to the service of the denomination, the Rev. Thomas Langdon becoming its first and most popular pastor. Just forty-five years later, the handsome and commodious chapel in South Parade was opened, the Rev. Dr. Marshaman preaching in the morning, the Rev. S. Saunders in the afternoon, and the Rev. Dr. Raffles in the evening. The congregations were overflowing, and the collections amounted to £220. In 1847, the Rev. Robert K. Brewer, with whom I was personally acquainted during his residence in Leeds, succeeded to the pastorate of Mr. Giles. Subsequently Dr. Brewer (he was, I believe, a Doctor of Music, and not of Divinity) withdrew from South Parade Chapel, and formed "a new interest,"—first in a chapel in Great George's Street; and on its being required to make room for the new Infirmary, the present convenient building in Woodhouse Lane, called Blenheim Chapel.

One of the most noted and popular of all the pastors was the Rev. William Best, B.A., who accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church in 1863, and remained for twelve years.

With reference to my visit to South Parade Chapel last Sunday, July 19th, I wish simply to describe (as I have done with other churches) what I heard, and to give my own individual opinion thereon, more especially as regards the music, and its use and influence in public worship. Without the smallest doubt or question, that the handmaid of religion represented by St. Cecilia is daily taking a more extensive and a more important part in the service of the sanctuary, and those ministers, wardens, deacons, sidesmen, and others, holding authority in the various churches, who do not recognize this fact, are neglecting

a plain and necessary duty which will help to get the edifices filled with devout crowds of worshippers, and to provide and make popular a system of music, such as the humblest can join in, while it should be calculated, not for the mere amusement of man, but for the pure worship of God. I must candidly say that I think better music ought to be provided in South Parade Chapel than what I heard last Sunday; there is a lack of life, spirit, power, character, and animation, very much indeed to be desired.

The hymns were all gems of Sacred Poetry, and sung to good music—but the singing was not hearty, though general.

The opening hymn, James Montgomery's well-known

"Songs of Praise, the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,"

spoke at once to the hearts of all, and told us once more of the glories of music and of the 'Songs of Praise to sing above:"—And then how beautiful the thought in the last verse—

"Borne on their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ."

The second hymn was F. W. Faber's undying poem—

"Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling,
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore,"

wedded to the beautiful music of the late Henry Smart, whose memory we cherish in Leeds with so much affection and respect.

After a second prayer, in which the wants, wishes, and wickedness of all seemed to be thought of, there was another good hymn with a fine tune—

"O wherefore, Lord, doth Thy dear praise
But tremble on my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song?

And then came the sermon—an admirable, practical discourse on the text found in the 11th chapter of the Hebrews, verse 27—"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

In conclusion, I may add that amongst the most esteemed members of the Baptist community in Leeds, are Messrs. John Barran, M.P., Jno. Barran, Junr., J.P., Alfred Barran, Councillor Illingworth, Joseph Town, Jno. Town, W. R. Bilbrough, G. Bingley, etc., etc.

No. 14.—St. Chad's Church, Far Headingley, Leeds.

"The churches of our land,
How beautiful they stand!"

THESE old cherished lines occurred to me as I neared St. Chad's Church on the morning of the Second Sunday in Advent. The sweet music of the bells chiming the people to prayer; the bright sunshine and the keen northern air; the happy cawing of the jackdaws about the tower; the procession, as I entered the edifice, of the priests and white-robed choir; and the deep, rich, solemn tones of the beautiful organ—each and all made an impression on my mind which will not easily be lost or unremembered.

This remarkably fine church was built and endowed at the sole cost of Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., Q.C., and his father. The sacred edifice, as well as the adjacent invaluable burial ground, were both consecrated by the late Bishop Bickersteth on January 11th, 1868. The style of architecture may be described as that of the 14th century. The reredos is of very excellent design; the pulpit, too, is beautifully carved, and supported on shafts, and the foliated capitals of the various columns display a charming variety of conception and execution. The plan of the church comprises five bays and a five-side apse, the side aisles being continued right round the chancel, forming an ambulatory. The tower—one of fine, striking proportions—is placed at the west end. The proportions of the building are admirably balanced, the length being 137 feet, the width 61 feet, and the height from floor to roof, 57 feet. Surmounting the tower is a spire 186 feet high; there is a noble peal of eight bells, and a clock having the Westminster chimes. There are several finely executed stained glass windows, those in the clerestory of the apse by Hardman, of Birmingham, representing North of England Saints, and others, to the memory of John Metcalfe Smith, Esquire, of Kirkstall Grange; G. T. Young, Esquire, Churchwarden, and deceased Sunday School teachers and pupils. There is likewise a beautiful window at the extreme east end by Taives and Bangund. I may also mention two extremely handsome brass gas standards placed within the sacrarium, presented to the church by Mrs. George Watson, of West Grove, Far Headingley.

The sacrarium is paved with encaustic tiles, the gift of Alf Cooke, Esq., J.P., together with the side desk of the clergy, and the Bishop's chair.

The organ, which is placed on the north side of the chancel,

and exhibits eight feet metal pipes in three separate arches, was built by Francis Booth, of Wakefield, and opened by Mr. F. W. Hird, of Leeds, in 1869.

The present vicar, who was instituted on the day of the church's consecration, is the Rev. Thomas Cartwright Smyth, D.D., LL.D., of Jesus College, Cambridge; and the curate is the Rev. Marshall George Vine, B.A., of Hertford College, Oxford. The choir, seated of course in appropriate stalls near the chancel, consists of sixteen boys, three altos (not sufficient), three tenors, and five basses. Six of the men are paid, and the boys get attendance pence. The services on Sunday morning and evening, and on Fridays, are strictly choral. Tallis's Preces, Versicles, Responses, etc. (reduced from four to five voices by Barnby), with the priest's part intoned throughout, being invariably used.

The service was inaugurated by an admirable performance of Dr. Wesley's famous Voluntary in G, composed for an organ recital at the Agricultural Hall many years ago. Then followed the usual order of the Church's prayer and praise, the priest's part being most admirably and distinctly intoned in clear sweet tones by the curate, the Rev. Marshall George Vine. The confession, with its pretty Ely cadences (not Tallis, but a long way after that sublime composer), was given in a quiet, devotional tone, but somewhat drawled and dragged, an error which, I think, ought to be rectified, both at St. Chad's and in other churches. The general responses were sung in better time, and with a considerable amount of fervid expression, the balance of voices (barring the insufficiency of altos) being excellent. The *Venite*, Psalms, and Canticles were all sung to chants, chiefly single, the old ones by Dr. Alcock, Dr. Hayes, and Matthews, being by far the best. I must confess that while modern musicians can undoubtedly hold their own in the composition of services, anthems, and eucharistic music, I fear we are all very much behind the ancients in the matter of chants. The choicest examples of our early Anglo-Catholic music by composers like Tallis, Byrd, Blow, Purcell, Croft, Gibbons, Farrant, Cooke, Crotch, Langdon, Weldon, Turner, Hayes, Alcock, etc., are emphatically pronounced in their individuality and ecclesiastical character. The melody is sweet, but simple, the harmony strong; the handicraft, or workmanship of these writers came of a sublime temperament, and are of such a sober, solemn, devout character, as ought only to be admitted into the Sanctuary of God, and adopted in setting forth His most worthy praise. On the other hand, most modern chants are

deficient in dignity and solidity, often chromatic, they are but too frequently wanting in the diatonic strength of their elders. They have a "pretty air," but lack that grave, but cheerful, solemn, firm, and masculine style calculated to foster a calm, earnest, and permanent devotion.

The *Venite* at St. Chad's was sung with the required exultation ;—in unison, the first six verses, then harmony to the end—a very good and effective plan. In Psalm 30, *Exaltabo te Domine*, Hayes's fine old chant had a major jubilant rendering up to the 7th verse—"Thou didst turn Thy face from me, and I was troubled," when the minor was introduced with proper, expressive effect, the major being joyfully re-introduced at the 12th verse, "Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy; Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness." Psalm 31. *In te, Domine, speravi*, was wedded to a beautiful old double chant by Matthews, its expressive strains bringing forcibly to my mind the days of "Auld Lang Syne" when I used to sing it in the choir of Exeter Cathedral, where it was an especial favourite of my distinguished master—Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley.

The *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* were sung to various chants by Oakley, Hopkins, Barnby, and Turle, that by the latter being most suitable and excellent. There was no change of music in the *Te Deum laudamus*, until the verse "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin," was reached, and then another change, only two verses from the end. This is an unusual plan —the generally accepted one being to give a chant to each of the well-known three divisions of this grand old canticle of S. Ambrose, at the commencement, then at verse 16, "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man," and again at the glorious burst of praise, verse 24, "Day by day, we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy name, ever world without end."

At the end of the *Benedictus*, to the comforting words, "Guide our feet into the way of peace," the practice first introduced into the rendering of this canticle at St. George's Church, Leeds, some years ago, of singing the verse gradually slower and softer to the end, had a very beautiful effect, and is now almost universally adopted. The Cathedral Psalter and Chant-book are always used at St. Chad's, and I don't know of any better Psalter, though I certainly think that the collection of chants might be much improved—many requiring elimination and substitution.

The hymns are all selected from "Ancient and Modern," and while this book is admitted to contain generally a fine and varied

collection of both words and music, there is, nevertheless, in the judgment of many whose opinions are entitled to respectful consideration, great room for improvement by the addition of favourite hymns and tunes on the one hand, and on the other by the repudiation and deposition of those (some having a strong Romish odour about them) which are highly objectionable to many conscientious church-goers.

I will not specify here what I personally object to in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," but I may be permitted to say that such beautiful favourite hymns as "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," "Glorious things of Thee are spoken," and Bishop Heber's "Brightest and best," ought *not* to have been omitted—to say nothing of many others that could be named. Let us hope, therefore, that one of these fine days the proprietors of this popular work will see their way to another searching revision, and that more than one person for the words, and a single individual for the music, should be consulted as to its general contents.

The hymns sung at St. Chad's on the morning of my visit (Dec. 6th) were Nos. 268 ("Ye servants of the Lord") and 206 ("That day of wrath"). The tune to the first was "Narenza," a bold short metre of the German chorale school, and in which the congregation joined the choir with great heartiness and devotional effect. The second would have been much better had it been sung to Luther's hymn, or any other rather than that dismal old minor Scotch tune, "Abbotsford," in which the congregation did not, and could not join, though some brave efforts were made by more than one lady in the neighbourhood of the pew I sat in. I noticed that *all* the "Amens" were sung *piano*, a practice which is right enough when the hymn, prayer, or psalm, is penitential; but when it is jubilant, or cheerful, then, I venture to say, the Amen should be louder, and of a corresponding character.

Not the least interesting part of the service was the office of the Holy Communion, Woodward's music being sung very sweetly by the choir, especially the *Kyrie Eleison*. The *Credo* being more ambitious and more difficult, fell a little short of the required accuracy and expression.

Taken altogether, the services at St. Chad's are, like the edifice itself, beautiful and impressive. There is no meretricious work or practice of any kind; no elaborate expansions and developments either of the music, or any part of the ritual; all is conducted with "decency and order;" all is evidently done with the one sole object of promoting the glory of God and the

welfare of His Church. No doubt much, very much, is due to the indefatigable labours of the highly esteemed and learned vicar and his curate, Mr. Vine; and there is this advantage to the church's service: both possess a love and a fair knowledge of music, both strenuously oppose what I regret to say I have witnessed in some churches—bits of maudlin affectation and extravagancy, mischievous vagaries and extraordinary bad taste, not unmixed with secularities or dramatic effects, calculated to interfere with the sober devotions of the Church, and to lower the high character of her glorious services.

Nor must I omit here to notice the valuable services of Mr. John Shaw the able organist and choir-master. Mr. Shaw comes of a musical family—his father was for many years the leading contra-bassist in our local orchestras, and two, if not three, of his brothers are clever, professional Yorkshire organists. Mr. John Shaw does not follow music as a profession, but he is certainly one of the ablest amateurs I have heard at the organ in Yorkshire. He spares no pains to train his choir boys, who, if they do not always phrase well, and divide their words properly in breathing, sing sweetly, and in tune. Since his appointment, he has introduced *Te Deums* by Wesley, Smart, Dykes, etc., and anthems and *Credos* by other distinguished composers of Church Music.

No. 15.—An Open-air Oratorio.

THE Sunday performances of sacred music which have been given in the open air in and about Leeds during the last summer, and on previous occasions, deserve more than the passing notices they obtain in the local daily papers, not only on account of their intrinsic musical merits, but also for their benevolent pecuniary object, all profits being generally devoted to the Leeds Medical Charities. And as the artizans and working people of this great town of Leeds, with its one-third of a million inhabitants, are the chief recipients of the splendid, numerous, invaluable hospitals which abound in Leeds, and in which the highest medical skill is available, no better object could engage their own as well as their sympathetic supporters' earnest attention than the organization of concerts of sacred music similar to that which I had the pleasure to attend on Sunday afternoon, the 30th ultimo, in the "Black Bull" field at Hunslet.

The people who thronged in thousands on this occasion to

hear the ever-attractive strains of their favourite musical god, Handel, were resolved to enjoy themselves, whether or no.

The Yorkshireman's love of music has been notorious in all ages—especially in the West Riding. So long ago as the beginning of the 16th century, it was written that "one who tried to pass for a shoemaker in a musical town of West Yorkshire was detected as an impostor, because he could neither sing, sound the trumpet, play the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme." Indeed, at that time, tinkers sang catches; milk-maids warbled ballads; carters whistled; each trade—and even the beggars—had their special songs. The base-viol hung in the parlour for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner, music at supper, music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night, music at dawn, music at work, and music at play. He who felt not in some degree its influence, was viewed as a morose, unsocial being, whose converse ought to be shunned, and regarded with suspicion and distrust. It has been very much the same in the years that have passed since that time, and there is not a severely wide difference in the present day—the love and cultivation of music being almost universal. The Yorkshireman loves the voice of melody, and in his heart says—

"Let harmony from her enchanting shell
Pour the sweet note that soothes afflictions' sigh;
Now let the full chord's deep modulation swell,
Now wake the joy inspiring symphony."

The band at Hunslet comprised about sixty, chiefly strings, the brass and wood instruments, which were mostly wanted being conspicuous by their absence,—an omission that should be rectified on future occasions. The chorus numbered nearly four hundred, the basses, as usual in Yorkshire, being the most powerful, the altos the most penetrating, many of the latter possessing quite a gimlet tone. Of the sopranos, they all looked very nice, and attended earnestly to their work, but they lacked the strength we are used to in Leeds. Of the smooth-toned tenors, I may say that the experienced ones did well, but the novices fell far short of efficiency. Altogether, however, there was a fair representation of a good scratch chorus and band, and what each individual member lacked in knowledge and experience, was fully made up in earnest enthusiasm and a love for the work in hand.

Unfortunately, I had been misinformed as to the time the performance began, and I therefore heard only half of the

selections. These, however, were sufficient to give me an idea of the whole.

For the chorus at Hunslet, there was a long raised platform placed against the back of a large mill, or warehouse, from whose confined and iron-caged windows eager music listeners were thrusting their music-filled heads, and, in some cases, unwashed hands The band was on the ground or basement, the performers standing on wood planks. The conductor (Mr. J. Haywood) was placed in a tolerably elevated position in front of his musical army, and it is only bare justice to him to say that he wielded the *baton* with remarkable care and ability, and succeeded in keeping his heterogeneous forces well in hand, and entirely under his control. The crowd being great, I had some difficulty in threading my way nearer to the performers; at last, I found by an extra payment, that I had landed immediately under the bass singers, and was just in time to have roared into my ears the fine diatonic Gregorian passage, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spôken it"—with its grand rise of a major second on the syllable "spô." Then followed a series of other choruses from the *Messiah*, all, with one exception, "And with His stripes," where there was a false start, and a "hark-back," being sung with decision, care, and good effect. At the request of Councillor Alf Cooke,* who takes an earnest and practical interest in all these musical and other artistic gatherings, the band of the 1st West York Artillery, with much sweetness and expression, played "The Lost Chord," under the able and experienced leading of Mr. Charles Ingledew, and then the players and singers start again, and with tones loud and clear pour forth the strains of the grand "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," the whole of that immense mass of artisan people listening with a deep, significant silence, worthy of the divine utterances they were hearing and absorbing. Surely here, I thought, music is fulfilling its glorious mission, and is helping to soothe and refine, if not to regenerate the world! All the preaching from all the eloquent divines in Christendom would not have touched the hearts of ten thousand people as did that sublime pæan of thanksgiving, "Hallelujah, King of kings, and Lord of lords!" with its awe-inspiring sudden silence near the end, and then the majestic, divine adagio for the close! Handel can, indeed, as Beethoven said, "strike, when he wills, like a thunderbolt," and to no composer are we indebted more than to the immortal Saxon, whose music we in Yorkshire know and love so well.

* Now the esteemed Alderman Cooke, J.P.

But other composers were not forgotten at Hunslet—the favourite oratorio, *The Creation*—with its glorious choruses, "Awake the Harp," "The Heavens are Telling," and "Achieved is the glorious work," being requisitioned, together with selections from Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, for the delectation of the crowded audience. Two stirring, familiar hymns, "O worship the King, all glorious above," to Hanover tune; and the Old Hundredth Psalm—in which all the people joined the band and chorus, and sang with heart and soul the praises of their God and King in terminating an afternoon's performance of classical music in the open air.

I ought to mention that the collection in the sheets and boxes at Hunslet on Infirmary Sunday amounted to £78 os. 10d., which, after deducting the necessary expenses of printing, advertising, etc., left a clear balance of £46 7s. 2d., and this sum has been duly handed over to the indefatigable Treasurer to the Infirmary, Mr. Benson Jowitt, who has gratefully acknowledged the same.

It need scarcely be said that such gatherings are not organised and developed without the aid of willing, disinterested workers, and I think I ought here to conclude this notice by giving the names of the respected Hunslet Executive Committee:—

President, Mr. Jas. Gozney; Vice-President, Councillor Cooke; Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Walker; Conductor, Mr. J. W. Haywood; Leader of Band, Mr. Chas. Dyson; and Messrs. Myers, Gilston, Puffitt Bruce, Squire, (E. Lancaster as accompanist on the harmonium), Barrass, Rhodes, Rev. F. Smith, and the Hon. Secs., H. Snowden and J. Howe.

1885.

MUSIC, ETC., IN NORTH WALES.

AT the recent Chester Festival, I hear that one half of the visitors were from Wales, or Welsh born. The annual Eisteddfod takes place next week at Wrexham, where there will be the usual trial of skill in Bardic recitations, choral singing, brass band performances, etc., as well as grand concerts, at which oratorios will be given with distinguished principal vocalists and full band and chorus.

I am assured by the head of one of the leading families and landowners in the Principality that, as a rule, very little is thought of the Bardic (my friend sarcastically said "barbaric") recitations, improvisations, poetic and prosaic in the Welsh language, and that the attendance at these exhibitions is usually of the most meagre description, whilst at the concerts where Madame Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Signor Foli, etc., sing, all classes flock in thousands—every place is previously taken, and enthusiasm is often carried to a wild pitch of excitement with the finished vocalisation of these accomplished metropolitan artists.

"When an Eisteddfod was given at the Albert Hall, in London," added my intelligent friend, "very few Welshmen attended, but they availed themselves of the cheap trips (going to and from town for a few shillings) and attended every exhibition, theatre, and show place they had time for, returning to their own homes without having once been to the performances which were given to show Englishmen what great musical and poetical talents the Principality could produce."

"What we want in Wales," said another clever amateur, "is an annual musical festival on a similar scale to those splendid gatherings you have in England—one in North, the other in South Wales; and also a resident orchestra, as well as more competent and well-educated professors or teachers of music. At present there is no existing band able to play satisfactorily the instrumental portions of a standard oratorio, and when Dr. Ronald Rogers, of Bangor (an Englishman, by the way), requires an orchestra, he is obliged, at an expense of £50 or £60, to send to Manchester or Liverpool for the necessary aid."

In many of the churches I have visited in North Wales—Denbigh, Corwen, Llangollen, Dolgelly, Barmouth, etc., there are excellent, though from my own point of view, rather small organs, but rarely an organist capable of playing more than hymn tunes and easy voluntaries—pedaling being frequently altogether ignored. As a proof, however, of the prevailing inherent love of music—organ music too—it may be mentioned that at the four or five recitals I have had the pleasure to give in these parts, "high, low, rich, and poor, one with another," have attended in large numbers, and have appeared to be much delighted with my efforts to let them hear something more than the instrumental music which they are but too much accustomed to.

Some of the county gentry have excellent chamber organs in their mansions, and, in several instances, the "head of the establishment" (the lady of course) not only indulges in "organic scintillations" for the pleasure and benefit of the whole household, but she takes a warm interest in the village choir, and presides on Sundays at the Church services. It is thus at the beautiful residence at Rûg, of the Honourable C. H. Wynn, situate in a picturesque spot, about a mile from Corwen, where, in the library, there is a sweet-toned organ of about ten stops and a full set of pedals.

On Sunday last, after playing at the service conducted by Canon Richardson, rector of Corwen, in the ancient and beautiful chapel, or church, which boasts of a most interesting painted ceiling, carved wood arches, stained-glass windows, and other relics of the past, I proceeded, at the invitation of the "Lord of Rûg," to refresh the inner man with luncheon at the hall, and, after viewing the extensive gardens, greenhouses, etc., returned to the library, and the household, servants, etc., being gathered together, I was delighted to find them all some pleasure by playing on the organ for nearly an hour.

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At the historically famous Parish Church of Corwen, dedicated to Mael and Sulien, in which there is a new organ built by Casson and Co., of Denbigh, I gave two recitals, on Friday afternoon and evening, to large congregations, among the most interested of my hearers being Sir Theodore Martin (the Prince Consort's famous biographer) and Lady Martin, etc. This church is one of the most interesting in Wales. Inside there is a curious monument to the memory of Jorwerth Sulien, one of its ancient vicars. This monument has been said to refer to

Saint Sulien himself, "the godliest man and greatest clerke in all Wales," but this is not correct. Pennant says that "the saint has his well here, and is patron of the church." We suppose the well he alludes to is the one near Rûg Chapel (1½m. from Corwen, and interesting to the antiquary), on the north-west side of the Dee, Ffynnon Sulien or Sulien's Well. It was once even more sacred than the Dee, and it is said that in olden time water was fetched from it, over the river, to fill the baptismal font at Corwen. Visitors to the churchyard are shown a rude cross cut in a stone which now forms the lintel of the priest's door, and this of course is the true mark of Owen Glyndwr's dagger, which he threw from the rock behind the church. Another stone, "Carreg of Big-yn-y Foch Rewlyd," is now built into the north porch, and to this appertains a tradition. "We are told that all attempts to build the church in any other place were frustrated by the influence of certain adverse powers, till the founders, warned in a vision, were directed to the spot where the pillar stood." Similar tales are told of other Welsh churches, notably one about a mile from Corwen, Llangar Church, on the road to Cynwyd. A third stone, one of the old crosses, standing in the churchyard to the west of the building, also bears the mark of a dagger, which local tradition associates with the redoubtable Owen; but it is more interesting to the antiquary for the "cup-markings" (?) on the base of the pedestal.

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At the kind invitation of Sir Theodore Martin, I went to see his lovely residence, Bryntysilio, situated on an eminence a short distance above Llangollen. We (Dr. Walker and I) took the train to Berwyn Station, a picturesque spot, surpassed by few in Wales. There I saw the "Parting of the Waters," an artificial horse-shoe fall, where the river Dee feeds the canal, and where immediately beyond is Llantysilio Church, built in a truly beautiful situation. On reaching the terrace in front of the house the view is indescribably lovely—I ought rather to say the *views*, for turn where you will every few steps reveal new beauties, new charms, and language becomes powerless to describe one half of what can be seen there. Sir Theodore and his distinguished, accomplished wife (*née* Helen Faucit) received us with the courtesy and kindness which are so characteristic of the highly intellectual and well-bred upper classes of Great Britain, and it was not long before the elegant scholar and writer took the trouble to show and explain to his visitors the manifold beauties of his invaluable pictures, etchings, and other

valuable works of art. These are hung in profusion on the walls of nearly every room in the house, especially in Sir Theodore's study and Lady Martin's boudoir. From the windows of each there is an exquisite view of the gardens, the grand flowing, roaring river, and the heath-clad mountains.

After a recherche luncheon we were ushered into the charmingly and artistically-decorated drawing-room, where, at the request of one of the lady visitors (Mrs. Thorpe), I had the pleasure to play on a fine-toned "Collard and Collard" pianoforte some of Mendelssohn's *Leider ohne worte* and Chopin's *Mazurkas*. Once more we go on to the terrace and through the gardens, from whence there are ever-varying views of the valley, the river, and the mountains. It was impossible not to call to mind Professor Wilson's remark to Cyrus Redding :—"Did you ever see anything so beautiful as a Welsh valley? We have higher mountains in Scotland, finer scenery about the more beautiful English lakes, though the mountains are not quite so high as in Wales, but neither the North of England nor Scotland—no, nor all Switzerland—can exhibit anything so tranquil, romantic, snug, and beautiful as a Welsh valley. There is nothing like it, I believe, in the world."

BLIND MUSICIANS.

No. 1.—Galileo, Homer, Milton, Stanley, etc.

It is an interesting but accountable fact that many great and eminent persons have either been born blind, or deprived of sight in their young days. This is explained and amplified in the statistics of the science of Typhlology by Mr. Hanks Levy, in whose clever book, "Blindness and the Blind," a full and particular history is given of the agents and causes of a loss of vision—small-pox being generally assigned as the chief aggressor. Those who possess sight and know not its inestimable value, cannot fully estimate the wondrous power and work thereof, for sight is not only the principal sense through which information is obtained, but it is also a very powerful agent in re-invigorating man after mental and physical exhaustion. Let the student, or the artisan, who has been engaged for a long time in continuous exertion, observe the effect on his feelings exercised by his looking for a few minutes into a bustling thoroughfare. The variety of colour, form, position, and incident, unite to exert on his mind a most pleasing sense of re-invigoration.

Sight is indeed a great promoter of health and happiness. Even when the range of vision is confined to a small room, the mind is often cleared and the imagination steadied by merely looking round the apartment. Doubtless this action is so common that persons are not aware of its effect; they glance at objects around them, and receive benefit, just as they inspire air to maintain life, and so little is thought of the latter operation, it is no wonder that the former passes unrecognised. It must, therefore, be admitted that sight is a great health-giving agent, and that its absence is a serious and lamentable deprivation. Certain it is that excessive mental and bodily toil are more injurious to the blind than to the sighted. That the loss of one sense increases and intensifies the power of the others is a well-worn aphorism, and it has been shrewdly remarked by a German philosopher that "while sight is the clearest, hearing is the

deepest of the senses." No doubt the one is the favourite vehicle and stimulus of emotion, the other of intellect.

Music certainly appeals more directly to feeling than painting; the tones of the voice are the truest expression of sentiment and character; the sounds of nature, the wailing and sighing of the wind, the notes of birds, the humming of bees affect the feelings more profoundly and mysteriously than colour and form. The tuneful art has always proved a source of delight and comfort to the blind. Galileo, the sightless, persecuted philosopher, when 76 years old, found music a charm and a blessing to him; Homer, the "Father of Song," recited and intoned his grand verses in every city to which he travelled;—and here let me quote the beautiful lines he addressed to the Maids of Delos—music without notes—

"Virgins farewell—and O, remember me,
Hereafter, when some wanderer from the sea,
Some hapless stranger shall your isle explore,
And ask you maids, of all the bards you boast,
Who sings the sweetest and delights you most—
O, answer all, a blind old man and poor,
Sweetest he sings, and dwells on Chios' rocky shore."

Our own Milton, one of the

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,"

was, as we all know, passionately fond of music; indeed, he inherited a taste for the art, his father having been an excellent amateur organist who composed a fine old psalm-tune called "York," which a blind musician (Sir George Macfarren) 200 years later arranged for the *Organists' Quarterly Journal*, with variations and contrapuntal treatment of a high and classical character. To Milton, when deprived of his visual organs, music was indeed "discourse most eloquent"; it suggested to him all kinds of ideas, and beautiful

"Thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."

After one of his quiet hours at the sweet-toned organ his father had bequeathed to him, the immortal poet wrote:—

"Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song."

And is there one knowing anything of Handel's masterpiece, the oratorio *Samson*, the sublime music of which was composed when he too, poor man, was deprived of sight, who is not moved in his heart with deep emotion when listening to the inspired words and music of this fine work—*Samson Agonistes*—the joint

production of two of the greatest intellects the world has ever known? I remember, when a boy, being taken to hear the great tenor Braham sing "Total eclipse, no sun, no moon, no stars!" which he gave with such intense and passionate feeling that there was scarcely a dry eye among the large audience assembled at the Subscription Rooms in Exeter, where his performances were given. In after years this same touching vocal inspiration was splendidly declaimed by Sims Reeves, and by that glorious singer, Maas, at a Leeds Musical Festival, where his rendering of the same composer's delicious air, "Waft her angels to the skies," excited the admiration and delight of all who were privileged to hear it.

Clever blind musicians have been numerous; many of them have occupied prominent and important positions; and I venture to think that some more particular and circumstantial record of their lives and doings than has yet been written will be interesting and acceptable to numerous readers. Already I have spoken of Homer and Milton, who, though not dependent upon music for their existence, made it a most important element—or, as the phrase goes, "function"—in their general work and daily occupation. In addition to the great historical characters I have named, and many others of interest and reputation, it will be my purpose in these papers to dilate on those blind musicians I have personally known—Macfarren, Smart, Prichard, and the present Mr. Alfred Hollins, whose clever organ and pianoforte recitals have recently so delighted his numerous friends and brother Yorkshiremen. Let me, however, continue my account of those who have passed into the silent land, and long ago joined the majority.

Perhaps the most eminent of English blind musicians, *i.e.* those who were sightless from their babyhood, was Dr. John Stanley, who was born in 1713, in London, and became Master of the Royal Band, and organist at the same time both to the Society of the Temple (the post now occupied by the distinguished organist Dr. Edward Hopkins) and of the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn. At seven years of age he was placed under the care and tuition of Mr. Reading, then organist of Hackney Church, and his progress was so great and his genius for music so pronounced that he was ultimately given to Dr. Green, the eminent organist and composer, to receive higher instruction. Stanley, at the age of 11, competed for and won the organistship of All Hallows', Bread Street, and subsequently he was preferred to a great number of competitors for a similar appointment at St. Andrew's, Holborn. In connection with this church

there is a story of a poor blind piper, which is worth recording and preserving :—

During the prevalence of the great Plague of London this unfortunate strolling Scotch player, being weary with his day's exertions in search of alms, sat down at the close of evening on the steps of the church, where fatigue and gloomy reflections soon threw him into a deep sleep, and on the men with the dead-cart passing along Holborn to collect the bodies of those who had fallen victims to the fearful pestilence, they espied a human form on the church steps, and forthwith concluding that it was a wayfarer suddenly struck down, they seized the minstrel and placed him in the cart. The motion of the vehicle, however, soon awoke the piper, who, finding himself in such a strange position, and failing to make his voice heard, seized the pipes, and began to make such music as he thought might bring him relief; the drivers, horrified on hearing such sounds from among the dead bodies, fled with dismay, swearing the Devil himself was in the cart. Of course this soon brought the poor blind man assistance, and his life was thus saved.

Stanley was so great a favourite at the Temple Church, and St. Andrew's, that he held both appointments for upwards of 50 years—up to the time of his last illness. Not only was he a good organist—a brilliant performer—but he was also skilled in playing the violin and flute, and played from memory all the principal concertos by Corelli and the favourite solos composed by the distinguished Italian—Geminiani. When Handel died in 1759, Stanley undertook to continue the performances of the oratorios at Covent Garden Theatre, which he did with admirable skill and tact, assisted by his friends Smith and Lindley, to within two years of his death. His abilities as an organist were so great that he attracted numbers of the profession to listen to him both at the Temple and at St. Andrew's, and it is recorded that the great Handel himself was one of his most ardent admirers. At a performance of one of Handel's *Te Deums*, the organ was found to be a semitone higher than the other instruments, and Stanley at once transposed all his share in the work to D flat major, which was thought to be quite wonderful at the time, but many organists at the present day could accomplish this without very much difficulty. Stanley's compositions included two oratorios, *Jephtha* and *Zimri*, many organ concertos, after the style and manner of the day, being more or less Handelian ; and a dramatic pastoral, entitled *Arcadia, or the Shepherd's Wedding*, which was performed in 1761, immediately after the marriage of George III. and Queen Charlotte.

NO. 2.—MACFARREN, SMART, PRICHARD, ETC.

"Such music
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sang."—MILTON.

IT is no matter of astonishment that the blind should have found music not only to be a great solace, but one of the best means of obtaining a livelihood in the more respectable walks of life. We are told by one of the poets that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and this being so, it is no marvel that it hath charms to soothe the sorrows of the sightless. We have seen how sweetly Homer, Milton, and Handel sang, and we know that Blacklock, Professor Fawcett, and other learned men relieved their studies by having recourse to music's revivifying strains.

The attachment of the blind for their own particular instruments is a notable fact, and whilst the organ, from its varied, beautiful tones, seems to have been the general favourite with the male portion of the sightless community, the harp has ever been a pet of the female blind. Those who can recall to mind with what energy and impressiveness the Yorkshire Queen of Song, Mrs. Sunderland, used to sing Jeffry's song, "The Blind Girl to her Harp," will easily recall to their memories the words of the first verse, which I think ran thus:—

"Harp! my own beloved harp! my fingers o'er thee stray,
And wake the sounds that bear my thoughts to brightest realms away;
In sorrow on to thee I turn, so touching is thy tone,
That list'ning to thy fitful woes makes me forget my own."

Some thirty or forty years ago there existed a considerable amount of prejudice against the employment of blind organists—especially for the Church of England service—and there was strong writing in some of the London journals, in which the total exclusion of the blind from organists' appointments was most unfairly argued. In 1856 Miss Northcote successfully competed for St. Ann and St. Agnes, near the Post Office, London, and although a cabal was immediately formed to oppose her election on account of her blindness, she, by her talents, energy, and the interference of influential friends, succeeded in keeping the appointment for nearly twenty years. This was the turning-point for the blind performers, since which time Creswick, Prichard, Summers, Swanson, and others have held good appointments, and it is an interesting fact, which might here be recorded, that in Paris similar appointments are held in no less than forty Roman Catholic churches by sightless organists.

Undoubtedly the most distinguished blind musician of the

present century was Sir George Alexander Macfarren, who was born in 1813, and died not very long ago. Up to 1856, when he produced his *May Day* at the Festival held in St. George's Hall, Bradford, he had for many years been able to see a little by placing a strong lens close to his eye and the book ; but, after that date, Sir George could never act as his own amanuensis—his sight being entirely gone. " But," and here I quote from my *Musical Memories*, "there was no falling off in his mental power and activity ; he would dictate the full score of a symphony or an oratorio, commencing at the top of a page and gradually working his way to the foot thereof, the whole of the movement having been previously matured in his own mind, and chiselled on the tablet of his memory." Afterwards his immense energy and talent led him to compose the oratorios *St. John the Baptist*, the *Resurrection*, *Joseph*, and *David*, in all of which he showed his mastery over form, orchestration, and counterpoint.

Sir George Macfarren had a happy knack of pleasing his fellow-musicians, especially the younger branches of the profession, when listening to their performances or compositions. I am indebted to Miss Edith Milner, of York, for the following anecdote respecting the visit of the distinguished musician to the Industrial School. " It was on a very cold spring morning in April, 1882, when Sir George came and sat in the yard at least half-an-hour without an overcoat, listening to and criticising the brass and string bands and the part songs, very sweetly played and sung by the boys of the York Industrial School. He soon spotted one of the cleverest of the players, sent for him, and encouraged the boy with some kindly words of recognition and advice."

In an obvious and natural sequence, Henry Smart, Macfarren's friend—who in his later days shared the misfortune of blindness—should here be noticed. I have written so much about Smart, his works, and his great and varied genius, that less need be said now than would have been otherwise the case.

Henry Smart became gradually blind from night work in the composition of his masterpiece—*The Bride of Dunkerron*, a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten work, produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival in 1864, when he was at the height of his fame and popularity. He conducted his own work with great skill and energy, and he received a perfect ovation at the end from the splendid bevy of critics, and an immense audience of amateurs, the nobility, gentry, etc. On his return to London he began to feel that his sight was injured, and he frequently

intimated this to me in his letters. He could not bear the idea at first of employing an amanuensis ; eventually, however, it became an indispensable necessity, and his daughter Clara (now Mrs. Souter) undertook the work with a devotion and singleness of purpose which reflected the greatest credit upon her filial affection and her splendid caligraphy.

The deprivation of his sight caused Smart many a pang of anguish, for he was a great lover of Nature, of paintings, and "all that delighteth the eye of man." Nothing afforded him greater pleasure than to make up a party of friends—genial spirits—and to take a walking tour up or down the banks of the Thames, where he seemed to be acquainted with every nook and corner, and would describe the many different beautiful places we came to, or could see in the distance, with considerable graphic skill and power. One can easily imagine, therefore, how much his loss would affect him, though, as a rule, he possessed the passive nobility of beautiful instinct and endurance.

Once only he gave way in my presence to a passionate outburst of grief at his ophthalmic disease, and that was when we were with a few friends in a boat off Bridlington one summer's evening. It was just opposite the celebrated Speeton Cliffs ; the sun was setting in a sea of golden light, the cliffs looked gigantic in their grandeur ; the glorious bay with its rippling waves and the beautiful town in the distance, all combined to make up a glorious view. Unfortunately I described these scenes to Smart, when he burst into tears and earnestly exclaimed—"Oh, God! To think that I, who have always appreciated Nature's glories and drank deep of the beauties of grand scenery, cannot now see a molehill, much less the loveliness and sublimity of the scene now before me!" Fortunately we succeeded in distracting his attention by saying he had caught a fish (we had put it there) with his own line and hook, and so by other conversation and excusable little cunning, we effectually disposed of his sudden and painful ebullition of grief.

One of our most successful blind Yorkshire organists was Henry Prichard, who was a fine performer, and an able all-round musician. Not only did he perform the most difficult fugues by Sebastian Bach, Mendelssohn's sonatas, etc., but he had an extensive repertory of his own—special German and French pieces—which he managed to get together by his own exertions and those of his friends. He lived in Leeds the greater part of his life, and was for some years organist of Armley Church. When the Town Hall organ was erected he applied for the appointment of organist, but was not, I believe,

permitted to compete, chiefly because he could not read at sight —a matter which would often be required. Afterwards, he gave several admirable recitals, and his playing was always much admired. I saw a great deal of him in his later period (he died a few years since), as he used to join me in the study at Springfield Villa—where I then lived—in looking and playing over the proffered contributions to *The Organists' Quarterly Journal*, for which, indeed, he composed two or three excellent pieces. Besides these, he published a remarkably clever Prelude and Fugue, and dedicated it to Dr. Monk, organist of York Minster.

Prichard generally took a page-boy with him in his peregrinations, and who would blow the organ for him at home. On one occasion this young scamp played him a trick which caused the poor blind organist to dismiss him instantly. The musician was occasionally taken by the boy to a snug hostelry, where in the afternoon he would sometimes take a glass of hot brandy and water. On one occasion the master, after having ordered number two, fell asleep. Master "Buttons," thinking it very slow work, and there being no one present to make a second "Peeping Tom," quietly drank off the brandy and water. As soon as the blind organist awoke, of course he detected the theft, accused the boy, who stoutly denied the charge, but when he was smelt and detected, his ears were soundly boxed. On their way home they came to a narrow passage, where there were three posts four or five feet high. The boy let go his master and said, "Jump, sir, jump, there's a dyke"—he himself jumping between the posts. The blind organist, being above suspicion, did as he was told, and came on to one of the posts with a painful punch on his stomach. When he had recovered his breath, the boy was threatened with the police, but the young urchin kept dodging about, and then triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, sir, I thought if you could smell brandy and water, you could smell post!"

One of the cleverest of the clever people our American cousins send us sometimes was a negro called "Blind Tom," who was an adept at repeating any piece that might be played to him on the piano, and also in naming the component parts of any difficult, complex chords that could be struck simultaneously. I remember his appearance here in the old Music Hall many years ago, when Prichard tackled him and played some passages and chords which bothered poor "Blind Tom" (clever as he had shown himself) more than any other test he had been put to in his tour.

There is a blind musician at present astonishing the inhabitants

of the States and Pennsylvania by his wonderful memory, not only in the performance of numerous difficult pianoforte solos, but by lecturing on the different masters, whom he introduces in a clear, instructive, and eloquent manner. His name is Edward Baxter Perry, of Boston, and he has just returned from a successful tour through all the leading cities and towns in the States, during which he has given sixty of the lecture recitals which are his speciality, and for which he is becoming every year more and more renowned. Mr. Perry, it is stated, has emphatically disproved the disheartening statement so often made, that there is little field for pianoforte music in America. In these lecture recitals he has enlarged the scope of the pianoforte concert, both on the popular and artistic sides, doubling its value for students and musicians on the one hand, and reaching large classes of people hitherto indifferent to this class of music on the other. As the *Times* of his own city states—"Mr. Perry has talents as a lecturer which perhaps could not be found united to extreme musical attainments in another instance throughout the country; and the lecture recital, originated by him, affords ample scope for his rare gifts in both lines."

No. 3.—Alfred Hollins.

THERE are many cogent reasons why I should devote this third article on "Blind Musicians" almost exclusively to our talented Yorkshireman, Mr. Alfred Hollins. He has been frequently in the West Riding of late, his performances and his works have excited universal approbation, and, finally, his comparative youth (I believe he is only 24 years old) and native modesty, mark him out as an object worthy of attention and laudation. Permit me, first, to summarise a little in order that we may remember what giant intellects there have been among "Blind Musicians." We started with Homer and Milton, and then came to Handel, Stanley, Macfarren, Smart, Prichard, Summers, Creswick, Swanson, and others, who were at some period of their active lives deprived of their sight. And yet how little mental loss either of them seems to have felt! In the dictation of their compositions they appeared to be gifted with supernatural power; they became absolutely omnipotent, and manipulated with as much dexterity as they did the musical instruments of their choice. This is not only really wonderful, but absolutely true!

Alfred Hollins took the most prominent part at the concert

for and by the blind at the Coliseum last Tuesday week, and well and nobly he fulfilled his duties. One could scarcely believe that he was sightless, the perfect freedom with which he raised his hands after striking diatonic and chromatic chords would have been commendable in any artist; but with Hollins —so very different from other blind performers I have known— the manner of his performances was simply astonishing.

And here I am reminded of appropriate quotations from the poet Coleridge:—

"I have heard of reasons manifold
Why love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind."

And again—

"My eyes make pictures when they are shut."

. . . . . .

"Be that blind bard, who on Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

. . . . . .

Alfred Hollins was born at Hull in 1865. Even as a baby (two years old) he exhibited phenomenal powers, being able to play many little airs on the pianoforte, and, like Blind Tom, name the notes of most chords that were struck for him. His early education was obtained at the famous Wilberforce Institution for the Blind, at York, now so ably conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Buckle, from whence he was removed at the age of eleven to the Royal Normal College in South Norwood, and he is there now one of its most distinguished professors. It must not be forgotten by those who hear and see the wonderful doings of blind musicians, that they possess the advantage of very superior training; indeed all are nurtured and cared for by the highest and most accomplished teachers in Great Britain. In my old friend, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the ever-green, learned organist of the Temple Church, London, Alfred Hollins got the best man in England, and the same might very nearly be said of his pianoforte instructor, Mr. Fritz Hartvigson, from whom he obtained unremitting instruction and attention. His progress was indeed remarkable on both instruments, and I believe that his teachers had some difficulty in keeping pace with him.

In 1879 he made his first public appearance of note, viz., at the Crystal Palace, and of his performance the London *Daily Telegraph* says:—"Another astounding performance succeeded. Master Alfred Hollins, a boy of twelve, played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G major and Raff's *Tour à Cheval* with a facility

and brilliance which it is not too much to say would have been creditable in a professional pianist of thrice his age. If his studies bear the fruit they promise, Master Hollins has a prospect of making a name for himself."

In February, 1884, he had a most successful appearance at the St. James's Hall, London, before Her Royal Highness Princess Louise and a most distinguished audience, and of his performance the *Musical World* of February 9th says:—"No one could look on the amiable and intelligent face of Mr. Alfred Hollins as he stepped to the music stool to take his seat preparatory to playing Beethoven's Emperor Concerto without being moved with unusual sympathy. For was he not there alone in darkness whilst his fellow instrumentalists around him had the aid of light? The single chord with which the orchestra opened the Concerto seemed as the starting point from which the youth had to thread his way through a musical wilderness wherein giddy heights were divided by bewildering depths. But fear for him was groundless. For is not the realm of sound his home? All this is clear to his mental vision. He knew Beethoven's Concerto too well to miss his way or stumble in the path."

Mr. Hollins shortly afterwards had the honour of appearing at Windsor before Her Majesty the Queen, and subsequently again at the Crystal Palace, where, in conjunction with Mr. Manns's orchestra, he played the pianoforte part in Beethoven's E flat Concerto, of which performance the *Musical Times* says:—"Alfred Hollins recently played before Her Majesty, and made his name famous. On this occasion he essayed the greatest of all classical works for his instrument, and executed it to the wonder of an audience who gave him flattering tokens of their admiration." He next appeared at St. James's Hall, in London, also at the Guildhall, where he played Schumann's romantic Concerto with orchestra, and again achieved unqualified success.

The noted principal of the College, Dr. F. J. Campbell, acted wisely in not letting him devote too much time to playing in public, but kept him studying hard and laying in a store of capital for after use, and so, beyond a few organ recitals, and an occasional appearance, we hear very little of him till 1883, when he made a most successful *debut* before a Scotch audience at one of the Glasgow Choral Union Concerts. This was followed by a visit to the Emerald Isle, where he gave an organ recital in the Carlisle Memorial Church at Belfast. Here is what was said of him:—"Mr. Hollins is simply a genius. Though blind and only 17 years of age, he is far above even those who rank as first-class players. Anything like the combined skill and

delicacy of manipulation displayed by the young artist is extremely rare. His playing throughout was a revelation. He is no longer a student, but a finished artist. He is thoroughly master of the mechanical part of his work. The keyboard is under his control with a firm, clear touch, and an execution both easy and true. When necessary there is in his playing a breadth of phrasing and always an accent just and expressive. At the termination of the Concerto Mr. Hollins was rapturously applauded." This was followed by another visit to Belfast, as pianist at a complimentary concert to Mr. Harris, secretary to the Philharmonic Society. He once more achieved an unqualified success.

In 1885 he paid his first visit to the Continent, and played by command of the King and Queen of the Netherlands at the Palace at Brussels. This was followed by a recital at the Singakademie, Berlin, under the patronage of her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany and Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet, the audience being present only by the invitation of the Crown Princess. On this occasion, he undertook a task which (says the German *Beilage zur Post*), "we have heard in Germany only by our greatest pianists. He played three great Concertos by Beethoven, Schumann, and Liszt, accompanied by the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Professor Karl Klindworth. Neither the memory nor the physical power deserted the pianist for an instant. He achieved the greatest triumph;" whilst all the other German papers were unanimous in his praise. After this, Mr. Hollins went for a course of study to Herr Hans von Bulow, and became a great favourite with this distinguished virtuoso. Von Bulow is a man of few words, but on leaving he presented his pupil with his photograph on which he wrote:—"To Mr. Alfred Hollins, one of those rare true musicians among pianoforte virtuosi: in affectionate remembrance of this conference;" words which mean volumes.

In 1885, Mr. Hollins made a most successful appearance before a Yorkshire audience at the Huddersfield Subscription Concerts, and had an enthusiastic reception. This was followed by appearances in Sheffield, Edinburgh, Dundee, etc., at all of which places his playing produced a remarkable sensation. Returning to London he appeared at the Fawcett Memorial Concert at the Albert Hall, Battersea, and played Guilmant's "D minor Symphony" for organ and orchestra, following with Schumann's pianoforte Concerto and Liszt's No. 1, in E flat—another great success. In January, 1886, Mr. Hollins paid his first visit to the

land of Stars and Stripes, his first appearance being at the New York Academy of Music. His engagements included Boston, Washington, and Baltimore. At all of these places he obtained an enthusiastic reception, becoming a great favourite with the American conductors, and speedily made engagements for future appearances. Returning to England he gave recitals throughout the country both on the pianoforte and organ, fulfilling engagements at the Glasgow and Liverpool Exhibitions. In 1886 he was again found in America, where he followed up his previous successes, and in 1887 he appeared several times in Yorkshire, namely, at Sheffield, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, Hull, etc.

In 1888 he played the Emperor Concerto with Hallé's orchestra at the Huddersfield Subscription Concerts, and readers of the local press of March 1st would see the reception he obtained on that occasion. In May of last year he appeared at the London Philharmonic, where in conjunction with the orchestra he played Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales being present. Another successful appearance was at the Leeds Subscription Concerts this season, where he performed Schumann's Etudes Symphonique. About twelve months ago Mr. Hollins received the offer of the position of organist to the People's Palace in the East End of London, which he accepted, and his Sunday and Wednesday recitals formed a great attraction, but he has since resigned the appointment. As a composer of songs and organ music, Mr. Hollins has already made his mark. There are a number of excellent vocal compositions at present in the publishers' hands, and a charming little composition, "Tears," which appeared recently in the *Magazine of Music*. I have invited Mr. Hollins to give a Recital some Saturday evening at the Leeds Town Hall, and I am pleased to say that he has cordially accepted the invitation.*

No. 4.—Watson, Hudson, Wagstaff, etc.

The Wilberforce Memorial—Yorkshire School for the Blind, now well established at the Old Manor House in York—has turned out some excellent musicians, vocalists and instrumentalists, during the last fifty years. Among the most successful of these may be mentioned Frank Watson, organist of the magnificent Parish Church of St. Mary's, Beverley, for forty years, and who sat by my side when I inaugurated the new

* The performance was duly given, and afforded great delight to a very large, enthusiastic audience.

instrument, built by Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull, a long while ago. He was a precise, neat player, and especially quick in finding and drawing out the numerous stops of his instrument, as well as making excellent combinations.

There were the ingenious, intelligent William Hudson, organist at Bishopthorpe; Maria Wilson, who became a leading professional singer in Hull, and whose sweet voice, neat execution, and great taste, will never be forgotten by those who frequently heard her sing in the Leeds old Music Hall, and at the earlier concerts in the Town Hall; William Turner, of York, and Robert Turner, Scarborough, both excellent organists and teachers of music; William Riley, organist at Bilton, Harrogate, who obtained a similar appointment at Selby Abbey by competition, Dr. Monk being the judge; Halley Plowman, who has been organist at Acomb for over forty years, and was a highly respected manager of a very successful concert party; besides many others too numerous to mention. There are two or three, however, who stand out prominently as clever musicians and should obtain special notice.

First, there is that excellent vocalist, Mr. E. C. Wagstaff, who, I am proud to say, was a pupil of mine for over twelve months, during which time (he came specially from York to Leeds for his lessons) he made great progress. He plays the harmonium and conducts the choir at St. Cuthbert's, York; is principal bass singer in the School choir, and in Mr. Plowman's concert party; has carried off three first prizes for solo singing in five contests in the West Riding; and is able to support himself and family. He was thus written about:—

Mr. Wagstaff had a far more difficult solo ("Thus saith the Lord") than any of the other competitors, and yet he rendered it with a correctness which was truly astonishing. With the exception of avoiding the shakes, every mark for style and expression was duly attended to, while to every note was given its proper value. Added to this he had an admirable voice, which he applied judiciously and tastefully to his solo. Thus it was that the judge (Mr. Walter Parratt, Magdalen College, Oxon.) and audience must easily have determined who should take the first prize.

Next may be mentioned a remarkably clever pianist, organist, and teacher, who has settled in Hull, Mr. Arthur C. Stericker, of whose recital at the Royal Institution a year or two ago a contemporary thus wrote:—

On Saturday afternoon last a large audience assembled to hear a recital of pianoforte music by Mr. A. C. Stericker

(formerly pupil in the School for the Blind at York, and in the Royal Blind College, Norwood). Dr. (now Sir Arthur) Rollit presided. The items of the programme selected by Mr. Stericker were of a very classical and superior character, and included compositions from the best works of Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Beethoven, and Rubinstein. Mr. Stericker, by his brilliant execution of the most difficult passages, held his audience enthralled throughout, and the attention and delight which was exhibited was an evident token of the pianist's ability as well as of the appreciation of classical music which is daily growing stronger in this country.

There was another musical genius—Mr. Shaw—whose repertory for the organ and pianoforte includes most of the difficult pieces by the great classic masters, as well as those which represent the modern romantic school. These he could play when he left the York Institution, at the age of 19, after eight years' training there. In January, 1887, Mr. Shaw went to the famous Blind College at Worcester, and in December last he passed his responsions at Oxford, and entered as an undergraduate with a view to taking the ordinary degree, proceeding probably to the Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. honours.

A few months since I had the pleasure to visit the Blind School at York, and was most courteously received by the manager and manageress, Mr. and Mrs. Buckle, who showed me over the building, and took me to the large music room, where concerts are often given by the pupils in the presence of numerous visitors and patrons. There is a good two-manual organ at the head of the room, and near it a small platform, upon which is placed a grand pianoforte. Unfortunately it was vacation time, and with the exception of a few—including my former pupil, Mr. Wagstaff—who reside in York, near the Institution, I was not treated, as I wished, to some of the solo and part singing I had so greatly enjoyed in former years. It was, however, with peculiar pleasure that, at the request of those present, I played the organ for about half-an-hour, and received the hearty thanks of my sightless but cheerful hearers. There can be no doubt that this institution—the York Wilberforce School for the Blind—is one of the best in England, and that it fully deserves all the generous and hearty support it receives from the rich who chiefly reside in " the county of broad acres."

Of the Sixth Triennial Congress of Managers and Teachers of Blind Institutions held at Cologne in August last, the York delegate sent to the Committee of the Yorkshire School a most interesting report, and I extract the following from that part of

it which refers to the musical acquirements of the pupils at Düren Institution, which is the only one in the Rhine Province:—

"When we had perambulated the whole Institution, we gathered in the music room, where we were entertained with a recitation in the form of a dialogue between personifications, by three of the elder girls, of Light, Night, and Religion, which was introduced and concluded with music composed, as well as the recitation, for the occasion. Many allusions in it called forth hearty applause, and the whole piece was instructive, stimulating, and to our blind friends consoling. Several other pieces of concerted and solo music were charmingly rendered by the pupils, and none more so than Mendelssohn's sweet duet and chorus from the *Lobgesang*, "I waited for the Lord," which, though with German words, carried us away to the music room in York, and our memories back to those who used to sing it so sweetly there; but a further, and if possible, a greater pleasure awaited us. From the music room we went out into the beautiful grounds of the school, where we found the band of the Institution, consisting of six violins, two violas, two 'cellos, one double bass, six flageolets, two flutes, nine brass instruments, drum, cymbals, triangle, and kettledrum, arranged in a circle. Sixteen of the elder girls then made their appearance, all neatly dressed in black stuff, who arranged themselves in fours at a short distance from the band, which then played a lively air, partly dance, partly march. Then the girls, blending their sweet voices with the band, began and went through a sort of simple quadrille. It was now towards the evening of a hot day; the members of the Congress and friends of the School were gathered around in groups under the shade of the trees, all enthusiastically intent on the scene before them, and charmed with the sweet strains of voices and instruments. The whole was an idyllic scene never to be forgotten, the memory of which will, I think, be more lasting and precious than that of the sumptuous banquet which followed, provided for the members by the Government of the Province."

The Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, which was opened in March, 1872, is one of the finest institutions of its class in Europe, and as the buildings comprised in it stand in their own grounds at Upper Norwood, near the Crystal Palace, the pretty place is constantly visited by numbers of the classes and masses, who become deeply interested in the noble, charitable work carried on there. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen is the patron, and the vice-patrons include the Prince and Princess of Wales, and several other members of the Royal Family, while the president is His Grace the Duke of

Westminster, K.G. In the list of vice-presidents, trustees, general council, executive committee, medical officers, etc., will be found the names of bishops, dukes, lords, baronets, and a number of influential gentry and scientists.

In the musical department, with which alone I can deal here, the examiners are Mr. August Manns and Sir John Stainer; while the professors and teachers include Dr. Hans von Bülow (hon. director), Messrs. Fritz and Anton Hartvigson, H. C. Banister, F. Smither, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Miss Woodford, etc., with a staff of resident teachers, including Miss Amelia Campbell, Mr. Alfred Hollins, etc. The principal, who is musical and conducts most of the concerts, is Dr. F. J. Campbell, F.R.G.S., and the lady superintendent, Mrs. F. J. Campbell. With such a staff it is no wonder that the general education and intellectual faculties of the pupils are developed in the best and most successful way possible; and as their sense of hearing and of touch may be evolved in the highest degree, the majority of the sightless become admirable musicians. Most of these—including those useful, painstaking persons, pianoforte tuners—are self-reliant and able to gain an independent livelihood; indeed, it was stated last week at the annual meeting held at Grosvenor House that the hundred blind persons who had gone out into the world from the College last year earned over £10,000.

The following from a recent report referring to the musical department will be read with much interest:—

Our able corps of professors remains nearly the same as last year; their zealous devotion to the work in their own departments has only been equalled by their own hearty co-operation in promoting the highest interests of the blind in all possible ways. Had it not been for the warm sympathy and personal support of my fellow-workers, strength and courage would often have failed. We have increased the number of resident teachers. Additional pianos have been purchased, and as our four organs do not give sufficient practice, we have had five sets of organ pedals attached to pianos. This will enable our pupils not only to have much more practice on the pedals, but commit all their organ music at the pedal pianos, and have their entire time at the organ for actual practice. We now have four pipe organs, sixty pianos in the Music Department, and twenty-six pianos in the Pianoforte Tuning School. We have recently devised an inexpensive and convenient arrangement for holding "Braille" music while the pupil is sitting at the piano, as the ordinary music-desk, owing to its position, is useless. Our solo performers have had more engagements, and have also been employed in

trio and quartet parties. Their performances have given much satisfaction to those by whom they were employed. We are anxious to make this fact more widely known among ladies and gentlemen giving musical evenings; we confidently anticipate their services will be more and more required. The most important advance which has been made during the year is in regard to church singing. Our pupils read so fluently that they are able to sing the hymns or chant the psalms in church without committing the words to memory. If the hymn-book used is not already embossed, it is only necessary to have the hymns a short time in advance, they quickly write them out in "Braille," and thus become independent. As a number of singers have proved by practical success that they can, without difficulty, undertake church engagements, and as the voices of our singers are highly cultivated, we ask without hesitation that all who have such employment to give will communicate with us in regard to their requirements.

In addition to their accomplishments as vocalists and instrumentalists, many of the students have been very successful in the study of harmony and counterpoint. In his report on this branch of music their able teacher, Mr. Banister, says :—

The students had to supply a four-part harmony to a figured bass. Four of the exercises, transferred from the Braille system, in which they had been worked out, to that of the ordinary musical notation, were placed before me for inspection. They were all grammatically correct, and those of Miss Constance Davis and Miss Lily Bell were even prominently efficient in regard to the melodic flow of the three parts built up by them upon the figured bass.

I have already alluded to the pianoforte tuners, about whom may here be quoted the paragraph upon granting certificates :—

The College authorities have been fortunate in securing, as examiner and assistant-examiner, the invaluable services of Mr. A. J. Hipkins and Mr. Irvine, of Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons. In each year we have two preliminary examinations, in which Mr. Irvine not only inspects pianos tuned by the pupils, but sees each pupil at work, noting the manner of holding and managing the tuning-hammer and damper, testing them with all varieties of trichord pianos, including overstrung instruments. Each pupil is also required to show by actual performance his mechanical skill in making eyes, stringing, and ordinary light repairs, such as removing broken wrest-pins, repairing hammer-shanks, etc. The third and final examination is conducted by Mr. Hipkins. The work of each pupil is carefully marked with

detailed criticism in regard to defects, and if the work falls below the required standard the certificates are withheld. The College authorities are determined to recommend only those students who are thoroughly qualified to do good work.

From the above then we may gather sufficient information to learn what admirable institutions for the training of blind musicians there are both in London and York, and how well the students are provided for, educated, and utilised.

As to the Leeds school, it is only small and requires but few words, especially as I know but little of it, and sought for detailed information in vain. There are, I believe, about sixteen or seventeen pupils, and no doubt these are kindly cared for and educated as well as the resources of the institution will permit. Singing is successfully taught by Miss Patti Hargreaves, but there is no organ or any other appliances which the larger schools possess. It might come under the consideration of the kind and charitable ladies who chiefly form the committee that our Leeds institution should be used as a preparatory school, and at nine or ten years of age the pupils might be drafted to a larger and more complete establishment.

One of the most remarkable blind men of Yorkshire was John Metcalf (born at Knaresborough in 1717), who became blind from small-pox at the age of six, and who for a long time earned his living by playing the fiddle, upon which instrument he became so proficient in dance music that he regularly attended the fortnightly meetings at the Assembly Rooms in his native town, as well as visited the principal terpsichorean gatherings "all round the country side." He was also a good performer on the hautboy. Ultimately he became one of the most famous and successful contractors for making roads and bridges in Yorkshire, his fame being extended far and wide. But it was as a musician that he was the hero of a story at once both singular and interesting.

After his return from a visit to London, whither he had walked to get out of an amorous scrape, he visited his first love, the daughter of the landlord of the Royal Oak—afterwards called the Granby—at Harrogate, and found that his affection was fully returned by the young lady, but the disparity in their circumstances prevented any avowal of regard. So little, indeed, was any engagement considered likely that a suitor for her hand asked Metcalf to use what influence he might have in his favour; and as his inamorata suspected the musician to be rather cool and indifferent, she accepted the advances of her well-to-do admirer. On the day, however, before that fixed for the wedding, Metcalf, on riding past the Royal Oak towards the Queen's

Head (he was a bold horseman, and actually rode with the hounds!) heard a female shout out, "One wants to speak with you." He at once turned into the stable, and, to his joyful surprise, found there his favourite, who had sent her mother's maid to call him.

"Well, lass," said he, "thou's going to have a merry day to-morrow, and I'm to be the fiddler."

"Thou never shall fiddle at my wedding," replied she.

"What's the matter, what have I done?" said Metcalf.

"Matters may not end," she replied, "as some folks wish they should."

"What!" he exclaimed, "hadst thou rather have me? Canst thou bear starving?"

"Yes," she said, "with thee, lad, I can!"

"Give me thy hand then, lass! Skin for skin, it's all done!"

The servant girl who had called him being present, he told her that as she and his horse were the only witnesses of what had passed, he would kill the first who should divulge it. The sequel can readily be guessed. Blind Jack the fiddler ran away with Miss Benson, the publican's daughter, and the prettiest girl in the town. When asked afterwards why she had refused so many good offers for Metcalf, she replied, "Because I could not be happy without him;" and he replied to his interrogators, "Many women are like liquor merchants who purchase spirits above proof, knowing that they can lower them at home." John Metcalf lived to the patriarchal age of 93, and was buried in Spofforth Churchyard, where, on a tombstone which was renovated not long ago, there is a good characteristic inscription.

There are many other incidents connected with blind musicians which would have been read with "pleasurable pain" had time and space permitted; such, for instance, as the "Moonlight Sonata" story with Beethoven, and the poor shoemaker's sightless daughter, etc., but all these must be abandoned, at least for the present. Enough has been said, it is hoped, to excite considerable interest in the work and lives of the afflicted persons I have endeavoured to describe, and to whom the divine art of St. Cecilia is almost their all in all, the panacea for their sorrows caused by the deprivation of the visual organs and the exclusion of light—the source of their dreaming and hearing most melodious sounds, divine harmonies which seem to "bring all heaven before their eyes and melt them into ecstasies," to hear themselves and others "discourse most eloquent music," and finally, as a prelude to the sweet minstrelsy which we are divinely assured shall be the reward and occupation of the redeemed in the everlasting regions of the Eternal Kingdom

MUSIC AND SUNSHINE.

(Written for the "Magazine of Music," 1890.)

ESPECIALLY is there bright sunshine in most of the compositions by Haydn and Mozart. It is impossible to play or listen to the gleeful music of these two composers without being impressed with their perfectly happy manner, and the warmth of sunshine which pervades them. Well do I know from my own comparatively small experience as a composer how delightful is the feeling when a happy thought or inspiration is given to me by the Divine Will, and I sit down at my table and record in notes the cheering sunshine which is in my heart and soul, and which so long as it exists makes me perfectly glad and contented.

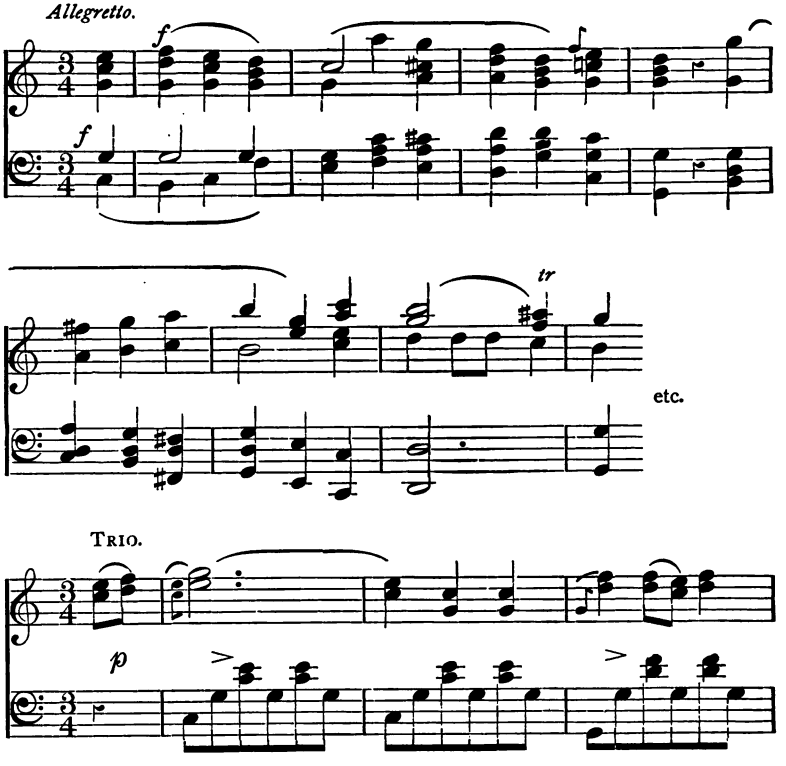
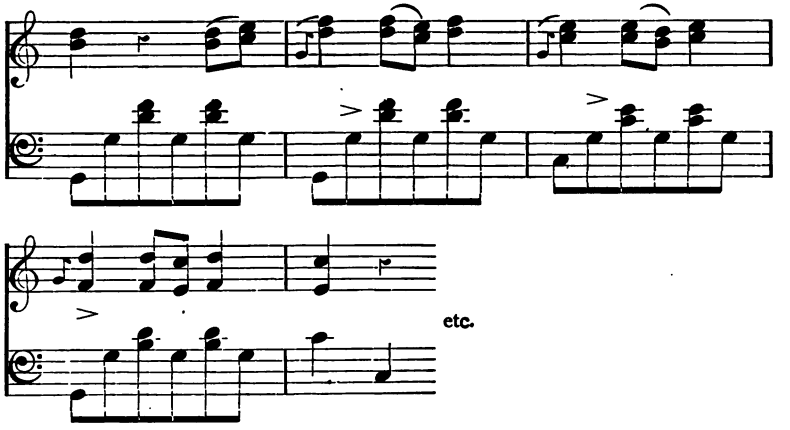
But what must have been Haydn and Mozart's innermost feelings when composing those thousand and one delicious, enchanting melodies which have charmed the whole world of music, and brought sunshine into the hearts of millions! Even the mighty Beethoven seems to have had more gloomy and distracting thoughts than innocent and happy ones, and much less of sunshine in his heart than was accorded to his compeers, Haydn and Mozart. In later times Mendelssohn from his boyhood, like Mozart, was blessed with a happy spirit, and there was no lack of either music or sunshine in *his* soul.

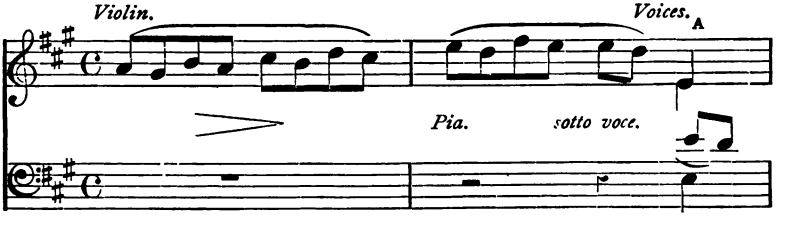
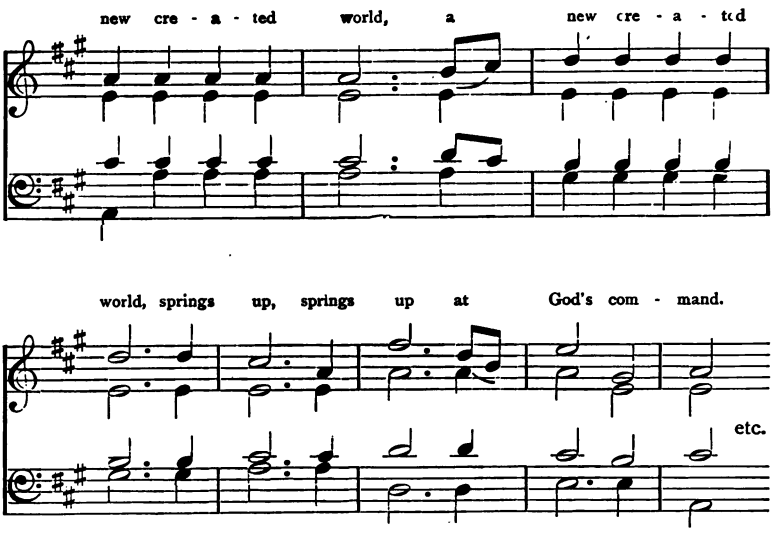
But what can we say of the so-called Advanced School of Composers—such as Berlioz and Wagner? I was acquainted with both these worthy gentlemen, and, whatever may be the opinions of their extraordinary works, more restless creatures I never knew; and I fancy it would puzzle the most ardent advocate of the "music of the future" school to discover much sunshine in their melodies, or give them credit for considerable happiness, felicity, or natural beatification. For the present, we will confine ourselves to a few general observations on, and quotations from, Haydn and Mozart.

I remember in one of the numerous confabs on music and musicians I had with the late genial and learned Henry Smart,

he said, after I had played on the Leeds Town Hall organ two movements from Haydn's melodious Symphony in D, "Ah, my dear fellow, Haydn is not half appreciated in this country, and he is considered by numbers of feather-headed musicians to be effete—out-of-date, etc.—but I *love* the old boy's music, and hope to enjoy its beauties as long as I live."

Most heartily did I endorse my friend's opinion, and I am never tired of digging into the Haydn mine for undiscovered musical gems of the purest water, being frequently rewarded with "a good find."

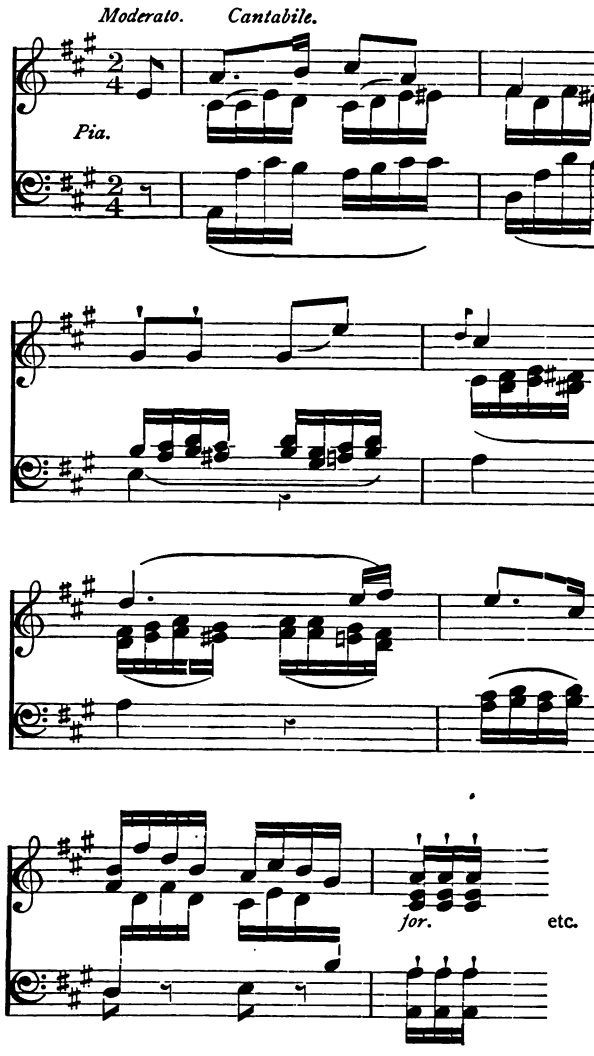
We will take only two or three illustrations from Haydn's innumerable beauties as proofs of the happy state of his mind whilst composing, and the sunshine which must have played round his heart when he had finished and heard the result of his handiwork. Here are the themes of the *Menuetto* and *Trio* from his first grand Symphony in C major :—

The whole work from beginning to end is redolent of sunshine and flowers,—brightness, beauty, and happiness appearing in every page of the score. If musical students and amateurs would but substitute the pianoforte arrangements of Haydn's Symphonies for the wretched "drawing-room pieces" which are continually being issued by publishers for pecuniary advantages only, they would make sounder and better musicians, and be all the happier for obtaining pure gold in exchange for mere tinsel.

It is not alone, however, for his instrumental productions that Haydn is to be revered and admired. Who that has any soul whatever for the "concord of sweet sounds," can listen to his oratorios, *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, without experiencing bliss and felicity of an impressive and enduring character? After hearing the representation of chaos—a war of jarring elements—we get the first gleam of sunshine in the following simple but lovely passage, which, being four times repeated *sotto voce*, with joyous bird-like passages from the flute, gives a sparkling animation to the whole, and leaves a delightful impression on the mind :—



It has been said that Haydn's choruses have neither the sublimity nor the learned contrivance of Handel's; and yet from the singular and original beauty of the melodies they are always elegant and effective.

In the grand chorus, "The Heavens are telling the glory of God," Haydn does not attempt the broad, grandiose manner of Handel, but wisely employs a style of his own, depending chiefly for his effects upon the exuberance of his fancy, his power of wielding an improved band; his entire command over the resources of harmony and modulation, and upon the "striking potency of contrasts."

The bright and cheering sunshine is let in at the lovely trio, "In all the lands," with its beautiful *legato* passages for the wind instruments; and the climax of this magnificent chorus is worked up with much fire, brilliancy, and overwhelming effect.

One more illustration of our composer's sunshine is to be found in that exquisite *Terzetto*, "Most beautiful appear." To accompany the words, "The gently sloping hills," the first and second violins are employed in undulating divisions; "The fountain," by the bassoon; the violins, "Distil in crystal drops;" the "Cheerful host of birds," by the flute; whilst the "Flying whirl" is depicted by scintillating passages, taken up in quick succession by various instruments.

Turn we now for a short time to that beautiful soul, that exalted master of the tone-art—Mozart.

"Low at his feet with loving heart I bow,
And bring these leaves to crown the Master's brow."

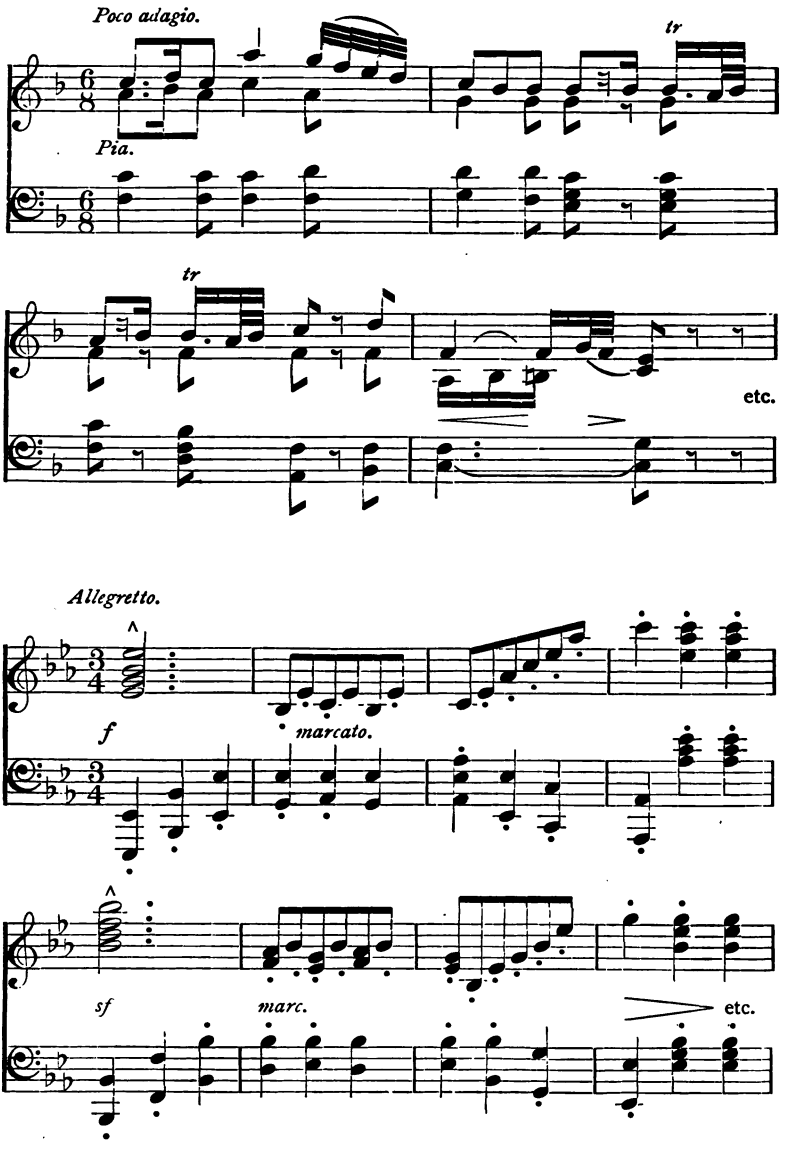
Beautiful as were Haydn's creations, bright as was his teeming

brain, even to the last, Mozart must claim precedence for heaven-born genius, and never-failing music and sunshine, so long as breath remained in him ; for did he not dictate the final notes of his immortal " Requiem " on his death-bed ?

It is recorded of the little maestro, that on his seventh birth-day the winter lay heavy and cold upon Salzburg, but in the heart of that city's " wonder-child " it was spring-time. No matter what snow and ice might lock up the earth as in a marble tomb, it was all sunshine and song in the boy's soul. More and more as the months went by, it became evident that music was with him no mere fancy, but the passion of his life. Wherever harmonious sounds were, there was his happiness ; nothing but discords and jangling noises could cast a shadow over his always cheery face. When at last the May month had come upon the earth, with joy of larks and songs of nightingales, with hue and odour of early blossoms, and all the twigs were roughening, and every little bud was swelling, and million-fold new life was putting forth on every side ; then in the breast of the boy rose jubilant songs and streaming melodies of joy, and his quickening life put forth buds like the flower-stems ; a mighty impulse towards creative effort awoke in his soul, and the whole world seemed to him too narrow and confined. *His* world was the realm of music, and its boundaries must, before all other things, be widened and enlarged. In his poetic little heart he was singing—

" Spring bursts into being,
Our dark days are over,
Sunshine is bringing us flowers and song;
Bower and stream,
With merry light gleam,
Music is stealing the valleys along."

With a joyous, confident soul, he commenced and pursued his career as a virtuoso and composer. He was never so happy as when writing and producing new works—and these came forth like fire from the mind with lightning-like rapidity. It was in vain that his father tried to modify his incessant work—" It is there," he said, pointing to his head, " and must come out." There is scarcely a gloomy thought to be found in any of his early writings, either in his lovely operas, grand symphonies, or elegant sonatas. All was music and sunshine with him, and he cared for little else.

Can any one with a love of music fail to recognise in the two following themes, the first from his Opus 34, the second from the Grand Symphony in E flat, the sunshine that must have been in Mozart's heart when he composed those works ?

And then what can excel the flow and beauty of his vocal music, especially in that wonderful legacy of genius—the operas,

Don Giovanni (with its invigorating "Non piu andrai,") *Le Nozze di Figaro, Idomeneo* (with its cheering "Placida e il Mare"), and a hundred other gems?

The exuberant vividness of his imagination is probably more marked and developed in his instrumental than in his vocal works,—and yet he never halts or hesitates in the healthy production of either.

All Mozart's music is fragrant with the two great essentials of good poetry and music,—Beauty and Truth. In its character of beautiful, it is full of love, tenderness, and all those feelings of a poetic, sensitive mind which are the life and soul—the Alpha and Omega—of the poet and musician. It is *true*, as conforming to all the rules and canons of art, without which genius is like a ship without a rudder—a mind without guide or rest.

In his private life the maestro was full of fun and frolic; he dearly loved a joke, and would tell an anecdote with much vivacity and evident enjoyment. He was fond of billiards and dancing, and when a favourable opportunity presented itself, he became a decided Bohemian, and thoroughly relished his favourite glass of punch. But the muse never forsook him—he could compose at any time and under any circumstances, a remarkable instance of which was given by his writing the beautiful Overture to *Don Giovanni* on his return late one night from a ball.

The eloquent tribute to the genius of Mozart by M. Lamartine being but little known, it is here reproduced, feeling sure it will be acceptable to the reader, and as bearing strongly on the points I have ventured to elucidate in this paper.

"A remarkable fact connected with this young Wolfgang Mozart (the most prodigious musical organization that ever existed) is that the individual and the man constitute, so to speak, in his case, only one being; music lies with him in his cradle; when he is three years old he stammers out on his father's or mother's lap, music instead of words; music plays with him on every sonorous instrument as with the playthings of his infancy; music writes with his hand sonatas for the harpsichord, fugues for cathedral organs, or operas for the theatres of Italy; she travels with him from Milan to Naples, from Naples to Venice, from Venice to Vienna, and from Vienna to Paris, culling harmony from all these various languages, climates, waves, and winds, as the breeze sweeping over the earth steals its sweet odour to perfume itself. Music sobs with him at the death-bed of his mother, and takes part in his love; she writes with his dying hand his angelic 'Requiem,' thus noting down his

first and last sigh ; and she passes away with his soul to join the celestial concert of which his whole life here below was simply the prelude. The character of Mozart's existence is that he was not a musician, but music incarnate in a mortal organization."

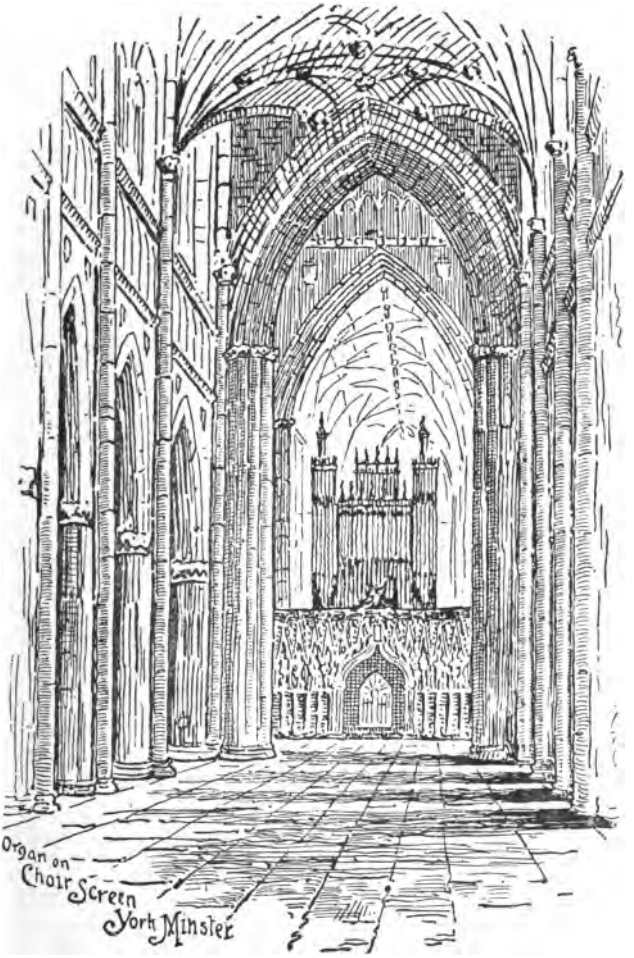
The text or theme I have chosen for this paper is fascinating and alluring, and, if time and space permitted, much more might be said in the same direction of a pleasant and, I think, interesting character. Enough, however, has been adduced, I hope, to show that Music and Sunshine existed largely in the hearts and works of Haydn and Mozart ; and that you, gentle reader, may experience the same delight in listening to their divinely inspired compositions, is the sincere wish of him who has ventured to pen these observations and reflections for your delectation and approval.

ORGANS AND ORGANISTS OF THE NORTH.

No. 1.—York Minster.

THAT stately edifice, York Minster, is known throughout the world, not only in the English-speaking countries over which our beloved Queen, the Empress of India, supremely reigns, but in those foreign lands where the love and knowledge of ancient grand and glorious fanes exist. In Germany, Austria, France, Switzerland, Belgium, but more especially in America, the beauties and fame of this sublime old Cathedral are well known to the *savants* and lovers of beautiful architecture. Not many years ago the distinguished poet, Longfellow, came across the Atlantic for the express purpose of visiting two places he had often heard and read of—York Minster and Bolton Abbey. I happened to be on one of my fly-fishing excursions at the latter resort when the poet arrived at the Devonshire Hotel. But my business on the present occasion is not to talk of poets—the romantic and picturesque river Wharfe—James Whittaker, the skilled fisherman, whose funeral I attended a short time ago in the Abbey Churchyard—or anything but that which immediately concerns us—the chief Organs and Organists of the North.

The large organ placed on the beautiful choir screen in York Minster has been famous for generations. In Hopkins and Rimbault's valuable work, "The Organ, its history and construction" (a recent edition of which has been kindly presented to me by the courteous publishers), the following description is given of the screen organ:—"This instrument was built after the fire at the Minster in 1829 by Messrs. Elliott and Hill, under the superintendence of the late organist, Dr. Camidge. It was considered the largest in the world, containing 80 stops and 8,000 pipes; it cost about £5,000, including the original gift of the late Earl of Scarborough (who was the senior prebendary of the Cathedral at the time the first fire occurred) of £300. Unhappily, his lordship died before the completion of the instrument, so that the remaining £2,000 had to be furnished by the chapter, assisted by subscriptions from the


Organ on
Choir Screen
York Minster

neighbouring nobility, gentry, and clergy. It was, however, his lordship's desire and intention to have supplied the sum wanting beyond that contracted for: but, as his death occurred so suddenly, they were deprived of this advantage. The great manuals contained 4,818 pipes; the swell organ, 1,586; the choir organ, 1,399; and the pedal organ, 200." In 1863 the instrument was entirely reconstructed by Messrs. Hill, under the superintendence of Dr. Monk, the organist at that time; and it now contains 24 stops in the great manual, choir 9, swell 14, solo 3, pedal 19, making altogether with 17 accessory stops, or pedals of adjustment, and 2 tremulants, the goodly total of 86. There are two organs in York Minster—that just described, and a much newer one in the nave, erected in 1863 under the third arch of the north aisle, by Hill and Son, from a specification by Dr. Monk —designed for the "Special Services." The instrument consists of 3 complete manual organs and a pedal organ; it has 33 stops, besides 16 or 17 couplers and pedals of adjustment.

Of course it is well known to experts that the screen organ is not up to the modern organist's idea of what an organ of the first class should be, and it is certainly not worthy of the great abilities of the present organist, Dr. Naylor. For special use the instrument has not a sufficient variety of soft stops, and its mechanism is not only getting worn out, but is quite inadequate to the wants and resources of those who, like Dr. Naylor, travel with the times, and require the conveniences, accessories, and effects which are to be found in the organs constructed by skilled builders during the last thirty years. It ought to be entirely rebuilt—probably an outlay of two to three thousand pounds would complete the work required. In the reign of the three Camidges—extending over a hundred years—the reputation of the York Minster organ was unparalleled in Yorkshire; indeed, the instrument was regarded with admiration and something like awe by visitors from the East and West Riding villages.

I can recall an interesting illustration of this. When I came to Leeds with Sebastian Wesley in 1842, Dr. John Camidge, the third of the family who had occupied the organ seat in York Minster, and who died in 1859, was reputed to be the finest organist in the North, and amateurs spoke of him in terms of the greatest admiration. But Wesley, with his marked talent, his powers of execution and improvisation, soon undeceived those—and there were many here and there—who could mark, read, and understand, that the organist of York Minster, who was chiefly famed for his playing of the "Chaos" (opening of Haydn's *Creation)* and the "Dead March" in *Saul*, was now

entirely left behind with the big-wigs of the old school. I went with Wesley to the opening of a new organ at a church in Bradford, and afterwards was honoured with an invitation from Mr. William Rand to join them at his house to dinner. After the ladies had left the room a little dandy gentleman from York, with a squint, an eyeglass, and a smirk, said in mellifluous tones :—

"Oh, Dr. Wesley, have you ever heard Dr. Camidge perform the 'Dead March' from *Saul* on the Grand Organ in York Minster? Never in my experience of organ playing have I heard anything so sublime and heart-touching. The way in which he produces the roll of the drums is wonderful and thrilling. I'd give the world to know how he does it."

Dr. Wesley said: "No, sir; I have not heard Camidge play the 'Dead March' myself, but I have been shown by a clever musician how it's done, and if you will ask the ladies in the drawing-room if it is convenient, I will come and play it."

"Oh, thanks! that is so good of you," exclaimed the little interrogator.

Away we all went to the *salon*, where Wesley took the pianoforte in hand, surrounded by a bevy of fair ladies and fine gentlemen, and began *his* sublime performance of Handel's "Dead March" by playing rather softly the well-known first three chords, and then turned round and sat upon the two lowest octaves of the instrument to represent the drums, thunder, or anything else. At first the company thought it was correct and serious; but when the distinguished organist repeated the joke and began to wink and twinkle his eyes, loud peals of laughter followed, and after making a profound obeisance, and humorously observing, "On this occasion, ladies and gentlemen, there will be no collection," we and the other gentlemen (excepting the York man, who had quietly taken flight), returned to the dining-room, where we had a little more pleasant and healthy chat over the walnuts and wine.

I have already spoken of the screen organ, in which I think the reeds are especially fine, and should not be disturbed; and as regards the Nave Organ, it is rather harshly voiced, and sounds rough when near, but it tells very well at a little distance. I am bound to add, however, that the "inside work" and the mechanical arrangements are extremely clumsy, and in this respect the instrument is quite unworthy of the place in which it stands.

Of the York Minster organists, Dr. James Nares was the most notable in the last century—having succeeded Salisbury in 1734.

He migrated in 1756 to London to become organist and composer to the Chapel Royal. He was reputed to be a good player, but was assuredly rather a weak composer. The most favourite anthem by him is, "Try me, O God, and prove me;" and, oddly enough, a grand nephew of his, a number of years in the present century, was a candidate for a minor canonry, and the anthem chosen for him to test his vocal abilities was, "Try me, O God"—Nares. Of course there was no joke meant—there never is in a cathedral.

The first of the Camidges succeeded Dr. Nares in 1756 and held the office for nearly fifty years. His son Matthew followed him in 1803, and he in turn was succeeded by his eldest son, John, in 1844, who died in 1859.

Dr. Edwin George Monk became organist on the death of Dr. John Camidge, and there can be no doubt that he greatly advanced the efficiency of the choir, and took an especial interest in the musical and general education of the boys. He is a scholar and a gentleman, and highly esteemed by all who know him. His retirement to Radley, near Oxford, has always been regretted by the York and county folk.

The present organist is Dr. John Naylor, who was born near Leeds in 1838, and became organist of York Minster in 1883. By his skill and industry he has raised himself from a humble position, and now holds one of the most valuable musical appointments in England.

Undoubtedly he owes much of his success to the cultivated tastes and high musical proclivities of his former vicar, the Rev. R. Brown Borthwick, of All Saints' Church, Scarborough, with whom he worked cordially in the promotion of Church music for many years with marked success.

The daily services in the Minster are admirably conducted—the whole of the clergy, especially the worthy and learned Dean Cust, takes the deepest interest in their success and rendition. The minor canons intone well and in tune—keeping up the pitch of the various tones, inflexions, and cadences in conjunction with the choir in the most commendable way; and it is astonishing how well the organist and singers keep together, even in abstruse and complicated compositions—bearing in mind the magnitude of the edifice and its reverberative and resonant character. Among the most interesting of special functions may be mentioned the military services, which are remarkably good and effective. Dr. Naylor has composed several appropriate anthems, and scored them for a military band.

The first military service held in York Minster was the "Gordon Memorial Service," April 19, 1885, the words of the anthem, as well as the others, having been selected by the Dean. The organ is thoroughly utilized on these and other occasions of importance. On Sunday afternoons Dr. Naylor invariably plays an important organ work, which is attentively listened to by hundreds who remain to hear it. It is a capital plan to have the title of the daily voluntary posted up on a notice board, so that people get to know something of organ pieces and their authors.

In concluding this notice, I may observe that it is very gratifying to those who, as I hope I have done, taken a deep interest in organs and the music of the Church, to find such a wonderful improvement in the general rendering of the musical services during the last 30 years; indeed, the advancement in performance, devotional expression, order, and decorum on the part of the choir, afford ample proof of the care and pains bestowed upon these important points, and especially on the organist of York Minster, Dr. John Naylor.

I am indebted to Miss Constance Anderson, of York, for the original sketches of the two organs from which the above illustrations have been taken.

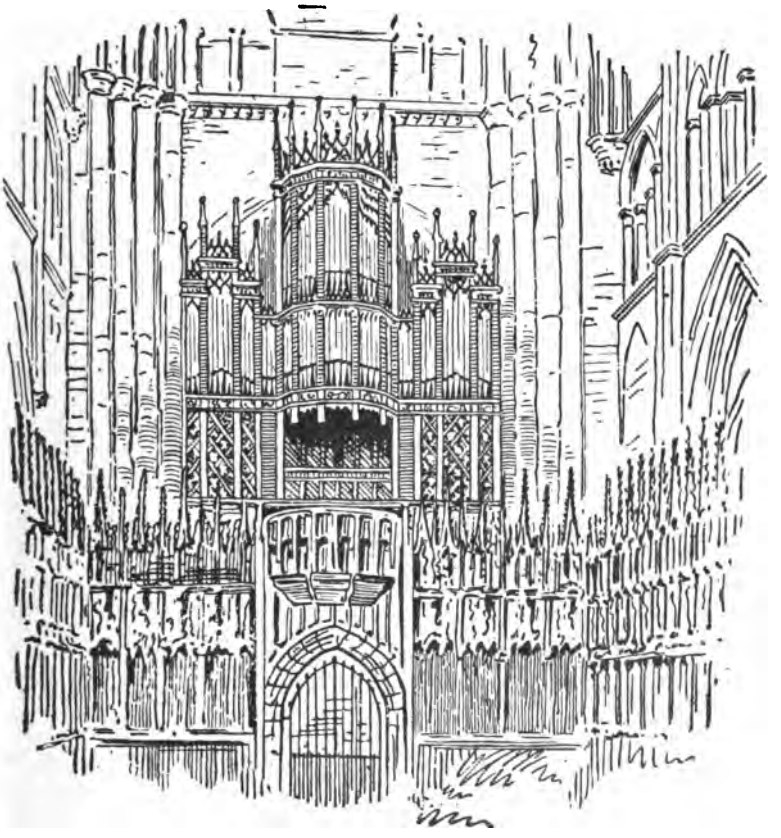
No. 2.—Ripon Cathedral.

After York Minster, its beautiful architecture, its noble proportions and its two fine organs, the reader must not expect from me the same warmth of description for the smaller and less important fane at Ripon. Still, Ripon Cathedral is deeply interesting to the ecclesiologist as well as to the lover of old church music and grand toned organs. I am unable to obtain any very extensive information respecting former organs and organists, though I may here ackowledge with thanks the acquisition of many interesting particulars through the courtesy of Dr. E. J. Crow, the present clever organist of the cathedral.

It appears that the first-known organ was built by Gerard Schmidt (nephew of the famous organ builder, Bernard Schmidt, who came to England with his two nephews about the year 1660, during the reign of the second Charles) and which was rebuilt by Booth, of Leeds, who seems to have ignored the lovely work of Father Schmidt, and to have substituted his own—a circumstance which has been commented upon in stronger terms than I wish to do here. Tradition and rumour in Ripon hath it that Gerard Schmidt's organ was one of the best the family had made, and that its tone was pure and fine, and the question naturally arises who persuaded the Dean and Chapter to sacrifice what they must have known was an old master-piece, admired and venerated, and quoted by all who were experts in organ tone? However, I jump at once from Schmidt's mutilated organ to the splendid instrument which now occupies its legitimate position on the choir screen, and is the admiration of all who hear it. It is built by the eminent firm of Lewis and Co. Here is a description thereof:—

Great Organ—CC to A.

1.	Bourdon, wood and metal	16 feet tone.	3½ inches wind.
2.	Stopped Diapason, wood and metal ...	8 ,,	
3.	Small Open Diapason, wood and metal	8 ,,	
4.	Large Open Diapason	8 ,,	
5.	Hohl-Flöte, wood and metal	8 ,,	
6.	Principal (small)	4 ,,	
7.	Octave	4 ,,	
8.	Octave Quint, wood and metal ...	2⅔ ,,	
9.	Super Octave, wood and metal ...	2 ,,	
10.	Mixture	4 ranks.	
11.	Contra Trumpet...	16 feet tone.	7 inches wind.
12.	Trumpet	8 ,,	
13.	Clarion	4 ,,	



Ripon Minster Organ.

PEDAL ORGAN—CC TO CF.

Radiating and Concave.

1. Sub Bass, wood	... .	32 feet tone.	About 5½ inches.
2. Sub Bass, wood...	... ...	16 ,,	
3. Open Bass, wood	... .	16 ,,	
4. Violone, wood ...	... ...	16 ,,	
5. Violoncello, wood	... ...	8 ,,	
6. Flute Bass, wood	... ...	8 ,,	
7. Trombone	... ...	16 ,,	7in. wind.

This flute bass is a very poor one; made from the old organ st. diap., 8 feet (oak).

CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO A.

1. Lieblich Gedact	16 feet tone.	
2. ,, ,, ...	8 ,,	
3. Vox Angelica (pure tin)	8 ,,	
4. Dolce	8 ,,	
5. Gamba (pure tin)...	8 ,,	
6. Flauto Traverso (harmonic)	8 ,,	
7. L. Gedact...	4 ,,	
8. Dulcet (from old choir organ diap.) ...	4 ,,	
9. L. Gedact...	2 ,,	
10. Clarionet	8 ,,	

The gedact two feet is stopped up to the top note. The clarionet "goes through." Pneumatic action to great and swell to great. Tubular pneumatic to pedal organ (in side aisles). The metal is all spotted and substantial, even the pedal trombone. The hydraulic engines, by Joy, have been recently removed, and Speight's substituted. The organist is stuck inside the case, where he can neither see nor hear during nave services. The voices can be well heard in the choir, and a big door, intended by Sir G. Scott to remedy this, won't open outwards on account of the tabernacle work, or inwards on account of the organ action.

SWELL ORGAN—CC TO A.

1. Bourdon, wood and metal	16 feet tone.	
2. Rohr Flöte, wood and metal (from old choir, by Gerhard Schmidt)	8 ,,	
3. Gamba, Viol de (pure tin)	8 ,,	
4. Voix Celestes (gamba, pure tin) undulating with No. 3	8 ,,	
5. Geigen Principal...	8 ,,	
6. Rohr Flöte	4 ,,	
7. Flute Harmonique (tin)...	4 ,,	
8. Geigen Principal	4 ,,	
9. Flautina	2 ,,	
10. Mixture	3 ranks.	
11. Contra Trumpet	16 feet tone.	3½ in. wind.
12. Trumpet	8 ,,	
13. Oboe	8 ,,	
14. Clarion	4 ,,	

COMPOSITION PEDALS ... 3 to Gt., 3 to Sw., 1 to Gt. to Ped.

COUPLERS ... 1. Swell to Gt. 2. Sw. to Ch. 3. Sw. to Ped. 4. Ch. to Ped. 5. Gt. to Ped.

There is a grandeur and massiveness of tone in this work of Lewis's which reminded me, when listening to Dr. Crow's admirable performance of a grand Prelude and Fugue by the immortal Sebastian Bach, of the best organs of Schulze's. But, I am bound to admit that the mechanism is not all that it might

be, and its defects and deficiences must often cause considerable trouble and annoyance to the worthy organist. For instance, I found that the composition pedals, or "pedals of adjustment," as they are sometimes called, do not rise after use, and they have to be returned by force in putting a stop in. Again, the swell to choir coupler is scarcely of any use, and not being pneumatic, the touch is very heavy. Probably the Dean and Chapter may feel disposed to lay out a little money and rectify these undoubted defects in what is otherwise a magnificent organ.

So far as I can ascertain, the following is a correct chronological list of the Ripon Cathedral organists :—

	APPOINTED.
— Wanlass	
— Wilson (singing man) to play instead of Wanlass, who was deaf	May 28, 1670
William Sorrell	May 26, 1677
— Shaw	No date
John Hawkins	May 7, 1682
Thomas Preston...	May 31, 1690
Thomas Preston, Junr.	May 25, 1731
William Ayrton (father of Dr. William Ayrton) ...	June 7, 1748
Thomas Ayrton (tombstone says was organist 20 years)	No date
W. F. M. Ayrton	June 25, 1799
J. H. Bond	June 26, 1823
George Bates	June 30, 1829
Dr. E. J. Crow	Jan. 1, 1874

The choral strength in Ripon Cathedral is not great, consisting only of six lay clerks, twelve choristers, and six probationers ; but these, with the able assistance of Dr. Crow's deputy, all join to render the choral services with devotional fervour and desirable effect. In this matter the able Precentor takes a prominent part and a deep interest ; and the same may be said of the accomplished venerable Dean and the canons, when in residence. The musical services had fallen off woefully when Dr. Crow was appointed organist and choirmaster in 1874. Since that time the improvement has been signally great ; especially good and impressive are the special nave services, when there is, of course, an augmented choir, and the music is of a broad and less ornate character than that employed in the daily choral services in the choir.

Of Dr. Crow's labours in the cause of the musical art in Ripon, Harrogate, and the neighbourhood, much may be said. He has been, during his residence in Yorkshire, most industrious, most indefatigable ; his compositions alone prove this. The fine Communion Service in F, which gained the College of Organists' prize, is extensively used " In Quires and

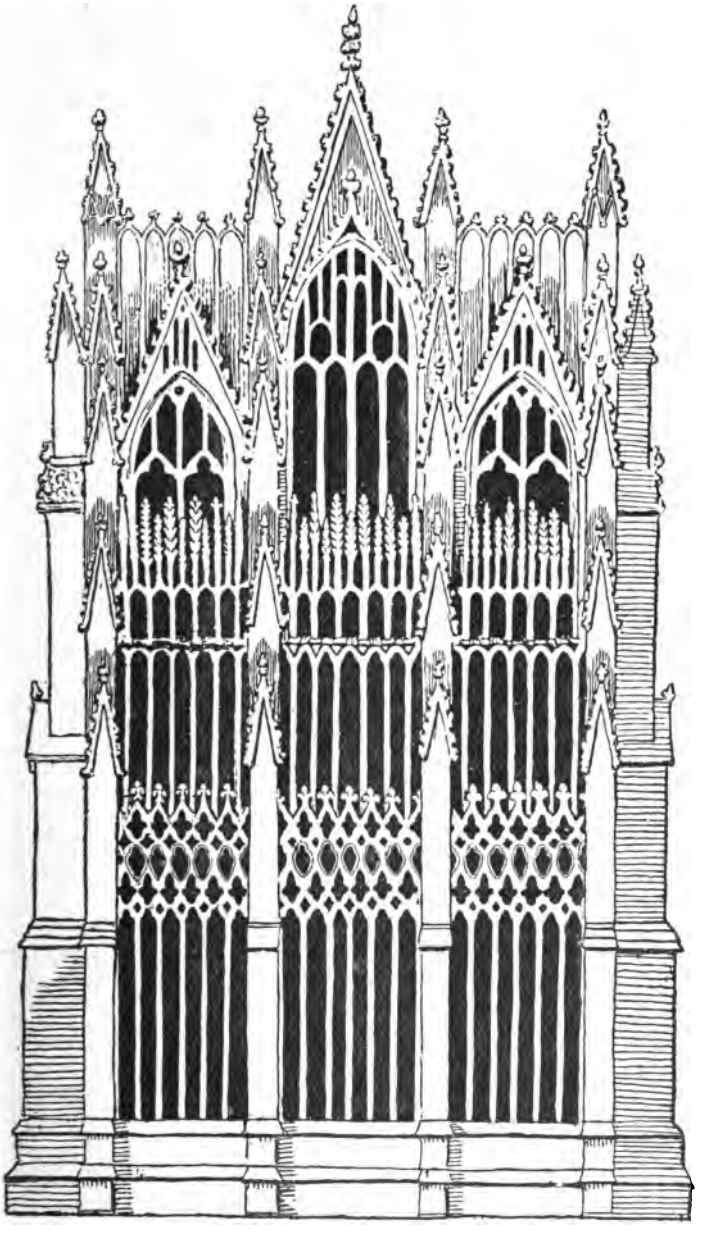
places where they sing," and among his other excellent works may be mentioned a Morning Service in C, Evening Services in G, A, and D, a church oratorio for Harvest Festivals, and many miscellaneous compositions for the organ, pianoforte, etc. That he is not the least distinguished of the numerous musicians who have occupied the organ seat in Ripon Cathedral, is a fact, I think, patent to all, and I doubt not that his musical abilities are highly appreciated wherever they are known and required.

No. 3.—Leeds Parish Church.

No parish church in Christendom has exercised more ecclesiastical and musical influence for good than that of Leeds. In every part of our English-speaking countries where correct, attractive, and elevating music and ritual are required, depend on it the example and practice of the Leeds Parish Church are sure to be considered, and, in the majority of cases, followed. I need scarcely add that this was one of the results of Dr. Hook's advent to Leeds in 1837. Before his time the church services in all the large parishes of Yorkshire and Lancashire were pretty much of the same tame, hum-drum character; no life, zeal, or animated work to be found anywhere; but Dr. Hook, with his wonderful energy and self-denial, soon changed the dreary desert into a luxuriant valley, and his vicariate duties of 22 years bore testimony to his unflagging industry and his glorious success.

Very little is known of the organs or organists of the Parish Church before the memorable election of Mr. Greenwood in 1821. It is, however, briefly recorded that in 1714 "the organ in the Leeds Parish Church was set up and first used on Sunday, August 29th; Mr. John Carr, from Norwich, organist." As it is probable that no such scenes were ever known as the contest for the appointment of organist in July, 1821, and an account of which will doubtless prove highly interesting to a large number of local organists, the clergy, and all who care for anything connected with the past history of our Parish Church, I have taken some pains to ransack the records of the period, and to ferret out truthful accounts of these singular and exciting proceedings.

There were three candidates—Greenwood, Hopkinson, and Theaker. After the churchwardens had carefully considered their respective claims, both at formal and informal meetings,



The Organ Screen, Leeds Parish Church.

the following resolution was unanimously agreed to :—" Resolved, that in order to meet the wishes of the candidates for the situation of organist for the Parish Church at Leeds, as publicly expressed by them, and to ascertain their respective qualifications, it is the opinion of the churchwardens that they should individually perform on the organ at such a time and place as may be mutually agreed upon, and in the presence of a competent judge, who shall be requested to report thereupon." Greenwood and Theaker agreed to adopt the suggestions of the churchwardens, and to abide by the decision of the judge, but Hopkinson's committee " present their respectful compliments to Mr. Maude (senior churchwarden) and his colleagues," and by letter declined to accept the mode of election proposed. Mr. Maude, on behalf of the wardens, replied that they would like Mr. Hopkinson to attend the choir rehearsal on Friday evening, and " practise with the choristers, and also play the service at the church on the following Sunday." In answer to this proposal, Hopkinson's committee desired to " express their surprise at such a request, knowing the decided partiality the major part of the churchwardens have evinced, and which some of them have confessed themselves to continue in favour of one of the candidates." It being evident that Hopkinson possessed many influential friends and supporters, Mr. Maude wrote and published a letter on June 18th, 1821, addressed " To the Laypayers of the Parish Church of Leeds," in which they reiterate their desire to act fairly and justly in the matter ; and, " with a view to settling the mode of election, invited two of Mr. Hopkinson's committee to meet the wardens at G. Wood's, Star and Garter, this evening."

At this meeting the churchwardens again expressed their earnest wish " that the candidates should publicly perform on the organ before some competent judge," but the Hopkinson party still objected to this course (they had good reasons, it was stated, for adopting this line of action), though afterwards, at the eleventh hour, Mr. Hopkinson's committee " respectfully acquaint you (the wardens) that he never once had any hesitation to comply with the expression of your wishes ; and should you on the day of election wish him to play before you, he will cheerfully obey your call." The ultimate result of all this was that the candidates should go to the poll, and the scenes and excitement which took place on that memorable occasion may be best learnt from the following epitome of a long notice of the proceedings which appeared in the local papers of July 7th, 1821 :—

ELECTION OF ORGANIST.

We have in Leeds this week all the animation of a scot and lot election. The appointment of an organist for the Leeds Parish Church has excited a strong local interest, and the right of election being vested in the parishioner lay-payers, the attendance at the Parish Church on Wednesday at noon, the hour appointed for the purpose, was so numerous that it soon became evident that a wider and more appropriate field of action was necessary for the purpose of the business of the day. At 12 o'clock the Rev. Richard Fawcett, the vicar, took the chair in the vestry, where an adjournment to the area of the White Cloth Hall was immediately proposed and carried. The numbers assembled in the course of the afternoon could not be short of from six to eight thousand persons. Music and standards accompanied some of the divisions of voters from the neighbouring villages to the poll, and the scene exhibited in this part of the town wore all the features of a contested election, with the exception of the riot and dissipation which so frequently prevail in Parliamentary contests. It soon became evident that Mr. Greenwood was the popular candidate, and the struggle would be between Mr. Hopkinson and that gentleman, though Mr. Theaker ranked among his friends a considerable number of highly-respectable parishioners. The steps on the southern side of the interior square of the Cloth Hall formed good substantial hustings, on which the Vicar, surrounded by a number of his parishioners, took his station, and the gradual ascent of the yard gave to the scene below the appearance of a crowded amphitheatre. The Chairman having read the notice convening a vestry meeting, for the purpose of appointing an organist, or delegating the power to a competent judge, proceeded to state what he considered the qualifications of a person filling that office; which were, first, an irreproachable character; second, competent skill upon the instrument; and third, general musical talent; the two former he perceived to be indispensable, and the last highly desirable. As so much zeal had been shown to promote harmony in the Church, he hoped the electors would display equal zeal in maintaining the harmony of the parish. Mr. Baines said it appeared from the notice which had been read that the meeting had two duties to perform—first, to fix a salary; and, second, to elect an organist. He wished to guard the parishioners against any profusion in the expenditure of the public money. Their feelings were at present strongly excited, and as every elector naturally hoped and expected that his own friend would be the successful

candidate, there was reason to fear that they might be disposed to fix the salary to be paid to the organist in future on a scale of undue liberality. The salary had been hitherto £50 a year, and that was probably sufficient when the advantages incident to the situation were taken into consideration. Less he should not propose, and the experience of the last month had proved was unnecessary. In the election of an organist he was not inclined to take any part except as a mediator.

After further enlargement of the subject, Mr. Baines concluded by moving two resolutions—first, "That the organist's salary be £50 per annum in future, including the £6 paid by the trustees of Mr. Bannister's will;" and second, "That whatever might be the result of the election, Mr. Greenwood should be paid after this rate for the time he had discharged the duties of organist." These resolutions were then put from the Chair, and carried unanimously. The respective candidates were put in alphabetical order. By this arrangement Mr. Greenwood took the precedence, and was proposed by Mr. Charles Wood, seconded by Mr. John Hirst; Mr. Hopkinson was proposed by Mr. William Hey (Mayor), seconded by Mr. Samuel Smith; and Mr. Theaker was proposed by Mr. Abraham Hobson, seconded by Mr. Joseph Wood. Mr. Henry Hall wished the matter settled without proceeding to a poll, in the manner proposed by the Churchwardens. . . . "He had for a good part of 50 years attended the Parish Church twice every Sunday, and he hoped to stick to the old mother Church to the end of his life; but he felt a very warm wish that the service should be performed in such a way as would cause him to feel satisfaction in attending." After Hopkinson's committee had again objected to any other mode of election than polling the "lay-payers," Mr. Livesey "made a speech full of point and humour." He ridiculed what had been said about choosing a townsman only, and observed that if this principle had always been acted upon Leeds would have lost the services of some of the cleverest and most intellectual men who had filled posts of the greatest value and importance—to wit, their former deeply respected Vicar, the Rev. Peter Haddon; the lecturer was not a townsman; neither the sexton nor the clerk, and yet the former could measure a grave as well as if he had been born in one, and the latter could give the nasal twang to the "Amen" as well as if he had drawn his first breath in a reading-desk. The curates of Hunslet, Holbeck, and Armley were none of them natives of this parish, neither were the incumbents of St. Paul's, St. John's, or St. James'. The masters of the Free Grammar

School; the learned Recorder, who neither lacked learning, lungs, nor loquacity; the eminent surgeon, Mr. William Hey; and those clever musicians, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Lawton, and Mr. Higenbotham—none of them born in Leeds. . . . Away then with the cant about natives, and give the organ to that candidate who, on trial of his skill, shall be found the most competent to draw sweet music from its pipes.

After some remarks from Mr. Lees and Mr. John Ward, Mr. John Cawood said: "I call upon you to stand firm to-day, and as Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Theaker are ready to let you hear their abilities, I have to ask Mr. Hopkinson to redeem his pledge, and his committee not to push their candidate to the poll, in order that they may keep their candidate from playing before you." Mr. Sigstone spoke in for Mr. Hopkinson, and read testimonials in his favour from Colonel Dixon, Major Allen, Mr. W. D. Lever, and Mr. J. W. Tottie. Mr. John Heaps supported Mr. Greenwood, and in a speech of considerable length expatiated on his merits, and especially lauded his "independence, conscientiousness, and unselfishness." The amendment having been negatived, Mr. Hopkinson came forward and demanded a poll, which was begun at half-past three o'clock, in the piazzas at the top of the Cloth Hall Yard, at sixteen different booths. On the first day the wardens announced the state of the poll to be:—

Greenwood	1,481
Hopkinson	777
Theaker	198

It was thought that this would settle the business, and Mr. Greenwood's friends placed their candidate in a chair and carried him round the Cloth Hall Yard and through some of the principal streets in triumph. But the business was not over. Hopkinson's friends insisted on the poll being resumed the next and following day (the Recorder having given his opinion that this course was legal), and, this being done, the following statement was made of the aggregate return of votes in the township of Leeds and the villages within the parish:—

	Greenwood.	Hopkinson.	Theaker.
Leeds Township ...	1402	644	232
Bramley	116	68	2
Headingley	13	39	2
Beeston	138	21	0
Potternewton	96	126	0
Hunslet	504	15	0
Farnley	26	10	0
Armley	129	114	0
Holbeck	117	4	0
Wortley	67	164	3
	2608	1242	239

Mr. Greenwood was, therefore, duly elected and installed as organist of Leeds Parish Church ; but how long he remained there I cannot discover, nor do I find that he had written or published anything save an excellently arranged volume of sterling Psalm tunes, which Dr. Wesley used to examine with much interest when he became organist. Greenwood had the reputation of being a brilliant performer, and good at improvisation ; but beyond this very little is known or recorded of his musical work in the town.

We next hear of Mr. Henry Smith as organist. He was a highly respected pianoforte teacher in the town, and was well known at private parties for his facile performance of Mozart's beautiful overture to *Figaro,* which he used to play (I have often heard) in his own time—not in that of the famous Covent Garden orchestra, under Costa. He married a daughter of Mr. Henry Skelton, of " The Castle," Headingley, and shortly afterwards resigned his office at the Parish Church and retired from the musical profession.

Then came the glorious Wesley period. James Hill, of Dublin, had been elected choir-master before Wesley's advent, and he brought with him his young nephew, who possessed a lovely soprano voice, and sang the anthem solos, etc., with great taste and devotional effect. After the solemn and imposing ceremony of re-opening and consecrating the new church of St. Peter—for which Dr. Hook had (chiefly) collected subscriptions to the amount of £22,770 6s. 8d., on Thursday, September 2nd, 1841, the organ was rebuilt by the Brothers Greenwood, and a fine 32ft. wood pedal stop included in the scheme. On the recommendation of Mr. Martin Cawood, who was the vicar's right-hand man in matters musical, Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley (then organist of Exeter Cathedral) was engaged to open the organ. He was so much impressed with the wealth of Leeds, and delighted to be asked by two rich merchants to select grand Broadwood pianofortes for them, that bearing in mind his disagreement with Dean Lowe at Exeter, he forthwith accepted from the vicar and churchwardens the offer of organist at £200 per annum, guaranteed for ten years. Wesley did not get quite settled down until early in 1842. He had left me (I had only served one out of my four years' articles) to take charge of the Cathedral Organ and Choir at Exeter for three months ; but at his request, I joined him at Leeds on April 3rd, 1842. Wesley's magnificent service and solo playing soon became famous, and this, with Dr. Hook's eloquent preaching, together with the beautifully performed

full Choral Services (never before heard in Leeds) attracted large, overflowing congregations on all occasions—especially on Sunday mornings and evenings, when it was very difficult for a non-pewholder to get a seat.

After a year or two the distinguished organist got across with Mr. Hill, the able and indefatigable choir-master—Wesley's object being to get the whole business into his own hands. After some months of wrangling with Hill and interviewing the vicar and wardens, Mr. Hill had notice to leave, and Wesley then took the entire direction of the choir and the training of the boys. He appointed me his deputy, and for three or four years I attended in the vestry every morning at eight o'clock and taught the boys, most of whom possessed beautiful voices, and sang with much acceptance to the clergy and congregation. It was during his organistship of the Leeds Parish Church that Wesley, at the instigation of Mr. Martin Cawood (who gave him 50 guineas for the copyright) composed that fine "Complete Cathedral Service in E Major" which, though not uniformly excellent, contains some of the most beautiful writing (especially the *Nicene Creed*) to be found in the whole repertory of Church music. His introductions to the Anthems, particularly when those great favourites, "The wilderness and the solitary place" and "Blessed be the God and Father," were on the list for performance, displayed his genius in the highest degree, and I doubt if we shall ever hear the like again. After about six years, and not until there had been some "friction" between the vicar and himself, Wesley obtained the appointment of organist at Winchester Cathedral, and after 15 years there he obtained Gloucester Cathedral, where he remained until his death, in April, 1876, at the age of 66. He was buried at the Old Cemetery, Exeter, by the side of his only daughter.

In 1849 Wesley was succeeded, by arrangement with the vicar and the retiring organist, by Mr. Robert Senior Burton. The "arrangement," however, was not considered quite satisfactory, and a trial at York ended a pecuniary dispute, in which Wesley triumphed. It was indeed difficult to follow such a genius as Samuel Sebastian Wesley, but Mr. Burton brought with him great energy, determination, and a brilliancy of fingering in his organ playing that greatly delighted a large number of his hearers. Mr. Burton had certainly not had the advantage of a cathedral choir education, nor were his ecclesiastical yearnings of a very strong character. And yet he took infinite pains with the choir during his over 30 years' services at the church, the singing being always regarded with considerable admiration

and satisfaction. As a composer he did little or nothing, his chief object being apparently to obtain from existing good works a correct and effective performance, and in this laudable effort he generally succeeded admirably.

Dr. William Creser followed Mr. Burton in 1881. He brought good credentials with him. He had been a chorister in York Minster, a pupil of Mr. Joseph Barnby, Mr. Samuel Gee, and Professor Macfarren. He was organist of St. Martin's, Scarborough, for six years, and there he was well dosed with Gregorianism. He took his degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford in 1869, and his Doctorate in 1880, composing for each the necessary exercises in five and eight parts, with orchestral accompaniments. Among his other works are :—*Eudora ;* Cantata, first performed in Leeds in November, 1882 ; *Mass* in C, first performed by the Armley and Wortley Choral Society ; Cantata, *Prince Henry of Hoheneck*, for chorus, solo voices, and orchestra ; Latin version of "Luther's Hymn," for chorus, baritone solo, and orchestra ; Motet for eight voices, unaccompanied, complete setting of the 46th Psalm, "God is our hope and strength," which has been sung twice at the Parish Church ; a complete solemn service in B minor, the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* has been sung at the Parish Church ; Longfellow's *Tegner's Drapa*, or Song of Balder, for chorus, tenor solo, and orchestra ; *The Sacrifice of Freia*, cantata for chorus, solo voices, and orchestra, Leeds Festival, 1889 ; Quartet in A minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, first performed at the London Conference of the Society of Professional Musicians and at the concerts of the Society of Musical Artists ; Trio in A major, for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte ; organ music—Andante in C minor, concluding Voluntary in A, Prelude and Fugue in C, for the *Organists' Quarterly Journal*, first organ Sonata in A ; also many songs and detached pieces. This is an excellent record, sufficient to place Dr. Creser in a high position among his brother composers. His services at the Parish Church as organist and choir-master are invaluable ; he spares neither pains nor trouble to render all the music with steady accuracy, reverence, and legitimate effect.

I attended "Evensong" on the First Sunday in November, the day following All Saints, and was extremely gratified, edified, and, indeed, delighted with nearly everything I heard—from the opening voluntary by Smart to the same composer's Postlude in D as the concluding voluntary. The choir consisted of 21 chorister boys and 19 song-men, who, with six clergymen, made up a goodly procession, the hymn sung being No. 221, A.

and M., "Let saints on earth in concert sing," to the grand old tune, "French," or "Dundee," as it is sometimes named. The prayers were admirably intoned by Precentor Wynn Healey, who not only has an excellent baritone voice, but, best of all, articulates with great distinctness, giving every syllable its full value, and does not, as I have heard some do in similar positions, swallow the tails of his words. The Psalms of the day brought out two fine chants, by Flintoft and Goss, but the transition from the first to the second is not a happy one. The *Magnificat* to Stainer's setting in E is somewhat peculiar and erratic, but of course contains good part-writing. Dykes's favourite anthem, "These are they," was, with occasional slips of time in the charming tenor solo, beautifully rendered, especially good being Dr. Creser's accompaniment. In listening to this devotional anthem, I could but recall Henry Smart's well-known remark—"Dr. Dykes is a musician among parsons, and a parson among musicians." In the hymn (427, A. and M.), "Who are those like stars appearing?" the congregation asserted their right to sing and be heard. The effect was fine, though it must be admitted the "people" did not always keep up to the time of the choir. Dr. Talbot preached the sermon—a discourse which no one could listen to without being instructed, improved, and elevated. His theme was "Reverence," which, of course, included piety, theism, faith, theopathy, unction, grace, and sanctitude. His allusion to the beauties of nature, as illustrated in our neighbouring Bolton Abbey, the woods, hills, valleys, and sylvan scenes, was extremely happy and touching; still more so, in my heart, was the reverence he claimed for holy places and holy adjuncts, especially the soul-inspiring works of the great masters of music; "forms of beauty fitted to refine the mind, to solemnise, to elevate, and to quicken devotion." I should like to expatiate a little on this tempting theme, but time and space forbid.

We will now turn our attention to the organ itself, the whole of the pipes and mechanism of which stand behind the beautiful carved screen. The organ in the Parish Church of Leeds, as rebuilt in 1883 by Mr. Abbott, under the supervision of Mr. Walker Joy, who contributed liberally towards the necessary expense, consists of 4 manuals and a pedale.* The following

* The above was written on the faith of statements made to the writer that Mr. Walker Joy had contributed largely towards the expenses, etc. Mr. Abbott, the organ-builder, has, however, addressed to me a letter on the subject, which I think in justice to him should be made public, as it appears clear that Mr. Abbott, and not Mr. Walker Joy, was the munificent friend of the Parish Church authorities.

are the stops, each of which (except where otherwise stated) extends throughout the entire compass of the instrument :—

PEDAL ORGAN. (Wind pressure 3¾ inches.)

1. Sub Bass	32 ft.	6. Violoncello	8 ft.
2. Open Bass	16 ft.	7. Mixture (4 ranks) ...	
3. Violone	16 ft.	8. Contra Trombone ...	32 ft.
4. Bourdon...	16 ft.	9. Trombone	16 ft.
5. Flute Bass	8 ft.	10. Clarion	8 ft.

GREAT ORGAN. (Wind pressure 3¾ inches.)

11. Sub-Bourdon	32 ft.	21. Octave	4 ft.
12. Double Open Diap. ...	16 ft.	22. Harmonic Flute ...	4 ft.
13. Bourdon	16 ft.	23. Nazard	2⅔ ft.
14. Large Open Diap. ...	8 ft.	24. Super Octave	2 ft.
15. Small Open Diap. ...	8 ft.	25. Mixture (3 ranks)	
16. Salicional	8 ft.	26. Mixture (5 ranks)	
17. Pierced Gamba ...	8 ft.	27. Double Trumpet ...	16 ft.
18. Höhl Flöte	8 ft.	28. Posaune...	8 ft.
19. Gedact	8 ft.	29. Tromba	8 ft.
20. Quint	6 ft.	30. Clarion	4 ft.

On a separate sound-board. (Wind pressure 7 inches.)

31. Tuba ... ... 8 ft.

SWELL ORGAN. (Wind pressure 3 inches.)

32. Double Open Diap. ...	16 ft.	41. Octave Quint	2⅔ ft.
33. Bourdon	16 ft.	42. Super Octave	2 ft.
34. Open Diapason ...	8 ft.	43. Mixture (5 ranks)	
35. Cane Gamba	8 ft.	44. Contra Fagotto... ...	16 ft.
36. Dulciana	8 ft.	45. Horn	8 ft.
37. Violin e'Cello	8 ft.	46. Trumpet	8 ft.
38. Violin Diapason ...	8 ft.	47. Oboe	8 ft.
39. Wald Flöte	4 ft.	48. Vox Humana	8 ft.
40. Octave	4 ft.	49. Clarion	4 ft.

Stops Nos. 4 and 5, used in combination, produce the "Voix Céleste," the Dulciana being tuned slightly "sharp."

A Tremulant is attached to this organ.

CHOIR ORGAN. (Wind pressure 2½ inches.)

50. Bourdon	16 ft.	55. Gemshorn	4 ft.
51. Geigen Principal ...	8 ft.	56. Gedact Flute	4 ft.
52. Salicional	8 ft.	57. Orchestral Oboe ...	8 ft.
53. Gedact	8 ft.	58. Clarionet	8 ft.
54. Flauto Traverso ...	8 ft.	59. Corno-di-Bassetto ...	8 ft.

The 3 imitative stops, Nos. 8, 9, and 10, are placed in a separate Swell box.

ECHO ORGAN. (Wind pressure 1½ inches.)

60. Lieblich Bourdon ...	16 ft.	66. Lieblich Gedact ...	8 ft.
61. Open Principal	8 ft.	67. Lieblich Flute	4 ft.
62. Viol di Gamba	8 ft.	68. Octave	4 ft.
63. Dolce	8 ft.	69. Flauto Dolce	4 ft.
64. Flauto Traverso ...	8 ft.	70. Flautina...	2 ft.
65. Echo Oboe	8 ft.		

COUPLERS.

71. Swell to Great.	74. Great to Pedal.
72. Swell to Choir.	75. Swell to Pedal.
73. Choir to Great.	76. Choir to Pedal.

COMPOSITION PEDALS.

4 to Great and Pedal Organ.	3 to Swell Organ.
1 Foot Pedal, "Great to Pedal."	1 Foot Pedal, "Swell to Great."

SUMMARY.

Pedal Organ	10 Stops.	390 Pipes.
Great Organ	21 ,,	1,500 ,,
Swell Organ	17 ,,	1,164 ,,
Choir Organ	10 ,,	492 ,,
Echo Organ	11 ,,	616 ,,
Manual and Pedal Couplers	6 ,,	
	75 Stops.	4,162 Pipes.

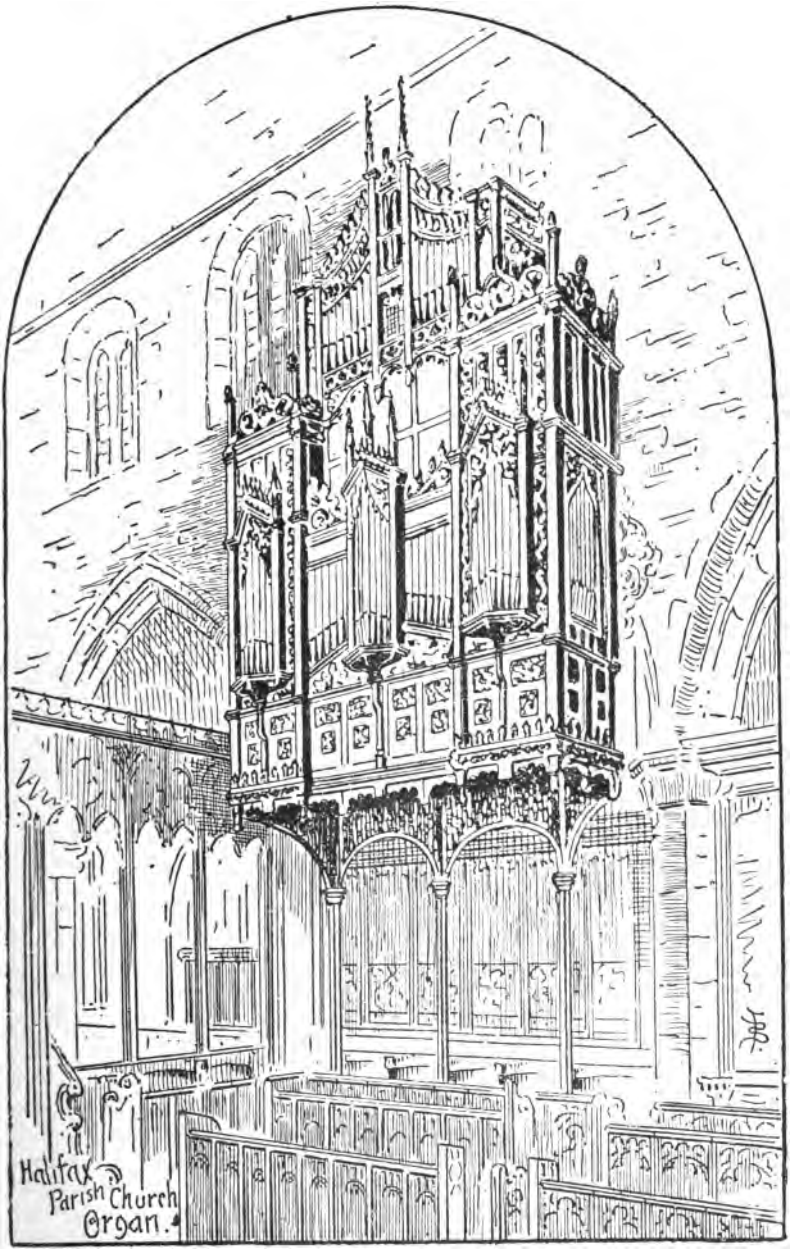
Before Messrs. Abbott and Walker Joy touched the organ it had been almost rebuilt by those distinguished organ builders, Hill, of London, and Schultze, of Germany. The former made the new swell, and the latter re-voiced all the stops in the great organ, and put in the fine open diapason, which was the admiration of all who heard it, both for body of tone and free speech. The choir organ also came under Schultze's artistic hands, and the echo organ was entirely his own original work. The choir organ, as Schultze left it, was placed at the back of the great organ—under the swell. When the alterations were made in 1883 it was necessary to find room for the new stops which were to be put in the great organ, the additions being a three 2ft. (tenor C), a pierced gamba, salicional, höhl flüte, and an 8ft. tuba (7in. pressure). These required a separate sound-board, and everyone judged that if the choir organ was taken away from under the swell, and placed as in Cathedral organs in the front, it would be a great improvement. But there were complications and difficulties in the way, the ultimate result being that the choir organ was placed in front of the great, and thus the tone of the unparalleled open diapason by Schultze, and other work, was spoilt. The chief improvement was in applying a pneumatic action to the great, swell, and pedal, thus rendering the touch very much lighter and more agreeable. In the pedale, the new stops were violoncello (8), clarion (8); in the choir, orchestral oboe, clarionet, vox angelica; and for the echo organ, an echo oboe, and flautina (2ft.).

It will at once be seen by experts, from the above, that the Leeds Parish Church Organ is one of the largest of its class in Great Britain, and, in some respects, one of the best. For my own part, I miss the grand tone of the great organ as Schultze left it, especially in the compound, or mixture, stops—where a tierce is evidently required to secure increased brilliancy and power. Why cannot this be accomplished?

No. 4.—Halifax Parish Church.

INTERESTING as is the history of the Leeds Parish Church organs and organists, it is possible that some may think that of Halifax eclipses it. At any rate, the stories and facts connected with the building of the organ by the celebrated John Snetzler in 1766, and the subsequent trial of skill between Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Herschel, the distinguished astronomer, and four other players for the post of organist, are full of interest, instruction, and amusement. The organ which Snetzler built for St. Margaret's Church, King's Lynn, Norfolk, in 1754, under the superintendence of the famous musical historian, Dr. Burney, soon attracted the attention and admiration of numerous amateur organists and connoisseurs in different parts of the country—the result being that his services were sought for everywhere, and he built no fewer than thirty-five splendid organs, from the profits of which he saved sufficient to return and settle in his native country; but not for long, for he found in his old age that he had been so much accustomed to English fare and London porter that he could not do without them, so he came back to London, where he died in the early part of the present century. From an interesting "History of the Halifax Parish Church Organ," compiled by Dr. Roberts in 1878, I am enabled to extract and epitomise a few statements which will (added to my own investigations) be of advantage to those who desire to obtain accurate information on a subject of much concern to organists generally, and especially to those who feel and take an interest in the grand old church, and its fine order of services. I may mention, *en passant*, that Snetzler built the first organ in this country provided with a pedal clavier—that for the Lutheran Chapel in the Savoy, London.

Dr. Wainwright, who contested for the appointment with Herschel in 1766, was the composer of the favourite Christmas hymn, "Christians awake;" he had the reputation of being a showy, brilliant player, but the eccentric builder did not like this style, and he rapidly paced the church, exclaiming, "He do run over the keys like one cat, and do not give my pipes time to shpeak!" Herschel's playing was more dignified, and the excitable builder, after hearing the future astronomer in uncommon richness and volume of slow harmony, finishing his extemporaneous effusion with a steady and dignified performance of the Old Hundredth Psalm tune, drew from the delighted Snetzler the exclamation—"Aye, aye; tish is vary goot indeed. I will luf this man, *he* gives my pipes room for to shpeak."


Halifax
Parish Church
Organ.

Herschel afterwards explained that when he went to play he used two pieces of lead to hold down some of the lowest notes on the keys—there being no pedals at that time. After a few years Herschel was appointed organist of the Octagon Chapel, Bath.

There is a pretty story told by Elise Polko in one of her collections of romances about Herschel, which is worth noticing, if only briefly and condensed. Oddly enough the scene is laid in Leeds:—Outside a fourth-floor window, in one of those narrow streets which led to the Market Place (at that time also remarkably narrow), there were seen, usually in the autumn of the year 1758, several pots which stood upon a narrow board, skilfully supported, and in which rosemary, mignonette, and evergreens were growing in fertile richness. True, a stranger lived there—a foreigner who had crossed the channel; every child in the neighbourhood knew that. Each morning his young face appeared behind the green, bending with evident pleasure over the plants, which he was accustomed to water with the greatest care. The youth, according to the fashion of the times, wore slightly powdered hair, carefully tied at the neck with a black bow. The intelligent forehead and the bright eyes appeared doubly handsome in this curious setting of abundant hair; a cheerful expression, such as only a glad heart can paint upon the countenance, was upon his lips, and his cheeks were fresh as those of a Highlander. He might be known as a "foreigner" twenty paces off; in Leeds he was called only by the name of "foreign music-master;" his pupils would, however, secretly say, "the handsome music-master." His real name was Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel, a name not easily pronounced by English tongues, for which cause the citizens preferred not to pronounce it at all. The son of a simple Hanoverian musician, he had gone to London to perfect himself in music, where an Earl Darlington appointed him master of a choir, to be formed in the county of Durham. When this choir was thoroughly trained, and there remained nothing further to be done, the young man, provided with introductions from his patron, proceeded to Leeds, where he established himself as a music-master, looking forward to the reversion of an organist's post at Halifax, where the organist was old and infirm. In Leeds no one could have been more fortunate; the only music-master there was grey-headed, grew more deaf every day, and, besides this, took snuff, so that the water ran from his eyes, and in very deed he could neither see nor hear; it was certainly high time that all the pretty hands and fingers of the girl-world of Leeds

should be entrusted to better keeping ; and a better guide than the blue-eyed foreigner, who spoke so charmingly in broken English, and gave such kindly greetings, could never be desired ; so, at any rate, thought the maidens themselves. Never had so many spinets and so few false notes been heard in the good town as in the time of the foreign music-master ; and when, on one occasion, he even played for the organist of the Parish Church, the gloomy edifice was like a cheerfully smiling garden —the brightest girl-flowers blossomed in every corner.

It will be interesting here to give a synopsis of the Halifax organ as Snetzler left it :—

GREAT ORGAN.—GG TO E.

1.	Open diapason	8ft.	57 pipes.
2.	Open diapason	8ft.	57 pipes.
3.	Stopped diapason	8ft.	57 pipes.
4.	Principal	4ft.	57 pipes.
5.	Twelfth	2⅔ft.	57 pipes.
6.	Fifteenth	2ft.	57 pipes.
7.	Ses-quialtera, IV. ranks	—	228 pipes.
8.	Furniture, III. do.	—	171 pipes.
9.	Mounted cornet, V. do. (to middle C.) ..	—	145 pipes.
10.	Trumpet	8ft.	57 pipes.
11.	Clarion	4ft.	28 pipes.

CHOIR ORGAN.—GG to E.

12.	Open diapason	8ft.	57 pipes.
13.	Stopped diapason	8ft.	57 pipes.
14.	Vox Humana	8ft.	57 pipes.
15.	Principal	4ft.	57 pipes.
16.	Flute	4ft.	57 pipes.
17.	Fifteenth	2ft.	57 pipes.
18.	Bassoon (treble and bass)	8ft.	57 pipes.
			399 pipes.

ECHO ORGAN.—FIDDLE G TO E.

19.	Open diapason	8ft.	34 pipes.
20.	Stopped diapason	8ft.	34 pipes.
21.	Principal	4ft.	34 pipes.
22.	Sesquialtera, III. ranks		102 pipes.
23.	Oboe	8ft.	34 pipes.
24.	Trumpet	8ft.	34 pipes.
			272 pipes.

Total number of pipes, 1,642.

The Echo Organ was the Swell Organ : the pipes were enclosed in a box, and a swell pedal attached. There was neither pedal organ nor pedal action ; further, it had no couplers, and no composition pedals.

Mr. William Stopford was the next organist. He was in office for 53 years, and died at the ripe old age of 77, in September, 1819.

Then came Mr. John Houldsworth, who had been assistant to Mr. Stopford, and who published an edition of Cheetham's Psalmody in 1834. After him a Mr. Sharp, from York, and he was followed by the well-known and respected Mr. J. H. Frobisher, who was appointed in 1838, and held office until August, 1862.

Then Mr. H. E. Moore was chosen the sixth organist in 1862, and held the post till early in 1868

Mr. (now Dr.) J. Varley Roberts was appointed, after competition before Dr. E. J. Monk, organist of York Minster, in April, 1868. Alterations and additions had been made to the organ by various builders—the Greenwoods, of Leeds, 1825; Gray, of London, in 1837; Hill, of London, in 1843; and rebuilt by the same firm under Dr. Roberts' supervision in 1869.

Now came the time when the restoration of the Parish Church involved the pulling down of the organ loft and other galleries, and as the instrument was to occupy another site it was necessary that it should be entirely reconstructed. The old work (good as it was in its infancy) was dilapidated, and would —like an old piece of highly flavoured cheese—on removal and shifting fall to bits; it was felt that a first-class organ should be made, embodying Snetzler's best handicraft, and altogether worthy of the church. A comprehensive scheme was drawn up by Dr. Roberts, assisted by Mr. Walker Joy, and the order to build at a cost of £4,000 was entrusted to Mr. Abbott, of Leeds, whose previous excellent work at St. Mark's, Manningham, and many other places, entitled him to the entire confidence of the Restoration Committee, as well as to the organist. With regard to the latter, it is only right to add here that Dr. Roberts highly distinguished himself as composer, organist, and choir-master during his 15 years' valuable services at Halifax Parish Church, and the same may be said of his duties at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he has been in full-dress harness since 1882. The present instrument is placed in the north aisle, and extends from floor to ceiling, the solo organ occupying a position close to the roof. The whole is somewhat cramped for want of more room, and it is hoped that a long-expressed wish of those most concerned with the organ that it should be divided on either side of the chancel, as in the case of St. Margaret's, London, where the talented Mr. Hoyte is organist, will, sooner or later be realised.

GREAT ORGAN.—CC TO A IN ALT.

		Pitch.	
1.	Bourdon (wood)	16ft.	58 pipes.
2.	Large open diapason (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
3.	*Open diapason*, No. 1 (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
4.	*Open diapason*, No. 2 (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
5.	Hohl flote (wood)	8ft.	58 pipes.
6.	*Stopped diapason* (wood and metal) ...	4ft.	58 pipes.
7.	Principal (metal)	4ft.	58 pipes.
8.	Harmonic flute (metal)	4ft.	58 pipes.
9.	*Twelfth* (metal)	$2\frac{2}{3}$ft.	58 pipes.
10.	*Fifteenth* (metal)	2ft.	58 pipes.
11.	*Full mixture* (metal)	III. ranks.	174 pipes.
12.	Posaune	8ft.	58 pipes.
13.	Clarion	4ft.	
	13 Stops.		

SWELL ORGAN.—CC TO A IN ALT.

14.	*Bourdon and tenoroon* (wood and metal) ...	16ft.	58 pipes.
15.	*Open diapason* (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
16.	*Stopped diapason* (wood and metal) ...	8ft.	58 pipes.
17.	Salcional (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
18.	Violin e 'cello (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
19.	Cone Gamba (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
20.	Voix Angelica (metal)	8ft.	51 pipes.
21.	*Principal* (metal)	4ft.	58 pipes.
22.	Gedact flute (metal)...	4ft.	58 pipes.
23.	Vox Humana	8ft.	58 pipes.
24.	Mixture (metal V. ranks)	—	290 pipes.
25.	Double trumpet (metal)	16ft.	58 pipes.
26.	Horn (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
27.	*Oboe* (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
28.	*Clarion* (metal)	4ft.	58 pipes.
	15 Stops.		1095

CHOIR ORGAN.—CC TO A IN ALT.

29.	Lieblich bourdon (wood and metal) ...	16ft.	58 pipes.
30.	*Open diapason* (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
31.	Dulciana (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
32.	Pierced gamba (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
33.	Flauto traverso (metal)	8ft.	46 pipes.
34.	Dolce (metal and wood)	8ft.	58 pipes.
35.	*Stopped diapason* (metal and wood) ...	8ft.	58 pipes.
36.	*Stopped flute* (metal)	—	58 pipes.
37.	Flauto traverso (metal)	4ft.	58 pipes.
38.	Bassoon and clarionet (metal)	8ft.	58 pipes.
	10 Stops.		568

The stops marked in italics are by Snetzler.

	Contra Fagotto	16ft.	58 pipes.
	Suabe flute	4ft.	58 pipes.

SOLO ORGAN.—CC TO A IN ALT.

39.	Gamba, on 5 inch pressure of Wind (metal)			8ft.	58 pipes.
40.	Harmonic flute ... ... ,, ,,			4ft.	58 pipes.
41.	*Mounted Cornet* ... ... ,, ,,			II. ranks.	150 pipes.
					Middle C to top E.
42.	Orchestral Oboe ... ... ,, ,,			8ft.	46 pipes.
43.	Tuba—on 7 inch ... ... ,, ,,			6ft.	58 pipes.
	7 Stops.				486

PEDAL ORGAN.—CCC TO F.

44. Double open diapason (wood)	...	32ft.	30 pipes.
45. Open Diapason ... .. ,,	...	16ft.	30 pipes.
46. Violone ... .. ,,	...	16ft.	30 pipes.
47. Bourdon .. ... ,,	...	16ft. tone	30 pipes.
48. Violoncello ... ,,	...	8ft.	30 pipes.
49. Trombone ... ,,	...	16ft.	30 pipes.
6 Stops,			180

COUPLERS AND ACCESSORIES.

50. Great to pedal.	54. Swell to great.
51. Swell to pedal.	55. Choir to great.
52. Choir to pedal.	56. Solo to great.
53. Solo to pedal.	57. Swell to choir.

8 Couplers.

COMPOSITION PEDALS.

Four to act on great and pedal organ.
Three to act on swell organ.
Swell to great
Solo to great } To work also with the foot.
Pedal to great
Double-acting composition pedal for tuba.

SUMMARY.

Great organ	13		928
Swell organ	15		1,095
Choir organ	10		568
Solo organ	7		486
Pedal organ	6		180
Couplers	9		—
	60 stops		3,257 pipes

No. 40 in solo organ—the harmonic flute—is the gift of J. W. Ward, Esq., Newstead. No. 18 in swell organ—the violin e'cello—is presented by A. Bancroft, Esq. The double trumpet in solo organ was presented by Isaac Booth, Esq.

The tone and mechanism of this truly magnificent organ may, on the whole, justly be pointed to as a splendid testimony to the combined skill of both designer and builder. The flue work is rich and massive; the solo stops delicate and sweet; most of the reeds smooth and well voiced. Without being hypercritical, I think the big tuba on a seven-inch pressure is somewhat rough and uneven, and perhaps the compound stops might have been more brilliant and impressive. But these are only spots on the sun, which may be wiped out and rectified at some future time. The present organist and choir-master is Mr. W. H. Garland, Mus. Bac., who discharges his onerous duties with fervency, zeal, and much ability. This was only to be expected from one whose career at York—first as a choir boy, then articled pupil of Dr. Monk, and subsequently deputy organist of the Minster—had given him such opportunities of acquiring great knowledge and experience, both in true organ playing and in the training of a choir.

It was my privilege and pleasure to attend the service on the evening of 30th November. The white-robed choir numbered over sixty, most of them being possessed of excellent voices, though that of the leading boy is unfortunately "breaking," and he was unable to attack and sustain the high A in the well-known passage, "The night is departing," from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, which was taken as the anthem. The tenor solo, "The sorrows of death," expressively rendered by Mr. Verney Binns, and the difficult choral parts came out, assisted by the clever organ accompaniment, with remarkable power and effect. In the unaccompanied confession, versicles, psalms, and hymns, the congregation joined in the singing with a genuine appreciation of their rightful privileges, the female voices, especially that of a lady who was in a seat immediately behind me, being sweetly prominent. After the vicar, the Venerable Archdeacon Brooke, had preached a short impressive sermon from the text, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door," (Revelation iii., v. 8), the time-honoured offertory was taken—and well taken I believe—during the singing of the hymn, "O quickly come, dread Judge of all" (204, "A. and M."), and then the organist played an elaborate French organ piece with great effect, a goodly number of the congregation remaining in their seats.

I cannot conclude this notice without acknowledging the kind attention and information given to me by the honoured Mr. Joseph Sagar, who has been connected with Halifax Parish Church since 1842, first as a singing boy (when the ever-to-be-respected Archdeacon Musgrave was vicar), and subsequently as clerk and verger, in which capacity he still acts and flourishes.

No. 5.—Doncaster Parish Church.

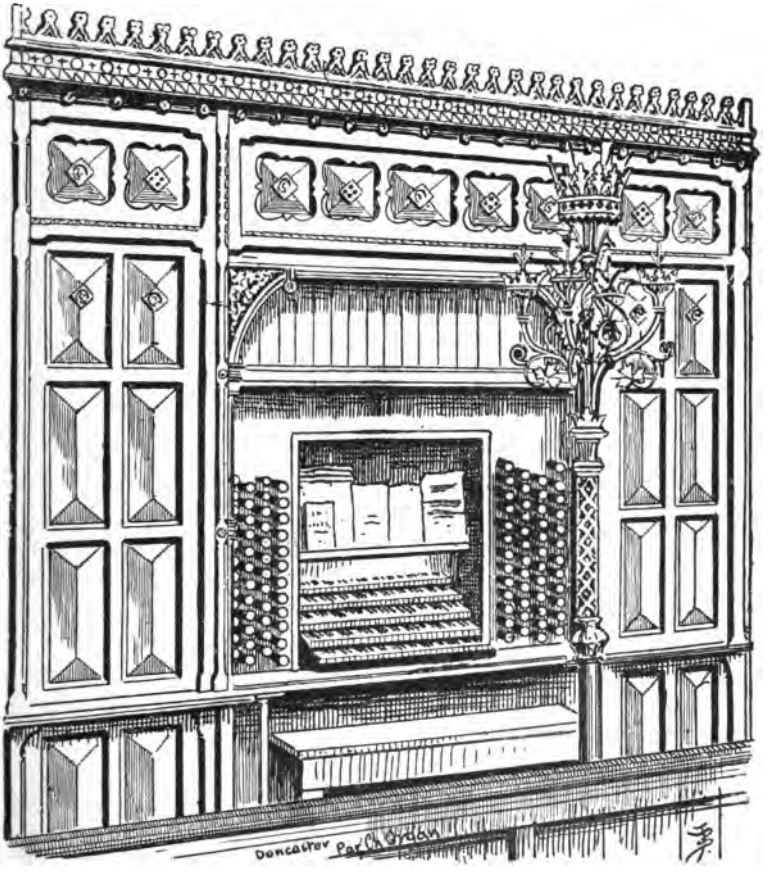
THREE things are famous in Doncaster—the Parish Church, the Organ therein, and the Races. Some people have added a fourth important attraction—Butter-scotch. My business is with the first two; the rest I leave to other and more competent hands. The former Church, dedicated to St. George, England's patron saint, was totally destroyed by fire in an incredibly short space of time on the night of the 27th February, 1853. It was built in the style of architecture which prevailed about the reign of Edward III., but a difference in the manner of subsequent additions would seem to indicate that it was erected at different

periods. We are told that the handsome decorated old tower, so beautiful from the approaches to the town, was a lofty and commanding object, and was considered one of the finest in the kingdom. It was profusely ornamented, was 150ft. high, and from its summit could be seen the distant towers of York Minster. The whole fabric, indeed, both externally and internally, was a triumph of architectural skill and masonic labour—I allude, of course, to operative, not free and accepted Masons. The peal of eight bells—recast by Mears, of London Foundry—was regarded by Lord Grimthorpe as being quite equal to the beautiful old peals of Bow Church and Exeter Cathedral.

The organ, too, which stood over a gallery at the west end of the church, originally built in 1739 by Harris, a contemporary of the famous Father Schmidt, and subsequently enriched by Byfield with superb reed stops, was considered to be one of the best in the kingdom. Consisting at first of three manuals and twenty stops, it was, on the advice and generous assistance of Mr. J. Rogers, aided by the opinions of Dr. Camidge and Mr. Ward (of York), enlarged by different organ builders, including Messrs. Hill and Son, of London, who carried the pedal organ down from GGG to CCCC (32ft. tone), and the whole instrument was just about to receive its crowning touch in 1853 when the dreadful fire completed the destruction of church, bells, organ, and all that was beautiful to look at, and all that was lovely to listen to.

"A shapeless mass of holy things;
A shapeless ruin, sad to see;—
A sight which desolation brings
In all its dread deformity.
But more—the word of life is hushed;
And mute the hymn and anthem chime;
And mute the organ peal sublime;
All—all, in cold destruction crushed."

Notwithstanding the loss of so much that was dear to them, the Doncastrians bestirred themselves at once, with unremitting energy and zeal, to build a new and splendid church on the lines of the old fabric, and if possible superior to it. "Nothing less than a complete restoration of that magnificent fabric" (the Church of St. George), exclaimed the earnest and Venerable Archdeacon Creke at the meeting on March 7th, 1853; "a motto which ought to be indelibly written," records the historian of the day, "on every heart in the populous Deanery of Doncaster. The Mother Church deserves this at our hands. It can and must be accomplished for the honour of our town



Doncaster Parish Church Organ.

and the glory of the Almighty." From north and south, east and west, flowed in munificent donations for the new church. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen gave £100, the Archbishop of York £500, and the Town Council of Doncaster £5,000. Bazaars, lectures, sermons, meetings, collecting-cards, etc., were all put in motion, and a grand sum total was soon available for a starting point. Poets invoked the muse, and the famous James Montgomery finished a thirteen verse poem with these lines :—

"Amidst the glories of our land,
(Thy sister churches) thou again,
Holy and beautiful, shall stand,
A joy of angels and of men."

George Gilbert Scott—afterwards Sir Gilbert Scott—was the genius of architecture who was entrusted with the construction of the future church to be built on the site of the venerable edifice itself And a fine and beautiful fane it is! Like the old church. it commands admiration from every point of view—outside and inside. Bold proportions, height, breadth, beauty, and space are all there, and I believe I am right in asserting that it is the finest parish church erected in Great Britain since the Reformation, just as St. Paul's is the grandest Cathedral built (out of the coal dues and tax) since that memorable time. During the building of the new church the services were held in St. George's Chapel, where an organ was put up by Mr. Charles Brindley, of Sheffield, consisting of three manuals and rather over twenty stops. It was a successful instrument, its bright, ringing tones telling well—and still more so when it was removed to the North Chapel during the building of Schulze's grand organ for the resuscitated church.

It was a matter of great anxiety to Mr. Jeremiah Rogers, the organist, as well as to the committee, to fix on a builder who should be able in the important matter of tone, especially Church tone, suited to the ecclesiastical character of our Anglican services, to eclipse any known English cathedral organ, and especially to vie with the instrument which had just been erected in the Town Hall at Leeds, celebrated for its "unparalleled reeds," etc. ; and all this seemed likely to be accomplished by the engagement of Herr Schulze and Sons, of Paulinzella, near Weimar, who had obtained a high reputation in Germany, Russia, and America, as well as by their fine instrument erected in the Cathedral at Lubec. Moreover, the Schulzes had become well known to professional and amateur experts for an exquisite small organ placed in a gallery in the

Great Exhibition of 1851, where I was taken to hear and play it by Mr. McKorkell, the well-known organist of Northampton, who subsequently secured it for the Exchange Room in that town, where I believe it is still, though much injured from exposure to wet and damp. Schulze's original estimate for the Doncaster Church organ was £2,100, "exclusive of import duty, and the external case." I may here observe that there never has been a "case," the present appearance of the organ being as shown in the illustration.

Fortunately for the authorities at Doncaster, they were not hampered (as they might yet be) with the meddling and muddling of some pushing, persistent amateur, whose chief qualifications consist in possessing that most dangerous thing—"a little knowledge." On this point I venture to think that the following suggestions made some years ago by an artist organ builder may be read with interest and advantage by those concerned in these matters :—

1. The organ builder should be regarded as an artist in the service of the Church, and who, after proper examination, shall be found able to prosecute the art; to which must be added such a high sense for the conscientious fulfilment of his duty as every servant of the Church ought to possess.

2. Church vestries should not, for themselves, accept any proposals for organ work without obtaining the best advice they can procure, and employing only such builders as are properly qualified to execute the work. The making out of specifications should be done by a competent professional person, and the execution of the work should be strictly watched over by the officials appointed. Above all, the reputation for ability and integrity of the organ builder employed should be firmly established. By some such precautions an effectual check would be given to the existence of the pretentious amateur and bungler, while congregations and vestries would be protected, and the art properly encouraged.

Edmund Schulze—*the* artist of the firm—always wisely sought for plenty of free space around and over his organs. Thus, in approving of the North Chapel, in Doncaster Parish Church, he showed his wisdom and experience by getting "plenty of room for his pipes to speak," as Snetzler observed. Schulze was allowed nearly three years in which to have the instrument completed and erected; eighteen months for preparatory foundation work—sound boards, bellows, action, pipes, etc.—at his factory in Paulinzella; and about the same time for voicing and adapting the tone to the building in which this glorious

organ was to be placed. For this latter work (he was justly celebrated in this department) the builder took up his residence in Doncaster, with a staff of four or five of his skilled workmen, and laboured industriously in a schoolroom near the church with a quiet and earnest enthusiasm unknown to the majority of our English organ builders, whose chief motto at that time seems to have been "lots of money and little art."

For an excellent description of Schulze's work I may here quote from a brochure written in 1862 by the late well-known writer on organs, Mr. William Shepherdson, then residing in Sheffield :—

For the last century and a quarter, or up to within a very few years ago, English organ builders had not made that advance in their art which they might have done. They were content to copy as near as they could the instruments of Harris, Schmidt, and Snetzler, scattered here and there in this country. When we say copied we speak in a mechanical view of the matter, for on the theory of the subject English builders bestowed little attention ; hence the sameness which prevailed in most of their organs, and the almost total absence of that gradation of tone and peculiar characteristics of the stops in organs of Continental construction. One great secret in the success of German builders is to be found in the absence of all exclusiveness. A theoretical knowledge of the profession is mastered by all, and any individual builder who designs a practical improvement does not fail to communicate his ideas to other builders. All are eager for improvements, and by a community of ideas, perfection is attained. This is far from being the case in England, and therefore the musical public gain an advantage when German work is brought among them, for English builders have thereby good examples to follow. In the organ at Doncaster, Herr Schulze has produced a work which we feel convinced will exercise an important influence on organ building in this country ; for its advantages are self-evident, and there is a disposition among our builders to avail themselves of the lessons they may learn from it. During the progress of the work, numbers of English builders have sought for and obtained opportunities of inspecting it, and it will continue to be the object of a visit to all who are interested in organ building. The large English organs at Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, York, Newcastle, and elsewhere, are wonderful illustrations of mechanical ingenuity, but in the organ at Doncaster, which exceeds most of those named in size, there are all the mechanical effects, with a system of mechanism

much less complicated, and a total immunity from accidents by disarrangement. Advantages of this nature are unmistakably prominent in M. Schulze's work, but it is in the superiority of the scaling and voicing of the instrument where so much will be found worthy of study. To enable the reader to judge of the magnitude of the instrument it will be necessary to examine the following list of stops :—

GREAT ORGAN.

1. Sub Bourdon (ten C) ...	32 ft.	12. Twelfth	$2\frac{2}{3}$ ft.
2. Double open diapason ...	16 ft.	13. Fifteenth	2 ft.
3. Bourdon	16 ft.	14. Mixture—5 ranks	—
4. Open diapason	8 ft.	15. Cymbal—3 to 5 ranks ...	—
5. Octave	8 ft.	16. Cornet (ten C)—4 ranks ...	—
6. Hohlfloete	8 ft.	17. Double trumpet	16 ft.
7. Stop diapason	8 ft.	18. Trumpet	8 ft.
8. Great quint	$5\frac{1}{3}$ ft.	19. Posaune	8 ft.
9. Principal	4 ft.	20. Horn	8 ft.
10. Gemshorn	4 ft.	21. Clarion	4 ft.
11. Stop flute	4 ft.		

CHOIR ORGAN.

1. Lieblich gedact	16 ft.	9. Flauto traverso	4 ft.
2. Geigen principal	8 ft.	10. Quintatoen...	4 ft.
3. Viol de gamba	8 ft.	11. Flautino	2 ft.
4. Flauto traverso	8 ft.	12. Viol de gamba and flauto traverso as one stop—3 ranks	—
5. Salcional	8 ft.		
6. Lieblich gedact	8 ft.	13. Clarionet	8 ft.
7. Geigen principal	4 ft.		
8. Lieblich flute	4 ft.		

SWELL ORGAN.

1. Bourdon	16 ft.	10. Viol d'amour	4 ft.
2. Open diapason	8 ft.	11. Mixture—5 ranks... ...	—
3. Gemshorn	8 ft.	12. Scharf—3 ranks	—
4. Terpodion	8 ft.	13. Cornet (ten C)—4 ranks...	—
5. Harmonic flute	8 ft.	14. Double bassoon	16 ft.
6. Rohr flute	8 ft.	15. Hautboy	8 ft.
7. Principal	4 ft.	16. Trumpet	8 ft.
8. Harmonic flute	4 ft.	17. Horn	8 ft.
9. Stopt flute	4 ft.	18. Clarion	4 ft.

SOLO ORGAN.

Most of which is taken from the swell.

1. Gemshorn	8 ft.	6. Double bassoon	16 ft.
2. Harmonic flute	8 ft.	7. Hautboy	8 ft.
3. Rohr floete	8 ft.	8. Horn	8 ft.
4. Harmonic flute	4 ft.	9. Vox Humana	8 ft.
5. Stopt flute	4 ft.		

ECHO ORGAN.

1. Tibia major	16 ft.	5. Flauto amabile	8 ft.
2. Vox angelica	8 ft.	6. Celestina	4 ft.
3. Harmonica	8 ft.	7. Flauto dolcissimo	4 ft.
4. Flauto traverso	8 ft.	8. Harmonica ætheria—2 ranks	—

PEDAL ORGAN.—CCCC TO E.—29 NOTES.

1. Sub principal	32 ft.	14. 15th bass	4 ft.
2. Major bass	16 ft.	15. Tierce	3⅕ ft.
3. Principal bass	16 ft.	16. Mixture—2 ranks	—
4. Sub bass	16 ft.	17. Cymbal—2 ranks	—
5. Open diapason bass	16 ft.	18. Contra posaune	32 ft.
6. Violon	16 ft.	19. Posaune	16 ft.
7. Minor bass	8 ft.	20. Bombard	16 ft.
8. Octave bass	8 ft.	21. Contra fagotto	16 ft.
9. Violoncello	8 ft.	22. Trumpet	8 ft.
10. Flute bass	8 ft.	23. Horn	8 ft.
11. Great quint	10⅔ ft.	24. Fagotto	8 ft.
12. Quint bass	5⅓ ft.	25. Clarion	4 ft.
13. Great tierce	6⅖ ft.		

COUPLERS, ETC.

1. Great to pedals	By pedal.	8. Combination for the pedals	
2. Swell to great		9. Combination for swell	
3. Choir to great		10. Do.	do.
4. Tremulant for swell		11. Do.	for the choir
5. Thunder stop			
6. Combination stops for the			
7. Great organ			

There can be no doubt that the secrets of Schulze's success are chiefly due to—1. A plentiful supply of wind from many pairs of strongly made diagonal bellows, supplying different pressures according to the size and requirements of the organ. 2. Large sound boards of exceptional capacity and strength—in this organ there are no fewer than 18, seven for the pedal organ alone. 3. The over six thousand pipes in the Doncaster organ are made from well-seasoned wood, and the finest quality of metal, excepting for the large tubes of the reeds on the pedal organ, in which zinc is successfully employed. 4. His genius for scaling and voicing. Some idea of the size of this organ may be obtained from the fact that it occupies nearly the whole of the north chapel of the spacious church, and is 31 feet wide by 26 feet deep. It is nearly 40 feet high. The swell-box, situated in the most elevated part, is larger than many ordinary large organs, and encloses a space of 18 feet wide, 12 feet deep, and 11 feet 6 inches high.

In the way of repairs nothing has been done since Schulze left it; and, excepting the reeds, but little tuning has been required. The wear and tear of over twenty years, the dust, and varied temperature in the church have undoubtedly contributed towards creating the necessity now for a complete overhauling, cleaning (especially the reeds and mixtures of the great organ); the substitution of powerful gas or water supply for blowing, in place of the old treadmill plan requiring six or more strong men to keep in the wind for the full organ, and other desirable work.

This, however, should not be undertaken by any but an experienced, accomplished artist, who has spent his life in making himself thoroughly acquainted with the value, importance, and sacredness of such magnificent tone-power and beauty of work contained in this unsurpassed instrument in St. George's Church, Doncaster, of which not only the vicar, wardens, and inhabitants generally, but the whole county of York are so justly proud. No amateur, however highly recommended by influential friends or by himself, should have the chance of doing—what has been done elsewhere—mischief to valuable instruments, made and finished by builders of genius, artistic skill, and the highest reputation.

Assisted by the kind attention of the organist, Mr. Robert Rogers, I recently spent two or three hours in hearing, playing, and examining this grand Doncaster organ. On some previous occasions, shortly after it was finished, I heard its music from the hands, feet, and minds of Smart, Hopkins, Rea, and Jeremiah Rogers; but, though many parts are not now in good order (as I have already intimated), I had not before enjoyed so much, or appreciated so highly, its sublime foundation tone-power as I did on this occasion. The flue-work of the great and choir organs, as far as the 4-feet tone, is truly superb, and I have never heard—not even from the finest of Silbermann's famous instruments in Germany—a finer variety, beauty, and rich, distinctive character tone—pure, unattenuated, unadulterated tone. The player, especially if he can extemporise fairly well, sits with a flood of sound ready to the touch of his fingers, and a store of thunder lying harmless at his feet. The thickness, depth, and independence of the pedal organ here vindicate supremely the ascendancy of this important section; where, especially in slow subjects, when the bass rolls in its ponderousness—there is no disputing it—it is like the *fiat* of the Omnipotent. The swell, solo, and echo organs have also their gems, especially the harmonic flutes, and many other delicately voiced stops. I am bound, however, to admit that the reeds and mixtures, particularly of the great organ, are not, so far as my own individual opinion goes, equal to the other parts of the instrument. But Schulze did not affect reeds much; indeed, to have matched and continued the power and brilliancy of the flue work would probably have resulted in comparative failure and objectionable resonance. Silbermann's masterpiece, erected in the Royal Catholic Church, Dresden, 1754, contains out of thirty stops on three manuals only two reeds—a "Trompete" of 8ft., and a "Fagott" of 16ft., both in the great organ. When

I played on this and other instruments of his in 1871, I confess I did not seem to care for or desire any reeds. So with Schulze at Doncaster. He wanted to build a grand *church* organ on the old German lines of tone and mechanism, and we all know how splendidly he succeeded, and how delightfully satisfied Mr. Rogers was with the result.

The several organists of the church were thus appointed :— 1739, Mr. William Tireman, of York, with a salary of £20, paid by the Corporation ; 1741, Mr. John Maddock, with a like salary, to which, in 1744, £10 was added ; 1755, Mr. John Camidge, York, £30 ; 1756, Mr. Edward Miller, Mus. Doc., with £30 a year ; October, 1807, Mr. Isaac Brailsford, of His Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James', with fifty guineas a year ; 23rd of April, 1835, St. George's Day, Mr. Jeremiah Rogers ; he won the appointment in a public competition of skill against a number of talented organists, Dr. Camidge being the umpire. The salary was sixty guineas a year, with a pew in the church, the latter accommodation being, of course, lost by the fire.

The present organist is Mr. R. M. Rogers, the son of Mr. Jeremiah Rogers, who was appointed in 1879, at a salary of £50 a year. Out of these there can be no question that "Jerry Rogers"—as he was familiarly and invariably called—stands first and foremost, not only on account of his great abilities as an organist, but more, perhaps, for the knowledge he obtained of organs and organ tone—the enthusiasm and liberality he displayed in his connection with Schulze's gigantic instrument in the Parish Church, and his generous hospitality to the many distinguished artists—especially organists—who visited Doncaster to see the grand Fane, hear the inimitable organ, and listen to the sweet bells cast by Warner. Living in a large, roomy house in the High Street, once occupied by a "nob," surrounded in the chief apartments by valuable paintings, grand pianofortes, and much artistic old furniture, "Jerry Rogers," especially when entertaining his brother professors of the "divine art," was indeed a genial, conversational, witty host—a real Amphitryon of the right sort. It is no wonder, therefore, that in the after days of his son, upon whose shoulders his mantle had fallen, an old, celebrated, and chatty composer went to pay his young friend a six days' visit, and actually remained in the house six months. However, before taking his last farewell he left with his *fidus Achates* a handsome coin to give to the next church collection. Perhaps !

Mr. R. M. Rogers played and conducted the services of the church two years before his father died in 1879. As soon as

that sad event had taken place a requisition was got up, signed by the Mayor and all the principal inhabitants, asking the vicar and wardens for his election as organist proper. This was shortly afterwards answered by his unanimous appointment as organist, etc., of Doncaster Parish Church. Mr. J. Rogers had another son (born in 1850), who is now a flourishing architect in Bristol, but no daughter. It may be here mentioned that Mr. R. M. Rogers received great educational advantages and training in music—first from his father for four or five years; then at Leipsic, where he was instructed by those famous professors, Richter, Reinecke, Plaidy, etc, for four years; and afterwards he went to Leeds for two years, where he studied the organ and the choral services at the Leeds Parish Church. I had not the opportunity of hearing the choir sing at Doncaster, but I was assured on good, independent authority, that the musical part of the services—fully choral—is devotionally and excellently rendered by a white-robed choir of about forty voices, led by the able Mr. John Kirk, the whole being under the direction and supervision of the organist, whose general undemonstrative organ accompaniments to the Psalms, hymns, anthems, etc., add greatly to the *tout ensemble.*

No. 6.—Sheffield—The Parish Church and Albert Hall Organs.

Sheffield, like Leeds, rejoices in the possession of two very fine organs; and, like Leeds, one is placed in the Parish Church, the other in its principal hall, or concert-room. Unlike Leeds, however, the grand instrument in the Sheffield Music Hall was built by Cavaille-Coll and Co., of Paris; whilst our own magnificent organ in the Leeds Town Hall was made and erected by an English firm, Messrs. Gray and Davison, of London, from the plans and specifications of two English organists. The Sheffield Parish Church organ formerly contained much good old work of Snetzler's, erected in 1755. From time to time, however, the usual meddlers and muddlers got hold of it, and, as in many other instances, hewed and hacked at the valuable old machine, adding what was ycleped "improvements" (!), but taking good care to leave but few of its original beauties behind. The instrument has been entirely rebuilt by those able artists Brindley and Foster, of Sheffield. The Leeds Parish Church organ was also originally

a Snetzler, but every trace thereof was carefully eliminated before it reached the artistically endowed hands of Greenwood, Holt, Hill, Schulze, and Abbott.

The following is the complete specification of the organ in the Parish Church of Sheffield :—

GREAT ORGAN—CC TO C.

1.	Double Open Diapason	m. 16 ft.	8.	Great Cornet 5 ranks m.	various.
2.	Open Diapason (large)	m. 8 ft.			
3.	Open Diapason (small)	m. 8 ft.	9.	Sharp Mixture 3 ranks m.	,,
4.	Hohl Flote ... w. and	m. 8 ft.	10.	Contra Posaune ...	m. 16 ft.
5.	Principal	m. 4 ft.	11.	Tromba	m. 8 ft.
6.	Harmonic Flute w. and	m. 4 ft.	12.	Clarion	m. 4 ft.
7.	Grave Mixture 2 ranks m.	12th and 15th			

SWELL ORGAN—CC TO C.

13.	Bourdon ... w. and	m. 16 ft.	20.	Sesquialtra 3 ranks m.	various.
14.	Open Diapason ...	m. 8 ft.			
15.	Gedact ... ... w. and	m. 8 ft.	21.	Contra Fagotto .	m. 16 ft.
16.	Echo Dulciana	m. 8 ft.	22.	Horn	m. 8 ft.
17.	Unda Maris	m. 8 ft.	23.	Oboe	m. 8 ft.
18.	Principal	m. 4 ft.	24.	Clarion	m. 4 ft.
19.	Mixture... ...2 ranks m.	12th and 15th	25.	Vox Humana	m. 8 ft.

CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO C.

26.	Lieblich Bourdon w. and	m. 16 ft.	30.	Flauto Traverso ...	m. 4 ft.
27.	Salicional	m. 8 ft.	31.	Dulcet Twelfth ...	m. $2\frac{2}{3}$ ft.
28.	Dulciana	m. 8 ft.	32.	Piccolo	m. 2 ft.
29.	Lieblich Gedact w. and	m. 8 ft.	33.	Clarionet	m. 8 ft.

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC TO F.

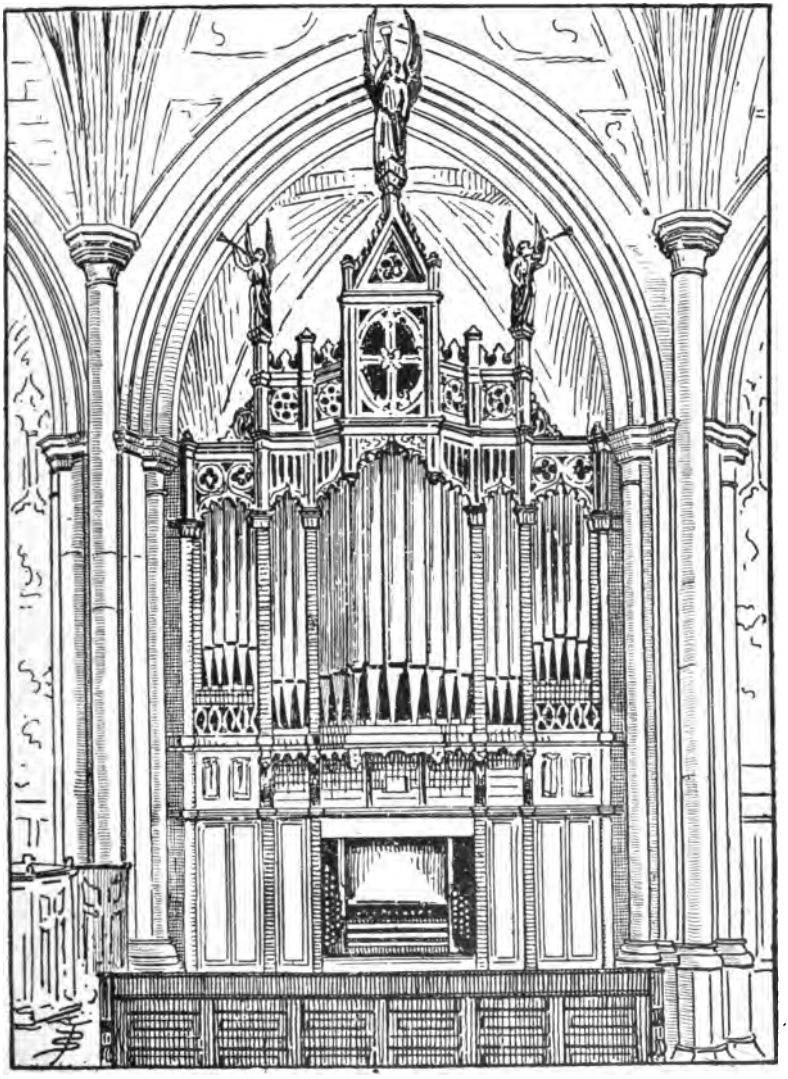
34.	Major Bass	w. 16 ft.	38.	Flute	w. 8 ft.
35.	Sub-Bass	w. 16 ft.	39.	Octave	w. 8 ft.
36.	Violone	m. 16 ft.	40.	Bombarde	m. 16 ft.
37.	Quint	m. $10\frac{2}{3}$ ft.	41.	Trompette	m. 8 ft.

COUPLERS.

42. Swell to Great.	47. Great Super Octave.
43. Swell to Pedal.	48. Swell Super Octave.
44. Great to Pedal.	49. Swell Sub-Octave.
45. Choir to Pedal.	50. Choir Sub-Octave.
46. Swell to Choir.	51. Tremulant.

4 Composition Pistons and 4 Composition Pedals to Gt. and Pedal Organs.
4 ,, ,, 4 ,, ,, to Swell ,,
Reversing Pedal controlling No. 44.
Pedal to cut off Great Flute Pipes.
,, ,, Great Reed Pipes.

I have recently made a careful examination of this fine organ, played, and heard it played by the present talented organist, Mr. Edwin H. Lemare. It does not stand in the best possible position, and has had to be somewhat cramped or crowded for



Sheffield Parish Church Organ.

want of more space. It is nevertheless possessed of much grand tone and varied effects; and yet there are points the honest critic might object to, such as a wind pressure of $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the reeds on the great and swell organs, causing them to become too metallic and clanging, and consequently more of the "orchestrion" stamp than an ecclesiastical—bright, but smooth, rich, and even-tone. The 16ft. open diapason on the great, associated with the violon on the pedals, is placed chiefly in front as ornamental pipes. The upper part of this useful stop is very good, but the lower octave is somewhat defective and windy—a matter the eminent builders can soon rectify. The bellows-blowing is accomplished by manual labour (as at Doncaster), four men with a wheel and a crank struggling hard to keep the supply required. Especially trying, if not cruel, is this process when the organist has, as the Americans say, "pulled out all the stoppers, and let fly, full bang." In a great and wealthy town like Sheffield, where so much is known of mechanical ingenuity and contrivances for trade purposes, surely this want for the Sheffield Parish Church organ could soon be remedied by the substitution of a gas or water engine.

In the swell there is a sweetly-voiced *unda maris*, which, either alone or in combination with other stops, is remarkably effective. The flue-work generally, especially the eight-feet registers, are voiced with great skill, and possess a broad, expansive, church tone, not often surpassed by the modern handicraftsman. Messrs. Brindley and Foster have such a high reputation for their admirable mechanism, general inside work, as well as the strength and expanse of their bellows and sound-boards, that little need be said on this point, nor on their tubular pneumatic action, which they have now brought nearly to perfection, much to the comfort of the player and the effect of his playing. These are especially to be found in their splendid organ built in the magnificent new church of St. John's, Ranmoor, erected at the sole cost of Mr. Mappin, sen., at Broomhill, one of the most lovely suburbs of the picturesque neighbourhood of Sheffield. It is indeed an organ for an artist to perform on, and, if he has time, to encore himself *ad libitum*. Added to this, the fane is accoustically good, and the waves of sound—the different stops—the artist's utterances, all come to the ears of the hearer with distinct articulation, and realistic, grateful charm.

The organist of Sheffield Parish Church is Mr. Edwin Lemare, a young man under 30, who has already by his talent and industry raised himself to a high position as an executant and

solo organist. He was born in Ventnor, I.O.W., in 1865, and is the son of worthy parents (whom I have the pleasure of knowing), who spared no trouble or expense to have the natural talents of their son developed and encouraged by the best masters at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was the Goss Scholar for three years, studying respectively under Sir George Macfarren, Doctor Steggall, Walter Macfarren, etc. He held several appointments in London, and was subsequently organist of St. Andrew's Church, and the Park Hall, Cardiff, from which place he migrated to Sheffield, where he has held his present post for nearly five years.* Unfortunately I had not the pleasure and the privilege to attend any choral service, but I hear that there is an excellent choir of nearly fifty voices at the Parish Church, and that the musical functions are, with the concurrent sanction of the esteemed Vicar, Archdeacon Blakeney, well and carefully performed ; indeed music is there, as in nearly all churches at the present time, a *sine qua non*, proving a source of sacred delight to thousands of worshippers. May I not add here that all church buildings without music are mere shells without fruit—ships without crew and cargo—and simply provocative of the condemnation and destruction of the Church itself?

THE ALBERT HALL ORGAN, SHEFFIELD.

Here we have one of the finest concert organs in England, and of which the Sheffield people—those who understand these things—are justly proud. And yet but little good use is made of this great instrument ; indeed, it is not systematically kept in order, the "company" to whom the hall and organ belongs charging almost a prohibitive price for their use—£23 for one night ! The tariff for the grand organ and capacious Victoria Hall in Leeds does not reach one-half this sum for speculative purposes, and considerably less for charitable objects. The following official description of the Sheffield Albert Hall gives a correct idea of its magnitude and utility :—

The first floor is occupied by the large hall, with its corridors and staircases, and a private room, with lavatory, etc. The floor space of the hall is here 103ft. 6in. by 60ft., but at the first gallery level above the dimensions are increased to 125ft. by 60ft., the hall occupying the entire length of the site. At about 10ft. above the floor a balcony, two seats in depth, of ample

* He has since removed to London.

width, runs round three sides of the hall, and behind this, at the Barker-pool end, having a separate entrance, is a large gallery, the organ and orchestra occupying the other end, and another private room is in immediate communication with them. Above the first gallery is another gallery of large dimensions, and opposite to this on each side of the organ are two roomy private boxes. The height of the hall internally is 50ft. The acoustic properties of the room have been the subject of anxious consideration and consultation with the best authorities, and the result has been the adoption of the somewhat peculiar but not inelegant form of ceiling, which is flat, with the angles of junction with the walls sloped off, and without any large breaks or projections, and is of lath and plaster.

And now we may proceed to give a description of the grand organ, built by the celebrated Cavaille-Coll, of Paris, at the suggestion of John Hopwood, Esq., Bracewell, Skipton, who had had a superb instrument erected in his sumptuous music room at a cost of £3,000, and upon which I had the honour and pleasure to give a series of inaugural recitals in 1870. The cost of the Sheffield organ was £5,000. Here is the Synopsis :—

CLAVIER DU GRAND ORGUE (Grand Organ) CC to C ALTISSIMO, 61 NOTES.

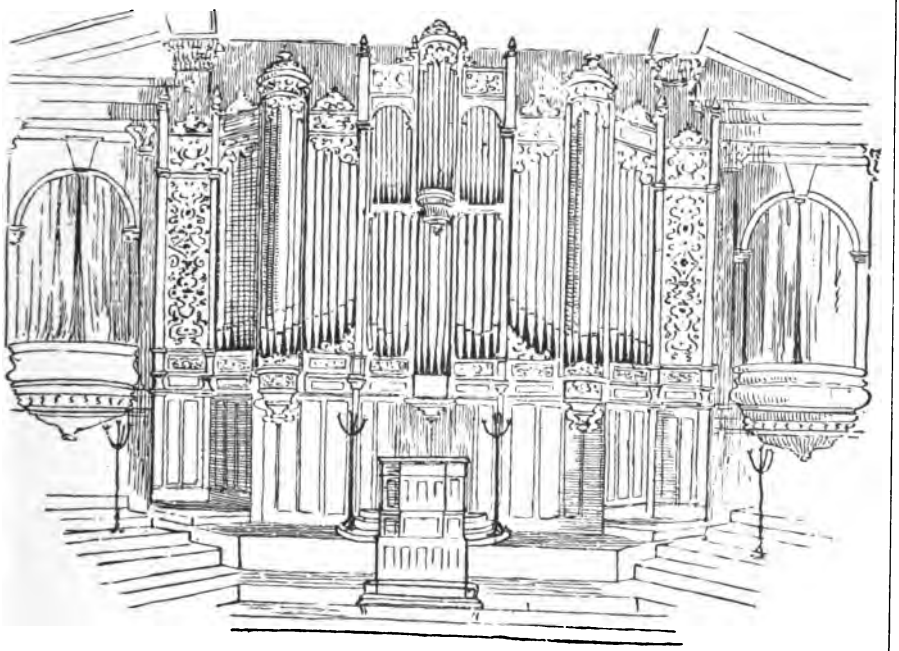
Jeux de Fond.		Jeux de Combinaison.	
1. Montre	16 ft.	10. Octave Flute	4 ft.
2. Gambe	16 ft.	11. Quinte	2⅔ ft.
3. Bourdon	16 ft.	12. Fourniture	5 ranks.
4. Montre	8 ft.	13. Cymbale	4 ft.
5. Salicional	8 ft.	14. Bombarde	16 ft.
6. Viole de Gambe	8 ft.	15. Trompette	8 ft.
7. Flute Harmonique	8 ft.	16. Clarion	4 ft.
8. Bourdon	8 ft.		
9. Prestant	4 ft.		

CLAVIER DU POSITIF EXPRESSIF (Choir Organ) CC to C ALTIS., 61 NOTES.

Jeux de Fond.		Jeux de Combinaison.	
1. Quintaton	16 ft.	7. Quinte	2⅔ ft.
2. Principal	8 ft.	8. Doublette	2 ft.
3. Nacht Horn	8 ft.	9. Piccolo	1 ft.
4. Unda Maris	8 ft.	10. Clarinette	8 ft.
5. Prestant	4 ft.	11. Basson and Hautbois ...	8 ft.
6. Flute-douce	4 ft.	12. Voix Humaine	8 ft.

CLAVIER DU RECIT-EXPRESSIF (Swell Organ) CC to C IN ALTIS., 61 NOTES.

Jeux de Fond.		Jeux de Combinaison.	
1. Bourdon-doux	16 ft.	7. Viole d'amour	4 ft.
2. Flute Traversière	8 ft.	8. Doublette	2 ft.
3. Diapason	8 ft.	9. Cornet	5 ranks.
4. Gambe	8 ft.	10. Cor. Anglais	16 ft.
5. Flute Octaviante	4 ft.	11. Trompette	8 ft.
6. Voix-Celeste	8 ft.	12. Clarion	4 ft



The Albert Hall Organ, Sheffield.

CLAVIER DU SOLO (Solo Organ; Swell) CC to C IN ALTIS., 61 NOTES.

Jeux de Fond.		Jeux de Combinaison.	
1. Bourdon	16 ft.	10. Tuba Magna	16 ft.
2. Diapason	8 ft.	11. Trompette	8 ft.
3. Flute Octaviante	4 ft.	12. Clarion	4 ft.
4. Flute Harmonique	8 ft.		
5. Quinte	$2\frac{2}{3}$ ft.		
6. Doublette	2 ft.		
7. Tierce...	1 3-5 ft.		
8. Cor d'harmonie	8 ft.		
9. Basson and Hautbois ...	8 ft.		

CLAVIER DE PEDALE (Pedal Organ) CCC TO F. 30 NOTES.

Jeux de Fond.		Jeux de Combinaison.	
1. Principal Basse	32 ft.	9. Contre Bombarde	32 ft.
2. Violin Basse	16 ft.	10. Bombarde	16 ft.
3. Contra Basse	16 ft.	11. Trompette	8 ft.
4. Soubasse	16 ft.	12. Clarion	4 ft.
5. Grande Quinte ...	$10\frac{2}{3}$ ft.		
6. Violoncelle	8 ft.		
7. Basse	8 ft.		
8. Corni Dolci	4 ft.		

PEDALES DE COMBINAISON.

1. Effet d'Orage.
2. Tirasse Grande Orgue.
3. Do. Positif.
4. Do. Récit.
5. Do. Solo.
6. Anches Pedales.
7. Do. Grande Orgue.
8. Do. Positif.
9. Do. Récit.
10. Do. Solo.
11. Expression Positif.
12. Expression Récit.
13. Octaves Graves.
14. Copula Grande Orgue.
15. Do. Positif.
16. Do. Récit.
17. Do. Solo.
18. Do. du Récit au Positif.
19. Tremolo du Positif.
20. Do. du Récit.
21. Expression Solo.
22. Expression collective du Positif Récit. et Solo.

RESUME DE NOMBRE DE JEUX ET DE TUYAUX DANS LEUR INTONATION.

Designation des Claviers.	Jeux de									Plein jeu et Cornet.	De Jeux.	Nombre de Tuyaux.
	32ft.	16	$10\frac{2}{3}$	8	4	$2\frac{2}{3}$	2	13-5	1			
Grand Orgue	...	4	...	6	3	1	..	..	...	2-9	16	1403
Positif Expressif ...	...	1	...	6	2	1	1	...	1	...	12	720
Recit Expressif ...	...	2	...	5	3	...	1	...	...	1-4	12	849
Solo Expressif ...	...	2	...	5	2	1	1	1	..	...	12	732
Pedales	2	4	1	3	2	...	...	...	...	...	12	360
Totaux	2	13	1	25	12	3	3	1	1	3-13	64	4064

The case, as will be seen by the illustration, is in the Renaissance style, was designed by M. Simil, and has medallions of Bach and Handel placed on each of the consoles, which,

after the French fashion, are placed with the performer's face to the audience. The inaugural recital was given on Monday, December 16th, 1873, by Mr. W. T. Best, organist of St George's Hall, Liverpool, which took place in the afternoon, and was largely attended. The Earl Manvers and party were among those present, as also were many of the *elite* of Sheffield and the neighbourhood. Before the commencement of the recital the Mayor (Alderman Hallam) entered the orchestra, invested with his chain of office, accompanied by the ex-Mayor (Alderman Fairburn) and several other gentlemen.

For a complete account of this interesting recital I am indebted to Sir William Leng and his son, Mr. C. D. Leng, by whose kindness and courtesy the case illustration and the concert notice have been specially extracted from their paper, the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, of December 17th, 1873.

"Mr. Best's programme embraced every variety of music calculated to display to the fullest extent the capabilities of the organ. The result was but to confirm our previously expressed opinion that Sheffield now possesses one of the finest and most complete organs in the country. This opinion was amply borne out by the many encomiums we heard passed on the instrument by competent critics who were present during the recital. The programme opened with Fantasia in G major, Bach, in which the diapasons of the organ were heard to great advantage on the masterly allacapella which forms the basis of the work. Towards the end an unexpected chord played upon the reed registers prepared the way for one of this composer's most brilliant cadenzas. No. 2 a Larghetto, by Mozart, in D major Op. 108. This is a movement of much grace from one of Mozart's quintettes, with clarionet obbligato. It was a piece well calculated to display the characteristic voicing of this register. One of Mr. Best's own compositions was the next on the programme, being an adagio from his fourth book. The succession of chords at the opening of the adagio played on the tubas of the solo organ was remarkably fine, and was a decided contrast to the theme which followed for the soft and expressive stops of the organ. Mr. Best was particularly happy in this piece, and indulged in many fine examples of combinations, the effect of which was very pleasing. Piece No. 4 was an echo movement from Bach's *Partita* in B minor. It is an exceedingly quaint composition, and derives its name from a short succession of notes being repeated pianissimo every now and then. The movement concluded with a fugue in G minor, from the fourth volume of the same composer's organ works. Lemmen's

Fantasia in D major concluded the first part of the recital. This work comprises three movements, and is to be found in the composer's "Ecole d'Orgue," published in 1862. The first, a sprightly fanfare of trumpets played staccato throughout, arrests the ear at once by its characteristic rhythm. This gives place to an allegretto cantabile for the light flue registers, and the piece ends with an allegro maestoso which brought the entire resources of the organ into play. The audience had thus an opportunity of judging of its great power and ponderosity of tone. Mendelssohn's F minor Sonata, No. 1 began the second part of the programme. The playing of this work was a masterly effort, particularly so in the tranquil harmony of the adagio movement, and fully merited the hearty applause which followed its performance. Lefébure-Wély's offertorium in B flat major was the next selection, and the recital concluded with Handel's Organ Concerto, C minor and major. This was probably the finest piece in the programme, and Mr. Best's playing of it was superb. The work opens with a succession of stately phrases, followed by a characteristic allegro which the composer must have esteemed very highly as it has been employed by him in three other of his instrumental works. The minuette is a gem, and quite entranced the audience. The last movement, an *allegro con brio*, afforded another opportunity of hearing the full organ."

No. 7.—St. Mark's, Leeds, and Eccles Parish Church.

THESE are two representative instruments of a Leeds organ builder, whose excellent work is becoming daily more appreciated and sought for. In my articles on "Organs and Organists" I find it impossible to please all parties (if I did, I should not realise the truth of Æsop's fable of the old man and the ass), especially those "in the trade," and those interested in the trade. Still, I feel conscious of possessing honesty of purpose, and a willingness at all times to undergo an examination, oral or written, on the real merits of those organists and organ builders whose works and acts I have ventured to record and criticise, I hope with advantage to those interested in these matters. Being perfectly independent of all, I can boldly assert my right to my own views and ideas, and have (as the saying goes) "the courage of my opinions." Of course they do not please all. Poets, painters, and musicians are all very sensitive, at least

those who possess taste, enthusiasm, or feeling; and I can therefore the more readily forgive those who trespass on my views and opinions, just as I hope to be forgiven on the other side. But all men who are raised above savage life, who ought to be considerably improved by arts, government, and conversation, should become more liberal in their views towards those who differ from them—those who wish to throw light and leading on matters which they have made their life study (and if you like) their "hobby." We cannot now reduce our writings, conversations, and behaviour to the uniformity and mode of other days.

ST. MARK'S ORGAN.

The organ in St. Mark's Church should be seen and heard to be properly understood and appreciated. It is indeed a fine instrument, and this opinion is shared by my respected friend, Mr. W. T. Best, as well as other organists less celebrated.

Compass of Manuals, CC to C.
,, Pedals, CCC to F.
Concave and Radiating Pedals, C of Org. scale.

Blown by two hydraulic engines, which work five double-acting feeders, which send wind into a special reservoir preparatory to its passing into reservoirs in organ. Spotted metal pipes throughout. Solid ivory stop knobs.

GREAT ORGAN. (Wind, 3½ inches.)

1. Bourdon	16 ft.	7. Wald Flute...	4 ft.
2. Large Open Diapason ...	8 ft.	8. Twelfth	2⅔ ft.
3. Small ,, ,, ...	8 ft.	9. Fifteenth	2 ft.
4. Gamba	8 ft.	10. Mixture (3 ranks) ...	various
5. Harmonique Flute	4 ft.	11. Trumpet	8 ft.
6. Octave	4 ft.	12. Clarion	4 ft.

CHOIR ORGAN. (In a Swell box. Wind, 3 inches.)

1. Open Diapason	8 ft.	4. Lieblich Gedact	8 ft.
2. Gamba	8 ft.	5. Dolce	4 ft.
3. Quate Flute...	8 ft.	6. Clarionet	8 ft.

SWELL ORGAN. (Wind, 3¼ inches.)

1. Bourdon	16 ft.	8. Mixture (3 ranks) ...	various
2. Open Diapason	8 ft.	9. Piccolo	2 ft.
3. Stopped ,, ...	8 ft.	10. Contra Faggotto	16 ft.
4. Salicional	8 ft.	11. Cornotean	8 ft.
5. Voix Celeste	8 ft.	12. Oboe	8 ft.
6. Octave	4 ft.	13. Clarion	8 ft.
7. Harmonique Flute	4 ft.		

PEDAL ORGAN. (Wind, 3½ inches.)

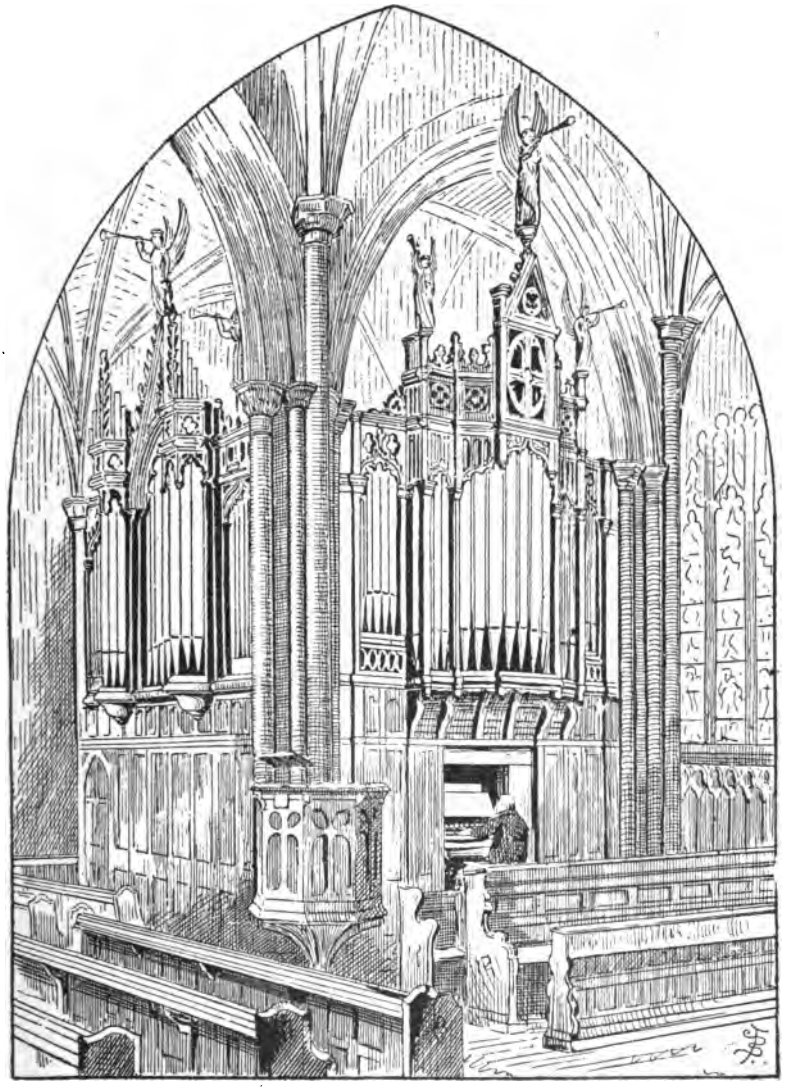
1. Double Open Diapason ...	16 ft.	5. Violoncello	8 ft.
2. Violone	16 ft.	6. Flute Bass	8 ft.
3. Sub. Bass	16 ft.	7. Quint	10⅔ ft.
4. Principal	8 ft.		

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great.	8. Choir to Great.
2. Swell to Choir.	9. Choir to Pedal.
3. Swell to Pedal.	10. Choir to Octave.
4. Swell to Sub. Octave.	11. Great to Pedal.
5. Swell to Octave.	12. Great to Octave.
6. Swell to Great Sub. Octave.	13. Tremulant to Swell.
7. Swell to Great Octave.	14. Tremulant to Choir.

Four Combination Pedals to Great and Pedal Organ.
Three Combination Pedals to Swell Organ.
Double-action Combination Pedals for Great to Pedal Coupler.

This instrument was the munificent gift of the Misses March, of Beech Grove House, Leeds, who were good enough to place the designing thereof in my hands. Of the fabrication by Mr. J. J. Binns, I will only here quote from a local journal of May 27th, 1889:—"The new organ which has been presented by the Misses March in memory of their father, the late Mr. J. O. March, was yesterday morning dedicated to the service of God. The instrument is a very fine one, and has cost upwards of £1,600. The organ scheme was prepared by Dr. Spark, and the result is very satisfactory. The great organ has 12 stops and 854 pipes; the swell organ 13 stops and 903 pipes; choir organ 6 stops, 366 pipes; pedal organ 7 stops, 126 pipes; and couplers 15 stops, a total of 53 stops and 2,249 pipes. Both the choir and swell organs are enclosed in separate swell boxes. All the metal pipes are of spotted metal. The organ has been built by Mr. J. J. Binns, of Bramley, and it is furnished throughout with his patent tubular pneumatic action. The instrument, which is enclosed in a handsome oak case, designed by Mr. Walter A. Hobson, architect, Leeds, is blown by two of Mr. William Speight's patent hydraulic engines, which are started and stopped from the keyboard by his patent automatic starter. During the service yesterday Dr. Spark played selections. After the Psalms had been sung in the morning he played the voluntaries, 'Angels ever bright and fair' and 'The Nightingale Chorus,' both by Handel. At the conclusion of the service the 'Dead March' from *Saul* was played at the special request of the donors of the organ. The tone of the instrument was greatly admired. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Vicar of Leeds, the Rev. Dr. Talbot. In the course of his remarks he said that among the moods of human nature there were those of praise and adoration, and the two naturally met. As they met they found expression. Referring to the gift of the organ he said that if he was not mistaken, it had been given in the true spirit of praise and reverence to God, and was meant as a help to those who worshipped in the church, in their adoration and praise."



St. Mark's Church Organ.

Eccles Parish Church Organ.

With regard to the organ in Eccles Parish Church, on which I had the pleasure to give a recital a short time since, I may say, without doubt, that it is a really beautiful instrument, and reflects equal credit on the specificator (Mr. Kendrick Pyne, of the Cathedral, Manchester), and the builder (Mr. J. J. Binns). It has not, however, the advantage of space, as at St. Mark's, Leeds. It had to be divided, like some other organs, and here the "tubular pneumatic appliances" came in for good and, as it turned out, most successful operation. The grand old church of Eccles, built over 800 years ago, is not the best fane in England for an organ, and the tones of the instrument are heard with varied effect in different parts of the building. I was disappointed with the result of the diapasons when playing on the great organ as compared with those at St. Mark's, Leeds, but on leaving the instrument and going into the vestry, on which the organ abutted, I was astonished to find that the power, as exhibited by Mr. Binns, was 50 per cent. more than I had imagined when I was myself at the keys. Mr. W. C. Lord, one of an eminent firm of solicitors in Manchester, who has been an efficient amateur organist for many years past (having a worthy deputy in Mr. Denton), informs me that the present organ is not only highly appreciated and approved of by the parishioners, but is generally regarded as the best instrument in that part of Lancashire.

The following is the specification of the organ :—

Great Organ.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon	16	61	8. Nazard	$2\frac{2}{3}$	61
2. Op. Diapason	8	61	9. Doublette ...	2	61
3. Principal	8	61	10. Mixture, 3 ranks	various	183
4. Bourdon	8	61	11. Trumpet	8	51
5. Flute Harmonique ...	8	61			
6. Do. do. ...	4	61		Total	793
7. Octave	4	61			

Swell Organ.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon	16	61	8. Cornet, 3 ranks	various	183
2. Op. Diapason	8	61	9. Bassoon	16	61
3. Salicional	8	61	10. Trumpet	8	61
4. Viol d'Orchestra ...	8	61	11. Hautbois	8	61
5. Voix Celestes	8	49	12. Clarion	4	61
6. Gedact	8	61			
7. Octave	4	61		Total	842

Eccles Parish Church Organ.

SOLO ORGAN.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Violin-e-Cello	8	61	6. Orchestral Oboe... ...	8	61
2. Gedact	8	61	7. Vox Humana	8	61
3. Flute douce	4	61	8. Tuba	8	61
4. Octavin	2	61			
5. Clarinette	8	61	Total		488

PEDAL ORGAN.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Contre Bass	16	30	6. Trombone	16	30
2. Bourdon	16	30	7. Trumpet	8	12
3. Quinte	$10\frac{2}{3}$	12			
4. Octave	8	12	Total		138
5. Flute	8	12			

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great.
2. Swell Sub. to Great.
3. Swell Octave to Great.
4. Solo to Great.
5. Swell Octave.
6. Swell Suboctave.
7. Solo Suboctave.
8. Great to Pedals.
9. Swell to Pedals.
10. Solo to Pedals.
11. Solo to Swell.
12. Tremulant to Swell.
13. Tremulant to Solo.

SUMMARY.

Great Organ	11 Stops.	793 Pipes.
Swell Organ	12 ,,	842 ,,
Solo Organ	8 ,,	488 ,,
Pedal Organ	7 ,,	138 ,,
Couplers, etc.	13 ,,	
Total	51 Stops.	2,261 Pipes.

3 Combination Pedals to Great and Pedal Organs, and 3 to Swell Organ.

NO. 8.—BELGIUM BUILT ORGANS IN YORKSHIRE.

THE PRIORY CHURCH, BRIDLINGTON;
ST. MARY'S (ROMAN CATHOLIC), BRADFORD.

As will have been noticed by the accounts I have endeavoured to give of various instruments now to be seen and heard here in the North—there are organs and organs—organists and organists—just as there are various qualities of "woollens" to be had in Clothopolis—good, bad, and indifferent. Fortunately

for me, I have not yet had to do with a wholly "indifferent" organ, though doubtless some parts of those described deserve the appellation. So far, with the exception of the magnificent flue-work in the Doncaster organ, and certain portions of Cavaille's French instrument in the Albert Hall, Sheffield, the English builders have carried off the palm; and for this, I, for one, am justly proud. For general excellence of tone, material (both wood and metal), fine inside work, and a highly commendable and conscientious desire to give (what used not to be done) "a good penny's worth for a penny"—the present class of Yorkshire organ builders, led by Abbott and Smith, Brindley and Foster, Binns, Conachers, and Forster and Andrews (I give them alphabetically), are not easily to be beaten by the distinguished *facteurs*, either of our own metropolis or the Continent.

Undoubtedly the Americans are closely upon our heels, and Hilborne L. Roosevelt, who has extensive factories in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, has built some magnificent organs in various cities and towns of the States, in which largeness has not been their only recommendation, but in *tone* (always remember this is the chief point in an organ), as well as in the invention and application of many ingenious mechanical contrivances, all have combined to waft Roosevelt's fame as an organ *facteur* to the "four quarters of the globe." But it must be remembered that this distinguished artist has not accomplished this without doing that which many advanced organists of the English School recommended their countrymen to do "a long while ago," namely, to "take tours through Germany, France, and England, in order personally to inspect various foreign inventions, and to enable us (Roosevelt) to cultivate the personal acquaintance of the most celebrated makers there, and to thoroughly master every detail of their various systems."

In the notice I will now proceed with of the principal Belgian organs built and erected in England by M. Chas. Anneessens, of Grammont, Belgium, I scarcely think the builder has been quite as "cute" as Brother Jonathan, but has preferred to take his models from the best Franco-Belgian specimens to which he could get access, and thus lost sight of the distinguishing excellencies and specialities of the *chef d'œuvres* of the Germans and English. Nevertheless, M. Chas. Anneessens has built some remarkable organs, not the least of which is that in the grand old Priory Church, Bridlington, the following being the specification :—

GREAT ORGAN. 61 Notes.

1. Large Open Diapason ... 16 ft.
2. Large Open Diapason ... 8 ft.
3. Bourdon ... ... 16 ft.
4. Violin ... ... 8 ft.
5. Harmonic Flute ... ... 8 ft.
6. Ocarina ... . 4 ft.
7. Principal ... ... 4 ft.
8. Twelfth ... ... 3 ft.
9. Piccolo .. .. 2 ft.
10. Cornet (2-3-4 ranks)
11. Bombarde ... ... 16 ft.
12. Trumpet ... ... 8 ft.
13. Clarion ... . 4 ft.

CHOIR ORGAN. 61 Notes.

14. Hohlflute ... ... 8 ft.
15. Viola... ... ... 8 ft.
16. Gemshorn ... ... 8 ft.
17. Open Diapason ... ... 8 ft.
18. Bourdon ... ... 8 ft.
19. Clarinette anches libres ... 8 ft.
20. Melophone ... ... 4 ft.

SWELL ORGAN. 61 Notes.

21. Bourdon ... ... 16 ft.
22. Stopped Diapason ... ... 8 ft.
23. Open Diapason ... ... 8 ft.
24. Viol de Gembe ... ... 8 ft.
25. Voix Céleste ... ... 8 ft.
26. Flute... ... ... 4 ft.
27. Flageolet ... ... 2 ft.
28. Piccolo ... ... 1 ft.
29. Mixture (3 ranks)
30. Trumpet Harmonic ... 8 ft.
31. Basson Hautbois ... ... 8 ft.
32. Voix Humaina ... ... 8 ft.

PEDAL ORGAN. 30 Notes.

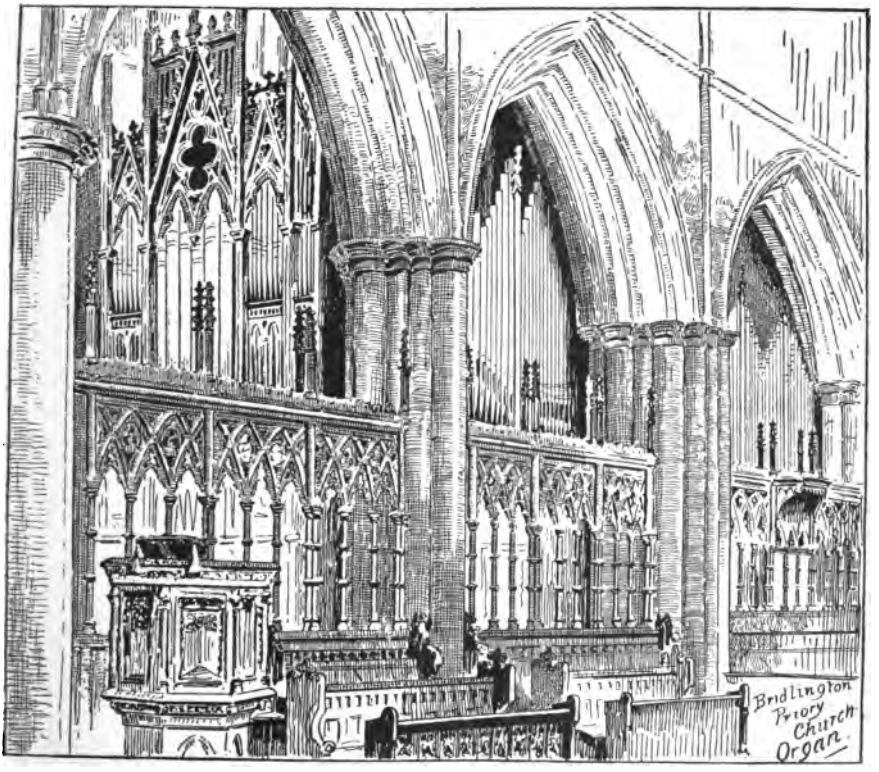
33. Sousbasse ... ... 16 ft.
34. Grosse Open Flute .. ... 16 ft.
35. Quinte ... . 12 ft.
36. Basse Flute ... ... 8 ft.
37. Basse... .. .. 4 ft.
38. Tuba ... ... 8 ft.
39. Bombarde ... ... 16 ft.
40. Tubasson ... ... 16 ft.
41. Contratuba .. .. 32 ft.

COUPLERS AND ACCESSORY PEDALS.

1. Great to Pedal.
2. Choir to Pedals.
3. Swell to Pedals.
4. Swell Super Octave.
5. Swell Sub. Octave.
6. Choir to Great.
7. Swell to Choir.
8. Reeds Great Organ.
9. Reeds Swell Organ.
10. Reeds Pedal Organ.
11. Tremolo Swell.
12. Balanced Swell Pedal.
13. 8 Combination Buttons.

It has three manuals, separate pedals, buttons and combination pedals, all acting with pneumatic action.

The builder had the advantage of height and space in which to erect his instrument, the result being great resonance, a prolongation of tone which would alternately cling to the arches, pillars, and roof, and delight the listener; but which in a confined, flat roof, ill-ventilated, small church or chapel, would have had no such result, and produced no such effect. The flutes and reeds as in nearly all French and Belgian organs are charming, saving, perhaps, the 32 feet contratuba, which roars like a lion, but the lion has the advantage of being permitted to roar its mightiest from the very end of an immense church, with the whole of the great building's space before it



Bridlington Priory Church Organ.

uninterrupted for its sounding room. The eight feet diapasons, and what is called the "flue work" generally, of the great organ, is disappointing, a succession of single notes played slowly in scale fashion, up or down, one selected stop or register, revealing occasional weakness and irregularity. In this department Schulze speaks in very different tones. The swell organ is very effective on the whole. Some charming effects may be obtained by a judicious variety of stops, which have been voiced with great skill and delicacy. Altogether this Belgian instrument lacks that massive grandeur, richness, and solidity of tone which should characterise an English church organ of such size and dimensions—and especially when the capacity, sublimity, and beauty of the building in which it is placed are taken into account. The case alone of this fine organ is worth going to Bridlington to see. We believe it was constructed at the suggestion of the highly respected Rector, Bishop Helmuth, aided by the efforts of the wardens and the clever architect. At any rate I give a good representation of it taken from a beautful large photograph in my possession by Mr. J. W. Shores, of Bridlington Quay.

The instrument was "opened" by a performer described on the bills, programmes, and in the advertisements as "The celebrated Belgian organist, M. Auguste Wiegand, Laureate of the Conservatoire of Liege, Medallist of the Brussels Conservatoire, selected player at Crystal Palace (London), International Exhibition (Anvers) at Paris, Berlin, etc.; and Organist of the Premier Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Ostend." Undoubtedly, M. Auguste Wiegand is a very clever organist, and he runs over the keys and pedals with much rapidity and dexterity. I went to hear him—anxiously and inquiringly—as I had been engaged to give a series of recitals in a few days after M. Auguste Wiegand's firstlings. All the French pieces were given with glib finger and sparkling effects.

After the performance, the builder addressed a few of the official bystanders in some choice French phrases somewhat in this strain:—"Gentlemen, you have heard my magnificent organ played to-night by one of the finest players in the world, but unless Mons. Wiegand comes once more—you will never hear it again." This to me was an encouraging piece of information. Nevertheless my Saxon spirit was not to be easily daunted, so I screwed my courage up to the sticking point, and went in for my dual performances knowing that the instrument was fitted with those undesirable ventil pedals, and that the simplicity of English "compositions" were conspicuous by their absence.

I went with my clever young pupil, Herbert England, the day previous to have a couple of hours' quiet study of, and practice on the organ. But the gas-engine which supplied the wind stopped, and we were obliged to leave, and wait until the next day at noon, when we again appeared, but only to find the same state of things, the result being that only about ten minutes before the recital was to begin could I try this complicated instrument. Wiegand had practised on it, I was told, for six or seven hours. However, as good luck would have it, I played the whole of my programme to the crowded congregation without the occurrence of any mishap whatever, and at the second performance in the evening I felt quite at home with the instrument.

I do not know the exact cost of this organ, but the reason given to me for preferring Mons. Anneessens to any English builder was that, in consequence of the much cheaper material and labour at Grammont, the organ could be obtained for nearly one-half the price that would be charged for it in Great Britain, Germany, or America. But *cheapness* in the service or employment of art is not always satisfactory, as most of us by experience well know. The late Henry Smart, whose opinions on this point, and all other matters relating to the art and science of music, are always held in esteem by those who can appreciate their value, said :—

"The organ is generally regarded by clergymen and committees as an aggregate of materials; it is placed on the same level as a building of bricks and mortar, planks and nails; yet, strange to say, the vital part of the arrangements, and that which alone gives the specification any value in building contracts, is innocently lost sight of, both by vendor and purchaser, in organ transactions. The intention of a building 'specification' is to furnish details and quantities of every portion of the structure, and the sole purport of demanding a specification is that any competent referee may be called in to determine whether the identical terms of the contract have been fulfilled in all particulars honestly and faithfully; it is a safeguard against shams in the materials used, a check against scamping workmanship, and a protest against flimsiness of structure; it binds the builder to give the value which can be endorsed by competent authority as fair and genuine and just. Without such statistical enumeration of details of weights and quantities, a specification is for the purpose of estimating comparative value worth no more than waste paper. A house builder's tender has a definite meaning, an organ builder's tender, drawn up after the

fashion of the day, has none; for the agreement to give a certain number of manuals, stops, and pipes, is no more guarantee of the worth of the structure than a builder's undertaking to build a house with a certain number of doors, windows, and chimneys, for a specified sum; quantity and quality of materials and style and finish of work being voluntarily agreed upon to be left to imagination. A specification of stops, given as a basis for competition, offers a premium to the lowest style of work, invites the unscrupulous manufacturer to practice all his methods of cheapening, and tricks of appearance, and too often secures to the least worthy the patronage and the profit. It is not to be expected that amateurs, however highly cultivated as musicians, should have the knowledge of details equal to that which the builder of high class work possesses, enabling him to estimate the structural suitability, balance of weight, and proportion of wind, tone, and quality, and truthful finish of work brought under his judgment; still less is it likely that a committee of gentlemen, chosen chiefly for their social standing and intelligence, and to whom the task of selecting an organ is delegated as a token of personal esteem, should be capable of pronouncing upon a matter which the best musicians know to be a test of severest critical acumen, and to call for the well-considered exercise of practical judgment. The buyers therefore lean upon specification—lean on a reed—hold to a shadow—trust to the letter, and lose alike truth, substance, and spirit. A keen satire has been passed upon the modern system, in an article in the *Builder* :—'A large proportion of church organs are now turned out in a sort of wholesale fashion; indeed, one very large firm is accused of making its smaller church organs in lengths of 300 feet at a time, and cutting off as much as is wanted by each customer.' The satire comes very near the truth. There are firms, the honour of whose ancient names should have preserved them from yielding to the temptation, yet who nevertheless descend to the lowest grade of petty competition, and haggle for an order as eagerly as the retired workman who has set up in business to undersell them."

With regard to the second Anneessens organ—that in St. Mary's, East Parade, Bradford, it is undoubtedly a much larger and finer instrument than that in the Priory Church, Bridlington, as will be seen from the abbreviated specification put out by the authorities in the following form :—The organ has been built by M. Chas. Anneessens, of Grammont, Belgium, the builder of the famous organ in St. Peter's (Italian) Church, Hatton Garden,

London, St. Joseph's and St. James', Antwerp, SS. Peter and Paul's, Ostend, the Cathedral, Breda, Holland, and others. It is provided with four manual claviers, each with 61 notes (CC to C), pedal clavier with thirty notes (CCC to F), sixty speaking stops distributed according to the appended list; and 3,307 pipes. The organ occupies the gallery, built for the purpose, on the west side of the church, with the blowing apparatus in the rooms beneath, and the console is placed in the Lady Chapel on the east side of the church, thirty feet distant from the organ. The whole of the mechanism for actuating every pallet, slide, coupler, and adjustment is arranged on Messrs. Schmoele and Mol's patent electro-pneumatic system. The bellows are worked by two of Melling's patent water motors, supplied by Messrs. F. and J. Butterfield and Co. (Limited), engineers, Keighley, and the case is of carved oak, after designs furnished by Edward Simpson, Esq., architect, Bradford.

SOLO ORGAN.

1. Orchestral Flute ... ... 4 ft.
2. Violon ... ... 8 ft.
3. Hohlflute ... ... 8 ft.
4. Orchestral Oboe .. ... 8 ft.
5. Tromba ... ... 8 ft.

SWELL ORGAN.

1. Bourdon ... ... 16 ft.
2. Stopped Diapason ... ... 8 ft.
3. Open Diapason ... ... 8 ft.
4. Violon .. .. 8 ft.
5. Salicional ... ... 8 ft.
6. Voix Celeste ... ... 8 ft.
7. Echo Flute ... ... 4 ft.
8. Mélophone ... ... 4 ft.
9. Twelfth ... ... 3 ft.
10. Piccolo ... ... 2 ft.
11. Piccolo ... ... 1 ft.
12. Mixture (3 ranks)
13. Contra Fagotta ... .. 16 ft.
14. Trompette ... . 8 ft.
15. Bason Hautbois ... ... 8 ft.
16. Clarion ... . 4 ft.
17. Voix Humanie ... ... 8 ft.

GREAT ORGAN.

1. Double Open Diapason ... 32 ft.
2. Double Diapason ... ... 16 ft.
3. Bourdon ... ... 16 ft.
4. Stopped Diapason ... ... 8 ft.
5. Small Open Diapason ... 8 ft.
6. Large Open Diapason ... 8 ft.
7. Viol di Gamba ... ... 8 ft.
8. Harmonic Flute ... ... 8 ft.
9. Principal ... ... 4 ft.
10. Flute Octaviante ... . 4 ft.
11. Fifteenth .. .. 2 ft.
12. Cornet (2, 3, and 4 ranks)
13. Grave Mixture (4 ranks)
14. Clarion ... ... 4 ft.
15. Trompette ... ... 8 ft.
16. Bombarde ... ... 16 ft.

CHOIR ORGAN.

1. Lieblich Gedact ... ... 16 ft.
2. Rohr Flute ... ... 8 ft.
3. Viola ... ... 8 ft.
4. Dulciana ... ... 8 ft.
5. Open Diapason ... ... 8 ft.
6. Gemshorn à Cône ... ... 8 ft.
7. Ocarina ... ... 4 ft.
8. Fugara ... ... 4 ft.
9. Clarionette à Pavillon ... 8 ft.

PEDAL ORGAN *(à dédoublement)*.

1. Open Flute .. .. 32 ft.
2. Grosse Open Flute ... ... 16 ft.
3. Bourdon ... ... 16 ft.
4. Violon ... ... 16 ft.
5. Sub-Basse ... ... 8 ft.
6. Flute ... ... 8 ft.
7. Violoncello ... . 8 ft.
8. Basse .. .. 4 ft.
9. Principal ... ... 4 ft.
10. Mixture (3 ranks)
11. Tubason ... ... 8 ft.
12. Tubason ... ... 16 ft.
13. Tuba Major... ... .. 32 ft.

COUPLERS AND ACCESSORY MOVEMENTS.

1. Choir to Pedals.
2. Great to Pedals.
3. Swell to Pedals.
4. Solo to Pedals.
5. Pedal Action.
6. Choir to Great.
7. Choir Sub-Octave.
8. Choir Super-Octave.
9. Great Super-Octave.
10. Swell to Great.
11. Swell Sub-Octave.
12. Swell Super-Octave.
13. Swell Sub-Octave to Great.
14. Swell Super-Octave to Great.
15. Solo to Great.
16. Solo to Swell.
17. Solo Sub-Octave.
18. Solo Super-Octave.
19. Solo Sub-Octave to Great.
20. Solo to Swell (Mechanical) Couplers.
21. Pedal Reeds.
22. Great Reeds.
23. Swell Reeds.
24. Solo Reeds.

ACCESSORY MOVEMENTS BY PEDALS.

1. Choir to Pedals.
2. Great to Pedals.
3. Swell to Pedals.
4. Solo to Pedals.
5. General Forte.
6. Pedal Reeds.
7. Great Reeds.
8. Swell Reeds.
9. Solo Reeds.
10. Swell Tremulant.
11. Pedal to Swell Box.
12. Pedal to Solo Box.

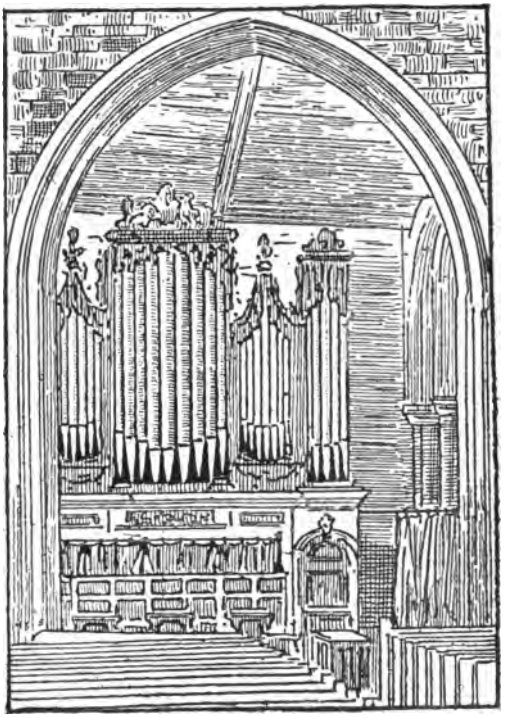
Four combination buttons to each manual.

There can be no doubt that M. Anneessens has built some fine organs in the French School and manner in England; and although, as I have pointed out, they are deficient in the best and most valued features of the English and German styles—to wit, the "flue work"—yet they contain so much that is good, both in foundation tone and workmanship, as to command the admiration of all those who take an honest, genuine interest in the subject, and who desire to get and see the best of everything pertaining to the grand art of organ building, and to aid in the development and indefectibility of all points and matters surrounding and connected with the king of instruments.

NO. 9.—WAKEFIELD CATHEDRAL.

WAKEFIELD is now a cathedral city. Not a city of the first class, like York and Ripon, but nevertheless a cathedral city. Leeds, Halifax, and Huddersfield preferred their claims, but were ultimately superseded by the more ancient city

of Wakefield. I remember as a boy, when an admirer of ecclesiastical architecture, being taken to view Wakefield Cathedral as one of the relics of the past in Yorkshire. In company with many members of the Architectural Society I need not say that I was not disappointed, for it is indeed a most interesting fane, and one which excites the greatest admiration, not only in the architectural student, but in any one having a sense of admiration for the grand and beautiful in art.



Wakefield Cathedral Organ

Dr. John W. Walker, F.S.A., has compiled a work entitled "The History of the Old Parish Church of All Saints', Wakefield, now the Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Wakefield," a valuable and exhaustive book, and to the author I beg to express my acknowledgments for many points of information which I have used.

Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who placed an organ in York Minster about 1639, also presented one to the Parish Church of Wakefield, the date of which is uncertain, but in 1624 there is the following entry in the churchwardens' book:—"Item, to ye organist 5d.," showing, at any rate, that there was an organ then; but there is no previous record of either organ or organist at Wakefield, though there can be no question about it that after the capture of the town in 1643, the instrument, like a great many others in the county, was destroyed. The organ fills up the north chancel aisle, and at the east end

sufficient space is left to form a choir vestry. This interesting fact is recorded:—Item, "In 1725 paid to the bellman for crying ye damaging of ye organs, 3d." Another item:—"Nov. 6th, 1743, expended at several times in collecting the subscription money for the organ, 10s. 6d." The next interesting item that I have to deal with is an estimate by William Gray, organ builder, of London, whose daughter in after years Mr. Frederick Davison married, and thus the famous firm of Gray and Davison was founded. This house built the Leeds Town Hall organ and the Crystal Palace organ. The memorandum is so extremely interesting that I make no apology for introducing it here.

"WAKEFIELD, *May 19th, 1804.*

"An estimate by William Gray, organ builder, of London, to build a new organ and fix same in the old organ case in the Parish Church of Wakefield, Yorkshire. The organ to have three separate rows of keys, viz., great organ, choir organ, and swell; the compass of the great organ and choir ditto to be from G G long octaves up to F in all inclusive. The swell from tenor F to F in all inclusive. The organ to have two large pair of bellows, and a set of feet pedals from the lower octave of the great organ. The composition of stops as below:—

GREAT ORGAN.

Two Open Diapasons, in metal throughout.
One Stop ditto.
Principal, Flute, 12th, 15th } Pipes 932
Sexquialtera (3 rank).
Tierce.
Mixture (2 rank).
Cornet (4 do.)
Mounted.
Trumpet throughout.

SWELL ORGAN.

Open Diapason.
Stop do.
Principal.
Cornet (3 ranks) ... ... 333 pipes.
Trumpet.
Hautboy.

CHOIR ORGAN.

Open Diapason, metal throughout.
Stop Diapason, Flute, 15th } Pipes 464.
Mixture (2 ranks).
New invented Violoncello Principal.

PIPES.

Great Organ	...	...	932
Choir Organ	...	...	464
Swell Organ	...	...	333
Total number of pipes	...		1,729

"The whole of the before mentioned work to be done with the best dry, well-seasoned materials (warranted). To be packed and completely erected in the before mentioned church within fifteen months from the time the order is given, for the

sum of 630 guineas, carriage of organ and gilding of front pipes only excepted, the packing case to be returned. W. Gray would allow 50 guineas for the materials belonging to the old organ.

(Signed) WM. GRAY."

There appears to have been nothing particular to note with reference to the organ until the year 1837, when Mr. Booth added several stops, and the year 1879, when Mr. Alfred Kirkland, of Wakefield, rebuilt and enlarged the instrument, which now consists of three rows of keys, 11 stops in the great organ, 11 in the swell, eight in the choir organ, and seven in the pedal. Taken altogether the instrument is certainly effective, but it owes very much to the resonant properties of the building. My visit to the Cathedral on Sunday evening, April 19th last, was fraught with much interest and pleasure. The service throughout was one of quiet but earnest devotion and musical effect. From what I had been informed I did not expect to hear so good a choral service. The choir of some 80 white-robed choristers, accompanied by the Ven. Archdeacon Straton, the vicar, entered the church to the strains of the organ and an appropriate hymn. The versicles and prayers were sung to the time-honoured Tallis, than which no more beautiful music was ever heard in the precincts of a church or cathedral. For many years Mr. Frederick Dykes was the choir-master, and took a deep interest in the music of the church. Mr. Matthew Peacock, M A., the master of the Wakefield Grammar School, is now the choir-master, and is anxious to add to the reputation of the choir by a production of Stainer's *Crucifixion*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, etc.

There have been many famous organists at Wakefield Cathedral, among others Mr. White, who was not only celebrated as organist at Wakefield, but also at Harewood village church; but he was more famous as a violin player than as an organist, and when I was an articled pupil of Dr. Wesley, in 1843, at Leeds, Mr. White was engaged by the Choral Society, of which "Old Billy Smith," as they called him then, the amateur flute player, led the orchestra, conducted by Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, and many were the wranglings and altercations that took place at the rehearsals between the two as to the readings of the various works which were under rehearsal, study, and consideration. Mr. C. W. Hardy is the present painstaking organist at the Cathedral, and I am proud to acknowledge him as a former pupil of mine.

No. 10.—Rudston Church Organ, Etc.

It is gratifying to me to find here an opportunity of speaking of the organ works of Messrs. J. Wordsworth & Co., the head of which firm has added one more name to the long record of self-made men whose talents and commercial enterprise have helped to raise Leeds in its prosperity to its high position and undoubted trade influence. Messrs. Wordsworth began business in a small way in 1866 in Sweet Street West, Holbeck, in some property belonging to the Wordsworth family (Taylor, Wordsworth and Company). Here it was that they constructed an excellent instrument of two manuals and 25 stops, which was placed in St. Peter's Church, Hunslet Moor, and opened with the new building in 1868. The diapasons and reeds of this cleverly made instrument, for a young firm (Mr. Wordsworth having personally made and voiced all the reeds himself), were greatly admired by numerous experienced organists and amateurs, and thus the corner-stone was laid of the new organ builder's future success.

Mr. Wordsworth did not fail to avail himself of the advantages to be derived from the erection of the magnificent instruments in the Leeds Town Hall and Doncaster Parish Church, and he accordingly set to work to improve the voicing of the reeds and the diapasons. With this advanced knowledge he entirely rebuilt and added a choir organ in St. Peter's Church; and this is a synopsis of the instrument as it now stands:—

Great Organ.

1. Large Open Diapason.
2. Small Open Diapason.
3. Stopped Diapason.
4. Salcional.
5. Principal.
6. Harmonic Flute.
7. Twelfth.
8. Fifteenth.
9. Mixture (3 ranks).
10. Trumpet

Swell Organ.

11. Double Diapason.
12. Open Diapason.
13. Lieblich Gedact.
14. Keraulophon.
15. Voix Celeste.
16. Principal.
17. Lieblich.
18. Mixture (3 ranks).
19. Double Trumpet.
20. Cornopean.
21. Oboe.
22. Clarion.

Choir Organ.

23. Dolce.
24. Lieblich Gedact.
25. Pierced Gamba.
26. Gemshorn.
27. Wald Flute.
28. Clarionet.
29. Vox Humana.

Pedal Organ.

30. Open Diapason.
31. Violone.
32. Bourdon.
33. Octave.
34. Violoncello.
35. Bass Flute.

COUPLERS.

36. Great to Pedals.
37. Swell to Pedals.
38. Choir to Pedals.
39. Swell to Great Unison.
40. Swell to Choir.
41. Swell Super-Octave.
42. Swell Sub-Octave.
43. Tremulant.

Mr. Wordsworth finding his business increasing rapidly, first removed to more commodious premises in Portland Crescent, near the Coliseum (the orthography of which word I maintain ought to be "Colosseum"). Subsequently the firm built an extensive factory in Hanover Avenue, Leeds, and here this enterprising builder has turned out highly satisfactory organs for the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, the Countess of Clifton, and two for the Lady Elizabeth Villiers (Libbertoft and Welford Churches). Mr. Wordsworth had also the honour of building an organ for the Countess of Huntingdon's church, Basingstoke.

But the most important work which Mr. Wordsworth has yet accomplished is the magnificent organ, which at the request of A. W. Bosvill, Esq., of Thorpe Hall, has been erected in the ancient church of Rudston, near Bridlington. This instrument consists of four manuals and 58 stops, and is worked on what is known as the electro-pneumatic system ; that is, it is an electric organ, all the stops, keys, pedals, and composition pedals, get their initial power from electricity. The blowing of the organ is also done by an electric motor. The whole instrument is of such an interesting character that I make no apology for here introducing a list of its contents.

GREAT ORGAN.

1. Double Diapason.
2. Open Diapason (1).
3. Open Diapason (2).
4. Höhl Flute.
5. Stopped Diapason.
6. Principal.
7. Flute.
8. Twelfth.
9. Fifteenth.
10 Mixture.
11. Trumpet.

SWELL ORGAN.

12. Lieblich Bourdon.
13. Open Diapason.
14. Lieblich Gedact.
15. Keraulophon.
16. Voix Celeste.
17. Principal.
18. Lieblich Flute.
19. Mixture (3 ranks).
20. Mixture (2 ranks).
21. Double Trumpet.
22. Cornopean.
23. Oboe.
24. Vox Humana.
25. Clarion.

CHOIR ORGAN.

26. Violin Diapason.
27. Gamba.
28. Dulciana.
29. Lieblich Gedact.
30. Fluto Traverso.
31. Gemshorn.
32. Flute.
33. Piccolo.
34. Clarionet.

SOLO ORGAN.

35. Viola.
36. Flute.
37. Oboe.
38. Tuba.

PEDAL ORGAN.

39. 32ft. Bourdon.
40. Bourdon (16ft.).
41. Open Diapason.
42. Violone.
43. Trombone.
44. Octave.
45. Flute.
46. Violoncello.
47. Trumpet.
48. Quint.

4 Stop Echo Organ.

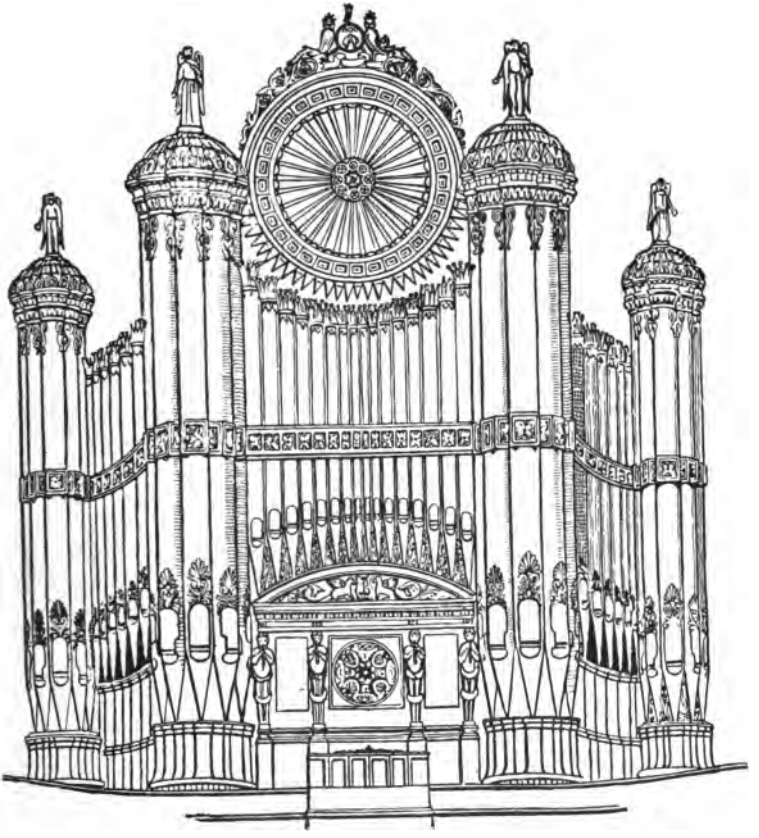
COUPLERS.

49. Great to Pedals.
50. Swell to Pedals.
51. Choir to Pedals.
52. Solo to Pedals.
53. Pedal Octave.
54. Swell to Great Unison.
55. Swell to Great Super.
56. Swell to Great Sub.
57. Swell to Choir.
58. Swell Octave.
59. Choir to Great.
60. Choir Octave.
61. Choir Sub-octave.
62. Solo to Great.
63. Solo to Great Super.
64. Solo to Echo.
65. Echo to Swell.
66. Great Octave.
67. Tremulant to Swell.
68. Tremulant to Echo.

Enough has now been said, I think, to show that Mr. Wordsworth and his organ work are worthy of the commendation which has been bestowed upon them, and of the success he has achieved. His factory, which possesses all the necessary arrangements and material for building large or small organs, is well worthy a visit from all those who take an interest in the subject. The visitor will find Mr. Wordsworth to possess a wide perception of men, things, and opportunities; a belief in doing all that is important oneself, and a perseverance that difficulties only increase. He has the true instinct as an artist to keep life, enthusiasm, and vitality about him; it is the secret of his power. I have been inclined to speak more candidly of Mr. Wordsworth as a man and as an artist, having known him for over twenty years, especially in connection with repairs and alterations in the organ at St. George's Church, Leeds, where I was organist for thirty years.

No. 11.—LEEDS TOWN HALL.

To give correctly and sequentially a full, true, and particular account of the Leeds Town Hall organ, and matters connected therewith, from the first suggestion of its erection in 1856 to the present year of grace, 1891, would fill volumes. The sea of private and public correspondence on the subject, *pro* and *con*, could only be waded through by an interested person, or a



Leeds Town Hall Organ.

musical, historical, or literary enthusiast. When the Organ Committee of the Leeds Corporation, assisted by an expert (his name was kept a secret, but I have reason to think it was the famous Dr. Gauntlett), had decided to award the advertised premium of £150 "for the best scheme and plans for a large and suitable organ to be placed in the orchestra of the new Town Hall, to Messrs. Henry Smart (of London), and William Spark (of Leeds)," a general scream of indignation went up from the disappointed aspirants for the honour and glory of designing an instrument for the noble Town Hall of Leeds, which greatly agitated the normal phlegmatic state of the Leodoensis' mind.

The first storm having somewhat abated, another and more pitiless one arose when tenders were sent in for building the organ from the plans, drawings, and specifications. The competitors included Messrs. Hill and Son, Messrs. Gray and Davison, Messrs. Bevington, Mr. Holt, of Leeds, and Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull. Mr. Willis made no formal tender, but wrote privately to the chairman (Alderman Kitson), and offered to build the instrument for a certain sum ; but, as the application was informal, no notice was, I believe, taken thereof. After repeated meetings—and a most thorough examination of the tenders---the contract was finally adjudged to Messrs. Gray and Davison, who immediately put the great work in hand, and employed the most skilled craftsmen they had, or could obtain, for such an important product. As soon as the builders' names were published, the local papers were inundated with anathemas, protests, and dark insinuations of the fiercest kind. Local interests strongly urged their claim to consideration, organists and organ builders denounced everything and everybody connected with the "job ;" but worst of all were those lay advisers who are given to impaling themselves on the spikes of a technicality they do not quite understand, on ascertaining that the designers of the proposed organ were "professors." They then hit upon the truthful suggestion that "professors" were not only egregious blockheads as to organ matters, but most abominably addicted to "jobbery" into the bargain ! From this valuable source, the Council were overwhelmed with warnings that if the organ-business were once delivered into the wicked hands of these "professors," not only would the organ prove a complete failure, but the cause of that failure would be presently apparent.

So far as I was personally concerned, I never received a single farthing in "commission," or reward of any kind from

the builders, as was frequently but erroneously stated at the time. Indeed, such a course would have been dishonourable, as the Council paid both Mr. Smart and myself for superintending the work when in progress at the factory of Messrs. Gray and Davison, and frequent and anxious were the visits I made to London for this purpose. It may also here be stated that in drawing up the specification, Mr. Smart and I spent many an hour together both in Leeds and London over it, and that whilst my friend certainly took the lion's share of the work—as I have stated in my life of this musician—as regards the splendid mechanical arrangements and contrivances, we equally shared in the general work of design, composition of the stops, etc., so that without specifying further our individual schemes and labours, we were the joint producers of this celebrated organ—an instrument admired alike by all honest critics, as well as by the general public.

Before pointing out some of the specialities of the instrument, I will here give the specification of the instrument as it is at the present time :—

The ORCHESTRAL SOLO ORGAN (Uppermost Clavier) contains the following stops :—

By Pipes on Sound Boards.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon	8	61	6. Oboe	8	49
2. Concert Flute Harmonic	8	42	7. Cor Anglais and Bassoon (free reed) ...	8	61
3. Piccolo Harmonic ...	4	49	8. Tromba	8	61
4. Ottavino Harmonic ...	2	61	9. Ophicleide	8	81
5. Clarinet	8	61			

By Mechanical Combination.

10. Clarinet and Flute, in octaves.
11. Oboe and Flute, in ditto.
12. Clarinet and Bassoon, in ditto.
13. Clarinet and Oboe, in ditto.
14. Oboe and Bassoon, in ditto.
15. Flute, Clarinet, and Bassoon, in double octaves.
16. Flute, Oboe, and Bassoon, in ditto.

The SWELL ORGAN (Second Clavier) contains the following stops :—

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon	16	61	11. Fifteenth	2	61
2. Open Diapason... ...	8	61	12. Piccolo	2	61
3. Stopped Diapason (treble)	8	49	13. Sesquialtra ...	4 ranks	244
4. Stopped Diapason (bass)	8	12	14. Mixture ...	3 ,,	183
5. Keraulophon*	8	49	15. Contra Fagotto ..	16	61
6. Harmonic Flute ...	8	49	16. Trumpet	8	61
7. Octave	4	61	17. Cornopean	8	61
8. Gemshorn	4	61	18. Oboe	8	61
9. Wood Flute	4	61	19. Vox Humana	8	61
10. Twelfth	3	61	20. Clarion	4	61

* This stop, invented by Messrs. Gray and Davison, was first introduced in the organ built by them for St. Paul's, Wilton Place, in 1843. It was also in their organ in the great Exhibition of 1851, and for which a Council medal was awarded.

The GREAT ORGAN (Third Clavier) contains, in reality, two complete and distinct organs, of different powers and qualities. One, called the "Front Great Organ," contains the following Stops :—

	Ft.	Pipes.
1. Double Diapason (open metal) ...	16	61
2. Open Diapason	8	61
3. Spitz Gamba ...	8	61
4. Stopped Diapason ...	8	61
5. Octave	4	61
6. Wald Flote	4	61
7. Twelfth...	3	61
8. Fifteenth	2	61
9. Quint Mixture...	4 ranks	244
10. Tierce Mixture	5 ,,	305
11. Trumpet	8	61
12. Clarion	4	61

The contents of the "Back Great Organ" are as follows :—

	Ft.	Pipes.
13. Bourdon	16	61
14. Flute à Pavillon ..	8	61
15. Viola	8	61
16. Flute Harmonic ...	8	61
17. Quint	8	61
18. Octave	4	61
19. Flute Octaviante ...	4	51
20. Piccolo Harmonic ...	2	61
21. Cymbal ...	3 ranks	183
22. Furniture ...	4 ranks	244
23. Contra Trombone ...	16	61
24. Trombone	8	61
25. Trumpet Harmonic ...	8	61
26. Tenor Trombone ...	4	61

The CHOIR ORGAN (Lowermost Clavier) contains the following stops :—

	Ft.	Pipes.
1. Sub dulciana	16	61
2. Open Diapason ...	8	61
3 Rohr Flute (metal) ...	8	12
4. Stopped Diapason (Bass) wood	8	49
5. Salcional	8	61
6. Viol de Gamba... ...	8	49
7. Octave	4	61
8. Suabe Flute	4	49
9. Flute Harmonic ...	4	49
10. Twelfth	3	61
11. Fifteenth	2	61
12. Ottavino (wood) ...	2	61
13. Dulciana Mixture	5 ranks	305
14. Euphone (free reed) ...	16	61
15. Trumpet	1	61
16. Clarion	4	61

The ECHO ORGAN* (which can be played on either the Solo or Choir Clavier) contains the following stops :—

	Ft.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon (wood) ...	16	49
2. Dulciana (metal) ...	8	49
3. Lieblich Gedacht (wood)	8	61
4. Flute Traverso (wood)...	4	61
5. Flute d'Amour (metal)...	4	61
6. Dulciana Mixture (metal)	4 rks.	244
7. Carillons .. Tenor F to C in alt.		

The PEDAL ORGAN contains the following stops :—

	Ft.	Pipes.
1. Sub-Bass (open metal)	32	30
2. Contra Bourdon (wood)	32	30
3. Open Diapason (wood)	16	30
4. Open Diapason (wood)	16	30
5. Violin (wood)	16	30
6. Bourdon (wood) ...	16	30
7. Quint (open wood) ...	12	30
8. Octave	8	30
9. Violoncello	8	30
10. Twelfth	6	30
11. Fifteenth	4	30
12. Mixture... ...	4 ranks	150
13. Contra Bombard (free reed)	32	30
14. Bombard	16	30
15. Fagotto	16	30
16. Clarion	8	30

* The Echo Organ was added in 1865; it formed part of the original plan, and was only omitted at first on the score of expense.

The COUPLING STOPS are as follows :—

1. Solo Organ to Great Clavier.
2. Great Organ to Solo Clavier.
3. Solo Organ Super Octave (on its own Clavier).
4. Solo Organ Sub-Octave (ditto).
5. Swell Organ to Great Super Octave.
6. Swell Organ to Great Unison
7. Swell Organ to Great Sub-Octave.
8. Swell Organ to Choir Clavier.
9. Choir Organ to Great Unison.
10. Swell Organ to Pedal Clavier.
11. Choir Organ to ditto.
12. Great Organ to ditto.
13. Full Pedal Organ.
14. Solo Organ to Pedal Clavier.
15. Echo Organ to Solo Clavier.
16. Echo Organ to Choir Clavier.
17. Tremulant to Echo Organ.

The PEDALS, etc., for various purposes of mechanical adjustment, are as follows :—

1. Swell Pedal.
2. Swell Pedal for Solo Organ.
3. Swell Tremulant Pedal.
4. Pedal admitting wind to the Back Great Organ.
5. Pedal coupling the Back Great Organ to Swell Clavier.

6, 7, 8, 9. Composition Pedals.
10. Crescendo Pedals.
11. Diminuendo Pedals.
12, 13, 14, 15. Index to Composition Pedals.
16 and 17. Wind Couplers to Composition Pedals.

SUMMARY OF DRAW STOPS, ETC. :—

Solo Organ	9
Combination Solo Organ	7
Swell Organ	20
Great Organ—Front 12, Back 14	26
Choir Organ	16
Echo Organ	7
Pedal Organ	16
Coupling Stops	17
Making a total of	118 Stops.

Besides 17 composition and other pedals for various movements, making altogether 135.

SUMMARY OF PIPES :—

Solo Organ	506
Swell Organ	1,440
Great Organ	2,311
Choir Organ	1,123
Echo Organ	520
Pedal Organ	600
Total	6,500

These tabular statements show the Leeds organ to be one of the largest in Europe. But, large as it is, its claims to notice depend less on its size than on its completeness, and the facilities it offers to the skilful performer for the execution of all styles of music with just effect. While other organs may contain a larger number of actual pipes than the Leeds instrument, it will, nevertheless, be evident to any person inspecting the peculiar construction, and the number of mechanical contrivances for increasing the variety of effects, especially in the Solo Organ,

that, in an almost unlimited change and degree of tone, as well as in an intensity of power and orchestral combinations, this organ stands unrivalled.

The *Musical Standard*, in its description of the Leeds Town Hall organ, published so late as June 29th, 1889, says:—

"This magnificent organ was designed by Dr. William Spark, the present experienced organist who officially presides at the instrument, and the late Henry Smart. It was built by Messrs. Gray and Davison, and is at once a proof of the judgment and experience of the joint designers and of the skill of the builders, who produced for Leeds one of the finest organs in the world. Dr. Spark was appointed organist of the Town Hall over 30 years ago, after a keen competition, and has ever since retained the post of organist to the Corporation. His weekly recitals are largely attended, and are looked forward to with keen interest by the good people of Leeds, who, like most Yorkshire folk, know how to appreciate excellent music. The organ occupies the north end of the hall, and is a very appropriate ornament to the magnificent room in which it is placed. It is upwards of 50 feet high, about 47 feet in width, and is 25 feet deep in the centre. The total cost, including the case and hydraulic engines, was about £6,500. The organ has four manual claviers, the compass of each from CC to C in altissimo, 61 notes, and a pedal clavier from CCC to F, 30 notes."

The superb case was designed by Mr. Cuthbert Brodrick, the architect of the Hall, who received his inspiration of the kind of plan required from a previous drawing suggested by me to Mr. James, a well-known London architect, and which is now hung in my room at the Town Hall. The case and the beautiful oak carving all came from the skilful manipulation of Messrs. Thorpe and Atkinson, of Leeds, and cost £774. All the pipes in front, including the giant-like 32ft. zinc pedal notes, were decorated by Mr. Craice, of London.

Among many valuable peculiarities in the tone power of the organ, the solo organ presents the most remarkable. Every stop is what it pretends to be—a solo stop—having the nearest attainable relation with its orchestral prototype. Being placed horizontally, the tone is increased from twenty to thirty per cent., and there are different pressures of wind—for the bass and tenor six inches, and for the middle and treble portions seven inches, while the sonorous and powerful ophicleide has a 12-inch pressure. The distinctive character, however, of this solo organ is that which, by means of a number of mechanical contrivances, enables the performer to play certain of the stops in octaves to

each other, while merely touching single notes on the clavier. An infinite variety of genuine orchestral effects are to be obtained from this part of the instrument, such, indeed, as are not to be found in any other organ that I am acquainted with.

There are also some noteworthy features in the Great Organ, such as dividing the stops into two distinct masses, twelve stops being placed on the "front" sound-boards which are calculated to form a comparatively light, though powerful and brilliant organ, while the remaining fourteen stops placed on the "back" sound-boards form a "band" entirely different to the foregoing in amount and quality of force. These two organs may, by the use of a pedal operating on the wind of the "back," be used separately, or in conjunction, with instantaneous effect, thus providing the most rapid and perfect *sforzando* possible. The twenty-six stops in the Great Organ are disposed on nine sound-boards of ample dimensions, and the air with which they are supplied is increased twice in the range of the compass, and the superb reed-stops have a higher initial pressure of air than that allotted to the flue work.

The variety of tone to be obtained from the Great Organ alone is unique. Said the clever experienced critic of the *Musical Gazette* some years ago, in speaking of the Leeds organ :—"In the full Great Organ there is brilliancy without scream, breadth without undue heaviness, and point without thinness, while the stops individually demand particularisation and the highest commendation. The variety in the 8ft. and 4ft. work is most admirable. There is only one open diapason, but we find the flûte à pavillon, the harmonic flute, the viol di gamba, and other stops of varied character, forming a foundation which is as firm and solid as can possibly be desired."

The reed stops, not only in the Great, but throughout the whole organ, have been universally admitted to be the finest and most perfect specimens *sui generis* to be heard anywhere. There are no less than 26 of these. The trumpet and clarion of the "front" Great Organ were intended to follow, as nearly as possible, the model of that brilliant, clangy description of reeds which Byfield made so deservedly famous, a quality greatly neglected for many years, but which is now again being introduced by some of our best English and French organ builders. Then there are the contra-trombone, trombone, and tenor trombone, and the most successful achievement of the French school has its representative in the harmonic trumpet. Under all these circumstances, then, of quality and variety, there can be no doubt that, as a single manual, this Great Organ

has very few rivals in Europe. Having gone somewhat into detail in describing the Great Organ, it is needless—beyond stating that similar principles are observed throughout the instrument—to do more with respect to the swell and choir organs, than refer to the list of their registers as amply representing the qualities of these manuals respectively. In one respect, however, the arrangements of the swell organ differ from those usually adopted. Having its twenty stops disposed on four sound-boards, the two front ones, containing all the reed-work, are supplied with air at one inch heavier pressure than that allotted to the others.

The adherents of the old-fashioned English "large pedal-pipe" school have, doubtless, been greatly scandalised by the absence of a 32-ft. open wood-stop from the pedal organ. When, however, it is remembered that the 16-ft. pitch should always represent the real weight of the pedal organ, that in the present scheme there are already three 32-ft. stops—namely, a metal open, a bourdon, and a reed, and that an immensely large majority of the finest continental examples authorise this proportion, there can be no question of its sufficiency and completeness. There is a convenient mechanical arrangement in this pedal organ which obviates most of the difficulty sometimes complained of in manipulating a large number of pedal stops. Next to the coupler "Great Organ to Pedals," is placed a draw-stop which controls the admission of wind to all the pedal organ except only the violon and bourdon. As both these stops can be easily drawn or retired simultaneously, the full pedal organ may be reduced to two soft 16-ft. stops by the same action which detaches the great organ from the pedals.

To quote from the original specification I may say here that, "In order as little as possible to perplex the operations of the performer, there are but four composition pedals for the whole instrument. These, however, by an instantaneous adjustment, act, as the player requires, on the Swell Organ alone, or on the Swell, Great, and Pedal Organs simultaneously, or on the two latter only. Furthermore, each of these four composition pedals is capable of effecting three different combinations (these changes extending, as before mentioned, to the Swell, Great, and Pedal Organs, or either of them); the *modus operandi*, so far as the performer is concerned, being simply the setting of an index (one of which appertains to each of the composition pedals) to the number indicating the required combination."

The two great novel and distinguishing features of the Leeds instrument are the combination Solo Organ and the divided

"front" and "back" Great Organ (both already described), from which a wonderful variety of tone and beautiful effects can be obtained; and I am not aware that any other English organ possesses these remarkable advantages; indeed, like the reeds, their special value and importance have never, I think, been questioned.

For some years after this great work had been finished, even subsequent to my appointment as organist at the advertised salary of £200, and after competition for a whole day with Mr. Walter Parratt, Mr. James Broughton (Leeds), Mr. Hepworth (Dom-Organist, Mecklenburg Schwerin), Mr. Taylor, of Oxford, Mr. Oldham, of Hythe, and Mr Hilton, of Manchester, before Sir John Goss, Mr. W. T. Best, and Mr. George Cooper, organist of the Chapel Royal (all of whom were located behind a screen where they could not see the organist), I was subjected to cruel and provoking attacks and annoyances. But, *au contraire*, the local, London, and musical press, as well as the general public, have generally and most generously given me warm support and encouragement, for which I beg here to express my grateful thanks.

Before the organ was removed from the manufactory to Leeds, one very novel meeting was held which excited considerable attention and amusement. Smart suggested that as the swell-box was probably the largest ever made, we should have a dinner therein, and invite as many friends as it would comfortably seat for that purpose! This was duly accomplished. To be sure, it was a sort of pic-nic business, but it was none the less enjoyable on that account. One sent a fine salmon, another some choice *entrées* from Gunter's, somebody forwarded a splendid haunch of venison, this friend contributed a dozen of "sparkling," that one six bottles of '34 port, and so on. But, better than all these very nice comestibles and beverages, was the intellectual feast—the feast of reason and the flow of soul. There were ten of us:—J. W. Davison, George Cooper, Howard Glover, George Lake, Frederick Davison, J. G. Kershaw, George Case, Tom Bingham, Henry Smart, and myself. More than one-half of these have gone to their final rest! J. W. Davison (the eminent musical critic) and Smart were the life of the company. We had jokes about the "box" we had got into, the "swells" that occupied it —greater than any swell that would ever come out of it—our crescendos and diminuendos, the clearing our pipes, and a hundred other *jeu d'esprits*, *bon mots*, etc., referring to the organ and the occasion. Lake, who was then editor and proprietor of

The Musical Gazette, wrote the following amusing account, which was published in his serial, February 27th, 1858:—

A DINNER IN A SWELL-BOX.

"We know not whether it is peculiar to Englishmen to seek their food in the most out-of-the-way places, but *certes* we have abundant examples of this odd propensity. In the joyous summer-time we call our friends and neighbours together, decide upon a place of rendezvous, pack up five times as much prog as can be consumed in one day, and travel in a promiscuous manner to some sequestered spot where sunbugs, field mice, and water-wagtails abound. There folks do eat in the most astonishing manner in spite of the disadvantages under which the edition of the meal is accomplished, sans tablecloth, to say nothing of sans table, sans sedentary anchorage, save that afforded by *terra firma*—Anglice, mother earth—and sans many comforts and conveniences, with a few such inadequacies as two forks between three people, one glass between four, or, on a hot day, when thirst is particularly prevalent, between six choking denizens of this enlightened hemisphere. There, and under these extraordinary circumstances, do they munch, and munch, and munch like any sailor's wife at her chestnuts, and consider the prandial enjoyment far greater than when they are snugly ensconced at home, with their legs tucked under choice mahogany, and a proper complement of forks and glasses to each feeder. There certainly is a great mania for peculiarities of this order. We happened to find ourselves at Ryde last summer, and were not a little astonished to find that "quadrilles at 9" were perpetrated on board the Commodore's yacht, 'The Brilliant,' riding at anchor in the calm waters of the Solent. Ryde has a pier of no inconsiderable length, and it puzzled us to know how ladies in full dress could be transported from their peaceful habitations to the aforesaid yacht, and we were curious to know the effect of the Terpsichorean exercise combined with the gentle, heaving motion of a boat riding at anchor. A little observation revealed to us that the ladies proceeded to the pier end in bath-chairs, and were taken by instalments in small boats to the place of meeting. Now a *soirée dansante* in a heaving house might be all very well with those accustomed to the "rolling wave," but with fair ladies, whose health generally failed them on leaving the shore, it would naturally be very ill; and when we heard of some of the belles turning qualmish before the yacht was gained, wishing the Solent, the gondoliers, the moonlight, and all the romantic

concomitancies at Halifax, New York, Jericho, Bath, Old Boots, or any other place of fashionable resort to which disagreeable people and things are often mentally (and verbally) consigned, and of their being in a downright state of indisposition when they got on board, we must say we were not at all surprised. Such of our readers as are not acquainted with the internal economy of an organ will begin to think that a "swell-box" is a sort of slang term for a construction (such as a yacht) likely to be affected by the undulating character of the ocean, and that we are about to report terrible cases and harrowing cases of sea sickness (*si sic omnes*). No such thing. The pipes belonging to the upper row of keys (in organs with two or three manuals) are enclosed in a box, and the pipes in the aggregate, or even the manual are called the "swell," because the box has Venetian shutters in front, which are opened by the pressure of a pedal spring, the most gradual crescendo being thereby produced. This box in the magnificent organ now in course of construction by Messrs. Gray and Davison for the Leeds Town Hall is naturally of very large dimensions, and it was determined by the designers and builders to hold a dinner therein. This novel entertainment, almost as eccentric in its way as the sunbuggy, field-mousy, watery-wagtailish recreation afore-mentioned, or the qualm-provoking festival subsequently commented upon, came off on the 13th ult., when a dozen hungry celebrities assembled at 370, Euston Road, to discuss a genuine mahogany dinner. The table was not of mahogany, it is true, but we mean that the meal was of that complete and comfortable character to which we have already referred in contrast with the peculiar incompleteness and discomfort of "pic-nic" arrangements. "Success to the Leeds Town Hall Organ," and the healths of Messrs. Smart and Spark (the designers of the instrument), and the eminent builders was drunk with enthusiasm. Messrs. Smart and Spark were present, and two or three gentlemen came from Leeds expressly to assist at the solennité. The "swell-box" by no means presented the bare appearance that such pipe-cages generally wear. It was gaily decorated with Union Jacks and other banners, with devices regal, patriotic, or eccentric. One little flag in particular caused cachinnation, and thereby promoted digestion. It bore the figure of a lion, and was the most fabulous depictment of the king of beasts that we ever gazed upon. The Leeds Corporation arms occupied a conspicuous position, and they are funny enough. An owl rampant, surmounting the shield, an owl rampant on the dexter side, and a third owl, likewise rampant, on the sinister (the

latter twain looking desperately knowing). The only remaining portion of the device we can call to mind was a sheep defunct, suspended, emblematic, we imagine, of hung mutton, which is a fine thing, and in which every Corporation delighteth. Touching the decoration of the interior of this novel dining-room, some one happened to remark that it resembled a ship's cabin, upon which Mr. George Cooper (of St. Sepulchre's, St. Paul's, and the Chapel Royal) said, 'Of course, it's going to be a C organ.' With this ready and legitimate joke we must close our notice of the 'Dinner in a Swell-Box.'"

And here it may not be uninteresting to many to quote from my "Life of Henry Smart":—"Shortly after the Town Hall organ was finished it was subject to much criticism, and the late eccentric Jeremiah Rogers, the well-known organist of Doncaster Parish Church, once caused much amusement to Smart and others by saying of the twenty-six magnificent reed stops in the instrument, 'Oh, yes! No doubt there were a few good reeds, but these reeds were altogether vulgar!' This singular expression from one who not long before boasted (as well he might) of the beauty of the reeds in the organ—the united work of the younger Harris and Byfield —which was the glory of the old Parish Church of Doncaster before destroyed by fire, elicited from Smart, or some person to whom he related the conversation, the following nonsensical rhymes, which appeared in *The Musical World*:—

There was a Great Organ at Leeds,
Which was famed for its high-pressure reeds,
Gray and Davison's praises.
The awful-clyde blazes,
Loudest spoken of high-pressure reeds.

These reeds in the side of old Rogers
(Most artful of all artful dodgers)
Were a terrible thorn,
But he laughed them to scorn,
Saying, "Reeds are quite vulgar," old Rogers.

His ideas soon put into train,
Trying how he might good reeds obtain;
But our organist, Spark,
Cries, hitting the mark,
'Your grapes still quite sour remain.'"

But here we are, the organ and I, alive, well, and in good working order, after a partnership of 34 years; and I can assure those who are still unkind and unappreciative, that the charm and delight I have experienced from playing to numerous great composers and organists, as well as my performances (nearly two thousand) of over ten thousand pieces,

have more than compensated me for the naughty ill-feeling to which I have been so long subjected, and which, I am now pleased to say has, at least, considerably abated.

No. 12.—Bolton Abbey Church.

THE delicious seclusion and repose which are the great characteristics of Bolton generally, culminate in a visit to the interior of Bolton Priory, where the quiet, cool stillness of the church impress the wayfarer with feelings of solemnity and reverence. Whitaker compares the situation to that of Tintern, —but Tintern Abbey and its surroundings fall far short, in my humble opinion, of Bolton, where the ruins of former grandeur, strength, and beauty, stand on a patch of open ground, round which the Wharfe curves after emerging from the narrow wooded glen between the Abbey and Barden Tower. "Much wood," says Murray—"chiefly large oak and ash trees—clusters about the ruins and the river bank; and across the Wharfe, immediately opposite the church, rises a steep rock, painted by Turner, of the richest purple. Downward, the stream is bordered by quiet green meadows. At the back the valley is grandly closed by the hills of Simon Seat and Barden Fell."

The chief relic of the Priory is the Church, the nave being perfect, but the rest of the edifice is in complete ruin. The Duke of Devonshire, with the assistance of *Craice*, and his daughter, Lady Louisa Egerton (who is ever foremost in promoting all good works at Bolton), spent a considerable amount of money in restoring and beautifying the nave, introducing carved oak choir stalls, open oak seats, a handsome reredos, renovated *Rood Screen*, stone pulpit, lectern and font, etc.

It is recorded that at the end of the nave aisle, enclosed by a Perp. screen, is a chantry founded by the Mauleverers, and below it the vault in which, according to tradition, the Claphams of Beamsley, and their ancestors the Mauleverers, were interred upright, and of which Wordsworth, in his *White Doe of Rylstone*, writes:—

> "Pass, pass who will yon chantry door,
> And through the chink in the fractured floor
> Look down, and see a grisly sight;
> A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
> There face by face and hand by hand
> The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;

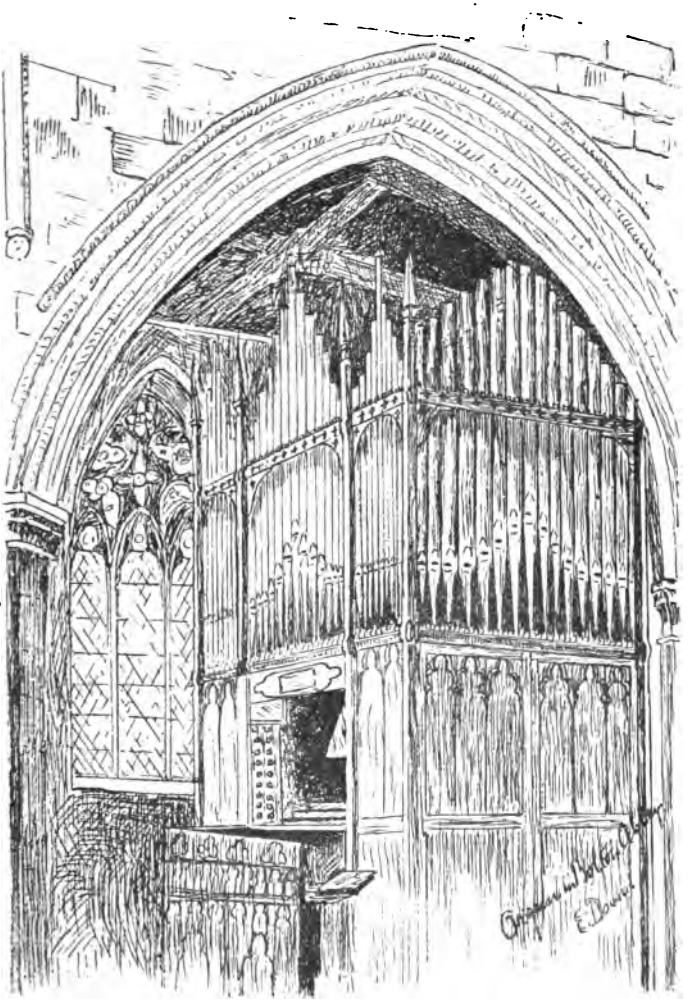
And in his place among son and sire
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A valiant man, and a name of dread
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
Who dragg'd Earl Pembroke from Banbury Church,
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch."

Over this historically strange corner, a *New Organ* was erected a few years ago to the memory of one of the Duke of Devonshire's favourite and universally respected stewards, Mr. Cottingham, of Chatsworth, the cost being subscribed for by the Rector, Wardens, and tenants on the estate. The instrument was built from my specification by John Laycock, of West Closes, Cross Hills, near Skipton (where the business is still carried on by his son and a partner, under the style of Laycock and Bannister), and is a remarkably sweet-toned, effective, well-made organ, consisting of two complete manuals (great and swell), about 20 stops and couplers, and a separate *pedale*.

During its construction I made two or three visits to the interesting little "factory" of the builder, situated in a secluded, romantic spot on the top of a hill where a windmill supplies the place of an engine, or other motive power, for driving the various useful parts of the machinery, sawing, planing, etc.

"Old Johnny Laycock," as he was familiarly called, was a character, and a very good character, too. Like Richard Penlake, "he was a cheerful man, cheerful, and frank, and free," and his chief delight was in building and talking about organs. Especially gratified was he to visit Leeds Town Hall occasionally on Tuesday afternoons, listen to the wondrous tones of our grand organ, carefully inspect the inside of the instrument, and make his own honest-spoken comments thereon—generally those of approval and admiration.

Originally, "Old Johnny" was a hand-loom weaver, but having a love for organs from his youth, he bought an old instrument in 1831, and proceeded to dissect, and ultimately rebuild it. He then joined his brother and uncle who were wheelwrights, there learning much practical work, which he afterwards found to be most useful in his business. Like the great Schultze, he was particular as to the quality of well-seasoned timber for his pipes (generally Californian red wood), and New Zealand pine for his cases. The metal he used was made of the same quality (so far as he knew) as that employed by Cavaillé-Coll, of Paris. The Bolton Abbey organ is a model of neat and careful workmanship, both as regards voicing, touch, and general handicraft. This really *genuine* G.O.M. died September 13th,



Bolton Abbey Church Organ.

1889, at the patriarchal age of 81, highly esteemed by all who knew him.

On the day I had the great pleasure to "open," or inaugurate, the new organ, in August, 1880, there were great "stirrings" among the inhabitants of Bolton, Beamsley, Addingham, Burnsall, and the neighbouring hamlets, who took a deep interest in the musical services of the day, including my recital of suitable selections in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Cottingham, brother of the deceased steward, preached in the morning, and Dr. Gott (then Vicar of Leeds, now Bishop of Truro) in the evening, forcibly and appropriately. The vocal portions were directed by the clever organist of the church, Miss Petyt (now Mrs. Usher), and her brother, Mr Josh. Petyt.

The Duke of Devonshire (contrary to his usual custom of attending church only once a day) was present at each service, and so were his only daughter, Lady Louisa Egerton, Lord Hartington (now the Duke), Lord and Lady Fredk. Cavendish (the noble, brave, patriotic, murdered Lord Cavendish), Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish, etc. It was indeed a red-letter day with me, and I never remember to have had a more pleasant or successful organ opening in my long experience of such functions.

It was my privilege to be the guest for a few days of that grand old clergyman, Mr. Bellairs, the Rector, whose loss has been felt ever since he left Bolton for another living; and I had the honour of lunching and dining on the interesting occasion with the Duke and his family at "The Hall," when the merits of the organ were duly discussed and commended.

GREAT ORGAN.—CC TO G.—56 NOTES.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Pt.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon (wood) ...	16	56	6. Twelfth (metal)	$2\frac{2}{3}$	56
2. Open Diapason (metal)	8	56	7. Fifteenth (metal) ...	2	56
3. Claribella (wood) ..	8	56	8. Mixture (metal) various 3 ranks		168
4. Harmonique flute (metal)	4	56	9. Trumpet (metal) ...	8	56
5. Principal (metal) ...	4	56			

SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G.—56 NOTES.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon (wood)... ...	16	56	6. Octave (wood)	8	56
2. Open Diapason (metal)	8	56	7. Flauto traverso (metal)	2	56
3. Salcional (wood and metal)	8	56	8. Mixture (metal) various 3 ranks		168
4. Viol d'amour (wood and metal)	8	56	9. Horn (metal)	8	56
5. Gedact (wood)	8	56	10. Oboe (metal)	8	56
			11. Tremulant		

CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO G.—56 Notes.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Dulciana (metal) ...	8	56	3. Gedact (wood)	8	56
2. Viol di Gamba (wood and metal	8	56	4. Saube Flute (metal) ...	4	56
			5. Clarionet (metal) ...	8	44

PEDAL ORGAN.—CCC TO F.—30 NOTES.

1. Grand Open Diapason (wood)	16 ft.	3. Gedact (wood)	8ft.
2. Bourdon (wood)	16 ft.	4. Principal (wood)	8ft.

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great.
2. Swell to Great Super Octave.
3. Swell to Pedals.
4. Swell to Choir.
5. Great to Pedals.
6. Choir to Pedals.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

ALLUDING to the origin of the Festivals, and to the erection of the Town Hall in 1858, the writers and compilers of the "History of the Leeds Musical Festivals," by "Fred R. Spark and Joseph Bennett" (recently published), state "that the best available concert-room was the Old Music Hall, in Albion Street—capable of seating about 800 persons. There, from time to time, concerts were given in aid of the Leeds Infirmary; some of the performances being, all circumstances considered, of an ambitious kind. Obviously, however, nothing could be done on a Festival scale, and nothing was attempted. Years went on, and at length Leeds resolved upon the erection of a Town Hall which should be worthy of the borough's growing importance. It is interesting to note that, in view of the ceremonial opening of the new building, *the suggestion of a Musical Festival originated, not, as might have been expected, with the amateurs of the town, but with the Corporation Committee* (who may, indeed, have been amateurs to a man), specially charged with oversight of all matters connected with the then nearly completed edifice. The suggestion, it is true, came rather late, but was so eagerly taken up, and so promptly acted upon, that no inconvenience resulted. As a first step, the Mayor (Alderman Peter Fairbairn) called a town's meeting for March 11th, 1858, in the Old Court House, Park Row—since converted into a Post Office."

There's a *suppressio veri* here which is not very creditable to the Editors—both of whom had carefully read and kindly reviewed my "Life of Smart" (1881), and from which I extract the following facts:—

"In 1855, at the time the Leeds People's Concerts, given on Saturday evenings, were so crowded out in the Old Music Hall (the only room—holding rather less than eight hundred persons—then available for concerts and other meetings in Leeds), Henry Smart paid a visit to me, and I mentioned to him the evident necessity, and my own great wish for the erection of a large new hall, which should have a grand organ

possessing all the requirements for mass meetings, musical festivals, etc. To use a familiar phrase, he "jumped at the idea," and said with enthusiasm, "My dear friend, go in for it with all your heart and soul, and you may rely on it, as far as the *organ* is concerned, I will help you to get the finest instrument yet erected in this country." All this was easily said, but who could imagine that out of these few words ultimately rose up the magnificent Town Hall of Leeds, and its glorious organ! But so it was. I lost no time in getting a meeting of the leading inhabitants in the Old Court House, at which the late Mr. Darnton Lupton, and others, strongly recommended the formation of a company for the purpose of building a new public hall. The matter, however, was not supported so warmly as was expected, and the late Borough Treasurer, Mr. Hepper, who was then an influential alderman of the Leeds Town Council, took up the question, and so successfully plied it at the Corporation meetings, that the sums of money, starting with £20,000, and ending probably with £150,000, were ultimately voted, and our much desired object was partly accomplished.

As only one instance out of a number that could be adduced, in which the public appetite for a new hall was frequently sharpened in the Leeds newspapers (there being at that time only three, each published but once a week), the following letter will be of sufficient interest, especially to Leeds people, to warrant its insertion here—and to the concluding paragraph of which I desire to draw especial attention :—

JENNY LIND AT LEEDS.

(To the Editors of the "Leeds Mercury.")

GENTLEMEN,—A paragraph having appeared in our local papers intimating that Madame Jenny Goldschmidt was shortly about to give a concert in Leeds, and considerable interest having, in consequence, been evinced in our town and neighbourhood at the probable visit of the world's most famous singer, I ask permission to state through your columns the fact that the arrangements, which had been *concluded* with Madame Goldschmidt to sing in Leeds, have been unavoidably abandoned.

Last Thursday week, Mr. Mitchell (under whose management all the Lind Concerts have been given since her present stay in England) came to confer with myself on Madame Goldschmidt's visit, and it was fixed, after a consultation with Mr. Hopkinson, that a concert should be given in our Music Hall, on Monday, April 7th.

We personally applied for the room for that day, and understood from one of the clerks that it was disengaged.

In the evening of the same day I was astounded by the receipt of the following note from Mr. Ainley, the agent to the Music Hall Proprietors :—

"LEEDS, *21st Feb., 1856.*

"DEAR SIR,—I understand that you have called in my absence to engage the Music Hall for a concert by Jenny Lind. I, however, must now inform you that if Jenny Lind comes to the Leeds Music Hall to perform she must come through Messrs. Clapham and Co., as I am under agreement with them not to let the room for any performance by Jenny Lind, except through them. I lose no time in giving you this information, in order that you may be cautious in carrying out any arrangement for her coming to Leeds.

I am, yours truly,

"Mr. Spark. "JNO. AINLEY."

I was unwilling at first to believe that this note could mean anything but a hoax, but I found, on application to Messrs. Ainley and Clapham, that such an agreement did exist, and that the hall could not be taken for the occasion except "through Mr. Clapham" (the lessee of the Leeds Royal Gardens), who required £15 as a bonus to give up his claim to the room.

A very few words will explain how "Messrs. Clapham & Co." obtained the power of precluding the public of Leeds from hearing the Swedish Nightingale without bribing them to relinquish a claim, the nature of which I will not trust myself to characterise.

It appears that Mr. Clapham proposed to speculate on Madame Goldschmidt's performance in Leeds, but discovered that Mr. Mitchell, to whom all the arrangements for these concerts are confided, had decided, and very properly, that they should not be made a matter of traffic, but in all instances that he would make the engagements direct.

Foiled in this direction, Mr. Clapham, aided by the representative of the proprietors of the Music Hall, adopted the course of securing the room for any appearance of Jenny Lind during the year, and thus raising a presumptive claim to a handsome compensation if he should forego it. He made an agreement with Mr. Ainley to give £30 for the hall for any concert in which Madame Goldschmidt might perform ; and that it should not be let to any other parties for the same

purpose, with the alternative that he would give the usual rent, £6, whether she appeared or not.

On what principle of fairness such a concession of the right to exclude the inhabitants of Leeds from its largest public room, could be made, I am at a loss to conjecture. The result is that, for the present, we have no prospect of enjoying the high gratification of hearing again this Queen of Song in Leeds—for Mr. Mitchell very properly refuses to bribe Mr. Clapham to forego his claim, or enter into any engagement for indemnifying the proprietors against any possible consequences that might result from violating the monopoly which, it is alleged, has been given to Mr. Clapham.

It is, perhaps, too delicate a topic to expatiate upon, but I may at least allude to the fact that the great Swedish vocalist, to her honour be it said, has seldom quitted a town without leaving tokens of her charity, perhaps even more lasting than those made by her most tuneful strains.

I do hope that it may yet be possible to obtain Madame Goldschmidt's services, and if the obstacle with regard to the Music Hall be removed, I apprehend it would yet be practicable.

I will not add one word of comment to the above "plain, unvarnished tale," but *leave it to the verdict of the music-loving public of Leeds, to consider whether it does not prove that it is high time we should have a hall adequate to the wants of the town, and under a management responsible to the townspeople themselves.*—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

WM. SPARK.

11, PARK SQUARE,
LEEDS, *March 3rd, 1856.*

Difficult as it proved, even to the persevering Alderman Hepper, to obtain the sums required for the building of the structure which the genius of Cuthbert Broderick had designed, it was found to be a still tougher business to get a generally unmusical Town Council to spend £5,000 in the erection of an organ to place therein. Smart and I had, however, set our minds on it, though we were stoutly opposed by both amateur and professional "organ fanciers." Fortunately we had several influential friends in the Corporation who were equally resolved that, as far as they could secure it, we should at least have fair play. The Mayor (Mr. John Hope Shaw), Aldermen George, Kelsall, Botterill, and Kitson, Councillors Addyman, Carter (afterwards M.P. for Leeds), and Eagland, etc. (especially the

latter), took a deep interest in "the organ question," and a sub-committee having been appointed, a prize of £150 was offered for the best set of plans and *working drawings* of an organ suitable for the hall.

Smart and myself had been engaged for many months previously in designing an organ, and there was nothing that *he* desired more than to have his *working drawings* submitted to the eyes of competent authority, and to be compared with any others that might be sent in. The organists and their friends, all of whom had their peculiar notions, combated the idea of professional gentlemen being able or willing to furnish "working drawings." They got up a lively correspondence in the papers, but never produced any "working drawings!" One amateur wrote to the papers to say that "the employment of professional men in the construction of organs is not only perfectly unnecessary, but *undesirable;* in fact, their interference in such matters may be looked upon as little else than an impertinent reflection upon the efficiency of the organ-builder, and, indeed, most professional men are too careful of their reputation and honour to compromise themselves by interfering where the motives are so liable to misconstruction." At the very time this was written, Smart had prepared a set of plans and drawings which have since been pronounced by Cavaillé, and other eminent builders, to be equal, if not superior, to any similar work they had ever seen!

In a subsequent chapter Smart's skill as an engineer and a draughtsman will be specially pointed out and explained. Another letter which appeared in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, February 7th, 1857, will show the feeling that prevailed at the time:—

THE TOWN HALL ORGAN.

(To the Editor of the "Intelligencer.")

SIR,—The advertisement issued by the Town Hall Committee for plans and working drawings of an organ, was a novelty, and would necessarily deprive the Council of all aid from musicians of the highest celebrity, and confine the subject to the organ manufacturer exclusively.

It was framed, perhaps, merely in conformity with a prescribed form of advertisement where corporation contracts are concerned. At any rate, the members of Council should be informed that *eminent musicians do not furnish working drawings of the instruments on which they perform*, and to ask such parties for anything of the kind is to ignore their taste and

judgment in matters where they could give information of the greatest importance.

The advertisement, sir, had very much the appearance of having been worded in conformity with the views of a gentleman of this neighbourhood, who lately addressed a letter to the *Mercury* on the organ subject, and who, it is said, would not be displeased to guide the Council in their decision about their organ. I enclose you a letter which I have received from Dr. S. S. Wesley, and am, sir, yours obediently,

Leeds. F. G. S.

Dr. Wesley's letter was a defence of *his* scheme of the great Liverpool organ.

Many sets of plans were sent in from organ-builders, all of which were minutely examined by the sub-committee (Messrs. Kitson and Eagland), aided by an experienced, disinterested organ-builder, and the result was the award of the prize of £150 for the best plans to Messrs. Smart and Spark.

The next thing was the all-important one of the builder.

The specification contained every detail, from the scales, weight and character of metal and wood, voicing, wind pressures, size of sound-boards, position of the registers, pedals, etc., down to the springs, wires, buttons, etc. There was nothing left untouched—nothing omitted or forgotten. Smart's soul was in the work; he knew his power, he fulfilled his mission, and all that pertained to *his* share of the work was thoroughly and conscientiously done.

Several builders tendered, and, after careful consideration, the contract was let to Messrs. Gray and Davison, who in their turn were fiercely assailed and objected to in the papers by the friends of other organ factors.

The Town Council having appointed Smart and myself to superintend the building of the organ, we were frequently together at Messrs. Gray and Davison's large factory in the Euston Road, London, in 1857-8, watching with deep interest the progress of every portion of the work. Indeed, Smart was incessant in his visits and in making experiments, suggestions, and trials, both with regard to the mechanism—much of which was very complicated—and the tone of various pipes.

It is true that many of his experiments were of rather an expensive character, as the builders found out; but his combined faith, enthusiasm, and determination overcame most difficulties, and when he was successful, his satisfaction and pleasure were expressed with genuine delight. When a goodly

portion of the organ was ready, and curiosity was rife in Leeds as to the best mode of inaugurating the new Town Hall and the instrument, I submitted a letter to Smart, who heartily approved of the contents, which duly appeared in the local newspapers, and from which the following extract may here be made :—

"And now, gentlemen, I wish most respectfully to ask our spirited Mayor, the members of the Corporation, and the inhabitants generally, whether they intend to have their magnificent Town Hall and Organ opened with the enthusiasm and rejoicing which can alone find appropriate expression in a Grand Musical Festival, on a scale worthy of the metropolis of the West-Riding, of the commercial eminence of our town, and its taste and patronage of music? I believe it only needs initiation to enlist universal sympathy and co-operation ; but the necessary preparations should be commenced without delay, or it will be utterly impossible to assemble all the necessary elements of success. We must not trust to the 'chapter of accidents' for befriending us on such an occasion ; we must be up and doing, with the zeal of lovers of divine music, and the promptitude and forethought of men of business.

"Although, in such a case, we can obviously command success by spirited and united action, I may remind my fellow-townsmen, that with scarcely a single exception, all first musical festivals at the opening of large halls in this and other countries, have been most successful in a pecuniary point of view. I do not, therefore, for a moment anticipate that one single farthing of the necessary guarantee fund will ever be required from those who may become subscribers.

"The Birmingham Hospital is almost entirely supported by the profits of the triennial Musical Festivals in that town! Surely Leeds can show herself equally able to aid similar noble charities through the agency of musical gatherings.

"Having obtained statistical information of the cost and expenditure of nearly all the great festivals in England,—it will be my pride and delight as a townsman to place it at the disposal of any Committee that may be appointed to take the matter into consideration. As a *professional* man, I do not wish to undertake any work which may not be considered indispensable for the realisation of the whole scheme.

"The Town Hall exists as an embodied answer to the demand for means of doing justice to the musical taste earnestly craving gratification among all classes in Leeds ; and if these facts and suggestions help to accelerate action in the

musical inauguration of this magnificent edifice and its noble organ, no one will rejoice more heartily than, gentlemen, your most obedient servant, "WM. SPARK."

The Mayor (Alderman James Kitson) took the matter up with admirable spirit and earnestness—the result being a splendid Musical Festival, of which, however, more hereafter in its proper place.

CONDUCTOR FOR THE FIRST FESTIVAL.

When the question of a Conductor came to the front, many of my friends on the committee, knowing how successful I had been with the Music Hall Concerts, especially in conducting Oratorios, etc., with full band, eminent principals, and my own carefully trained chorus, expressed a wish that, in pursuance of the time-honoured plan adopted at the meetings of the Three Choirs Festivals—Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford—I should, as the originator of the Leeds Festival, become its first Conductor. Feeling sure that such a course would raise a storm of ill-feeling and opposition, I positively declined to be "nominated," and strongly recommended Professor Sterndale Bennett to Mr. James Kitson, Chairman of the Executive Committee; and, having written to the former explaining my wishes and position in the matter, I received the following letter:—

15, RUSSELL PLACE, FITZROY SQUARE,
LONDON, W., *March 10th, 1858.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have only a few minutes to thank you for your note of this morning. You are certainly a most unselfish person, and I am extremely grateful for your good opinion.

Of course, it would greatly delight me to have the conduct of the proposed Festival at Leeds.

My competitors are strong men, without doubt, but might not my claims as a Yorkshireman (other things being equal) be something for me? With regard to terms—although I should be unwilling to gain the contract from sending in the lowest estimate, still I would most willingly consider the money matter as the minor matter.

I think I could, if desirable, obtain considerable support in your neighbourhood, if you will kindly let me know how things go on from time to time.

Ever believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

Wm. Spark, Esq., Leeds.

Beyond re-echoing the oft-told tale that the first Leeds Musical Festival in 1858 was a magnificent success both musically, socially, and pecuniarily, I need not here deal further with the subject, but go on to the

Proposed Musical Festival in 1861.

Beyond recommending some excellent, well-tried vocalists for the Chorus, I had nothing whatever to do with what the "History" calls "resultant squabbles" between the two leading choral associations (the Madrigal and Motet Society and the Choral Society), the failure in carrying on the 1861 Festival being almost wholly due to the differences which arose between the Sub-Executive Committee and Mr. Burton, as to the formation and direction of the Chorus. Two accomplished members of that committee, Mr. Charles E. Wurtzburg and Mr. Ed. Oswald Dykes, are living witnesses to the truth of my assertion. Unfortunately, these influential amateurs removed from Leeds some years ago; otherwise their presence on the Executive Committee of the last three Musical Festivals would have changed the complexion of affairs altogether—at least so far as I was personally concerned.

To what good end, then, the writers of the "History" should devote no less than sixteen pages to a detailed account of the "squabbles" between the rival Societies (*not* their conductors, be it noted), no one but the authors can see, and it is indeed sad to know that so much trouble should have been taken to chronicle events of over thirty years ago which all right-thinking Leeds citizens, etc., would willingly have allowed to rest in the dim past of nearly forgotten musical disagreeables in Leeds. *Valeat quantum valere potest.*

The Second Musical Festival in 1874.

Says the "History":—"After the *fiasco* of 1861, no further attempt was made to continue the Musical Festivals till twelve years had passed away." Exactly so. Who, however, was the sole cause and means of resuscitating them? The *suppressio veri* here is almost more discreditable than it was in or *re* the First Musical Festival.

The facts are these:—Although during these twelve years I was overwhelmed with professional engagements, conducting frequently recurring performances for the Town Hall Concert Society, etc., giving bi-weekly organ recitals, besides undertaking lectures and numerous pupils, composing for and editing *The Organists' Quarterly Journal, The Practical Choir Master,*

Batiste's Organ Works, etc., etc., I found time to take steps for the revivication and resurrection of the long dormant Festivals. Determining not to appear personally on the scene until my private preliminary suggestions and *dispositions* had either succeeded or failed, I secured the services of Mr. Henry Sales, who was then the Secretary and Lecturer of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, and gave him a written undertaking to pay all expenses for two months while he tried to get together a provisional committee, and secure the valuable aid and support of the Mayor (Alderman Marsden), one of the most liberal, public-spirited, kind-hearted chief magistrates Leeds has ever had. In the meantime, when the ice was broken, I followed in the wake of Mr. Sales and obtained promiscuous conversations on the project with his Worship, the Town Clerk, and the suggested Committee; the ultimate outcome being that the Mayor convened a general meeting of gentlemen of light and leading in the town, from which Committees were formed, a large Guarantee Fund secured, and the Second Leeds Musical Festival was thus assured and established. No one knew these important facts better than the present indefatigable Hon. Secretary, and yet they are altogether ignored!

Being pretty well sick and tired of the injustice which has so often been done to me (as I have shown) in connection with the Leeds Musical Festivals, I will now content myself with quoting one only of the numerous letters and pamphlets (especially those so cleverly written by "Musicus," of which I am *not* the author, though often accused thereof), and from which the Guarantors, Subscribers to the Concerts, and the public generally, can draw their own conclusions.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(To the Editors of the "Leeds Mercury.")

GENTLEMEN,—In your issue of yesterday I read that Mr. Alfred Benton had been appointed organist of the Leeds Musical Festival, in the place of our good old friend, Dr. Spark, who, as every long resident of Leeds knows, has done more for the art of music in the North of England, in Scotland, and in Wales, than all the lot of other so-called "Leeds artists" put together.

Is there nobody who will try to get Dr. Spark a hearing? I believe that he would delight the guarantors, the subscribers, and the public generally, if they would give him a chance. But his enemies are too many for him, and, plucky as he is, he

cannot, as the Scripture phrase goes, "kick against the pricks." He is unable to fight fifty of the Committee, when three or four of the most influential members of that Committee seem determined to prevent him holding the position of organist to the Festival.

Why not ask the worthy Doctor to produce a composition, however short? Why should outsiders get all the benefit from the Leeds Festival once in three years, and one who has worked hard for nearly forty years to be excluded? Then why do not the Leeds Musical Festival Committee answer the *brochure* of "Musicus?" Some persons think Dr. Spark wrote it I do not. If he is the author, he is certainly a very clever writer, and ought to be respected.

There is the more reason in what I suggest if it be the case, as I believe, that Dr. Spark was the originator of the Leeds Musical Festivals.

Yours, etc.,

W. J. HESSE.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(To the Editors of the "Leeds Mercury.")

GENTLEMEN,—Will you permit me to make some observations on Mr. W. J. Hesse's letter which appeared in your issue of the 29th ult., and which I never saw or heard of until my attention was drawn to it a day or two since?

While thanking Mr. Hesse and numerous other friends and correspondents for the very kind and commendable remarks in regard to the unfriendliness of the Leeds Musical Festival Committee towards myself, both as an organist and composer, I must ask them (though it may seem somewhat ungrateful) not to interest or trouble themselves further in the smallest degree about this business, which has been bad enough for a long time, but is now probably at its worst.

As my relations with the Festival have been entirely—I was going to say cruelly—severed, and the deep interest I took in it for many years has been unceremoniously suppressed, I may here state one or two facts.

During the reign of the incomparable conductor, Sir Michael Costa, all went smoothly with the organ, and its proper use was established in conjunction with the functions of the orchestra, chorus, and principal artists.

He knew what grand effects could be produced from our magnificent instrument, whose tones, he always affirmed, mixed better with a band than any other instrument he had ever

known. Those who remember the performance of "The Mount of Olives," "Solomon," etc., under Costa, will never forget the thrilling, overwhelming effects produced in the *ensemble* and *finales*, by the quickening power of the combined and unstinted employment of the organ, orchestra, and chorus. *Tout cela change!*

Under the new conductorship, the organ was relegated to the back stairs or the kitchen, degraded from the high distinctive position Costa gave to it, and made to sing small. No wonder, then, that with my long experience I should feel chagrined and disappointed, and become almost indifferent to, and perhaps careless, in the discharge of some of my duties.

It is absurd to think that after this I should desire to act again as accompanying organist. No! certainly not. What I desired was to compose and play a solo, as I did at the inauguration Festival in 1858, and again at subsequent gatherings, so that the subscribers and visitors from a distance (many of whom have never heard our organ, excepting for tuning purposes) might have for ten or twelve minutes a little deviation from the ordinary programme, by hearing to advantage the varied tones, effects, and power of the grand instrument in our Town Hall in all its glory. I offered to do this, but the Committee refused my offer.

When the leaders of our Musical Festival were floundering about for new works by outside authors, I offered to compose a new Cantata, or they could have my Motet, "Lord, how long wilt Thou look upon this," for a double chorus and full orchestra, and which takes about twelve minutes in performance.

The Chairman of the Executive wrote that he was instructed by the Committee to say that all my offers were declined; and he believed that the guarantors, subscribers, and the public generally, would fully endorse and approve of their action! After this comes the judgment. Emphatically do I deny this mendacious statement. We know that when the judgment's weak the prejudice is strong; and I feel sure that if Leeds were polled to-morrow, the great bulk of the inhabitants would not endorse the Committee's dictum No, gentlemen, it has been a personal matter, mostly brought about by calumny and misrepresentation, and not an artistic question, as it should have been, and I think every reasonable person will agree with me that, considering all things—the fact that I first suggested in your columns the building of the Town Hall and the erection of a magnificent organ, and in both of these schemes I was warmly supported by the late Sir Edward Baines—I do not think that,

even with my assumed shortcomings (the Musical Festival Committee, of course, haven't any), I deserve the treatment I have received. I could say much more, but have already trespassed too much on your space.—Yours, etc.,

Newton Park, Leeds, *May 5th.* WM. SPARK.

In connection with the first Leeds Musical Festival, the following anecdotes from my "Life of Smart" (now difficult to obtain) may not prove unacceptable to my readers :—

In 1857-58, during the erection of the Town Hall organ, Smart was a frequent visitor to Leeds; he had then good health and spirits, could see tolerably well—in fact, he could see much further than many other folks whose visual organs were stronger than his own—I mean intellectually and metaphorically. In the week of the first Musical Festival (which I have previously dwelt upon) there were plenty of festivals, dinner parties, etc., going on, and I need scarcely say that Smart was a welcome guest whenever we could spare time to accept the numerous invitations we received as soon as he had got fairly installed in my domicile in Park Square, where I then resided. Wishful that we should have at least one gathering worthy of the event we were celebrating, I invited to dinner, on the third festival day, the best people I could get together, including Professor Sterndale and Mrs. Bennett, the Town Clerk (Mr. Ikin), Mr. and Mrs. Dibb, several clergymen, and others. It so happened that, on receiving from one of the expected guests an excuse at the last moment, I met a young and ardent "Puseyite curate" (as they were then called), and as he expressed a strong wish to meet Mr. Smart, I asked him if he would supply the vacant place at table. This turned out to be a most unfortunate mistake, for I had not only forgotten for the moment Smart's old antipathy to Ritualism and Gregorianism in almost every shape and form, but I actually placed him next to the bold young cleric, who, with a great deal of self-importance and pertinacity, insisted on contradicting Mr. Smart respecting the rightful position, value, and use of Gregorian chants in the services of the Church of England! The guests, who were rather quiet and stiff during the early part of the dinner, heard the storm brewing; and when the curate folded his hands spirally, saying to the distinguished organist, in rather a loud tone of voice, "I am strongly of opinion, Mr. Smart, that there

is a fine ecclesiastical, devotional character with Gregorian tones, which no other music possesses, and, therefore, I go in warmly for that kind of thing," poor Smart lost his temper entirely. It was more than he could stand any longer. So he pushed his chair back half a yard, pulled his fine, stalwart frame together, and with a significant, dramatic gesture said: "Now, look here! this won't do; who asked *your* opinion, sir, upon a musical question of which you evidently know absolutely *nothing?* You may rely on it, that some day when you and your friends are shouting those ugly Gregorian chants, Heaven will punish you, and *rain down bags of crotchets upon your heads*, and prevent you from ever singing them again!"

After the astonished guests had recovered slightly from their surprise, there arose a burst of hearty laughter, and the hitherto somewhat cold gathering warmed into the happiest and jolliest of evenings. As for the young "Puseyite," he shortly afterwards asked the hostess to excuse him—he was "not well," etc.; he slipped away, and was never again heard of from that day to this!

Some of the congregation of a chapel in Leeds, where there is supposed to be a fine organ, pressed Smart frequently to go and try their "beautiful instrument," and after some persuasion he went. Carefully he played through the flue work, which we perceived he didn't like, but when he got to the reeds, he uttered a very significant "bah!" One of the company said, "Now, Mr. Smart, those are fine reeds, I think;" whereupon the irate organist said, with that little nasal twang he put on occasionally when his equilibrium was disturbed: "Fine, indeed! are they? The only sort of sounds I can liken 'em to, is what I have heard in cottages when they're *frying sausages!*"

Apropos of his dislike to Gregorian chants, Smart used to tell a story of an American who had shown one of our own clergymen hospitality and attention in the land of Columbus, and who was very properly asked, when he came to this country, to return the visit. The Yankee went to the rectory to stay from Saturday until Sunday, the good parson having assured him he would hear "the best of music, well done." After the Sunday morning service, the musical portion of which was all Gregorian, the visitor went back to the rectory and was asked how he liked the music. "Some of it," said Jonathan, with his nasal twang,

"some of it is rather *tart*—no tune much—made by your village organist, I guess!" The rector replied solemnly: "My dear sir, the music we have been singing this morning is thought to be by many the purest and the most church-like chants we have; indeed, it is now pretty well ascertained that these Gregorian tones are identical with the Hebrew melodies which King David himself used to sing and play upon the harp, and which have come down to us so wonderfully from generation to generation." "Well, now," said the Yankee, "I am very glad indeed, sir, to hear this, because it clears up in my mind a little difficulty I have experienced in reading the Bible (and this I have done from kivver to kivver), as to the real reason why Saul threw the javelin at David when he was a trying to soothe his royal master of a raythe awkward temper with those ancient ditties!"

CHOIRS AND ORGANS:

THEIR PROPER POSITION IN CHURCHES.

THE following remarks on the Position of Choirs and Organs in Churches were written for and delivered before the members of the Yorkshire Architectural Society, at a general meeting held in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, on Wednesday, May 26th, 1852; the Rev. Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, in the chair.

As it is customary for all papers read before the Yorkshire Architectural Society to be printed in the annual volume of Reports, the Author deems it necessary here to state that the present paper is now published, in a separate form, in accordance with the strongly-expressed wish of several members of that society, amongst whom, may, with permission, be named, the Rev. Dr. Sharp, Vicar of Doncaster, the Rev. T. Bayly, Minor Canon of York, etc.

The subject is certainly one of peculiar interest and growing importance; and, so far as the author has been able to ascertain, it is not treated in any work to which the inquirer may refer for suggestion or guidance. It has, therefore, been the design of the author to apply such practical considerations to the subject as his experience and investigations dictate, and to deduce from these a few practical rules which he hopes may prove serviceable to those interested in the position occupied by choirs and organs.

One point of great importance,—the system of organ building, is, though only cursorily, touched upon in the following *brochure*. Few organists, and still fewer clergymen and churchwardens, are practically acquainted with any branch of organ building, so that, generally, when a new instrument is to be erected, the matter is left entirely in the hands of the organ builder, who, if a mere mechanic, and only ambitious to push his trade by the production of a "cheap article," employs very inferior material —especially in the *metal* department—so that the instrument mis-named an organ, proves to be a mere "box of whistles," —instead of improving in tone with age, as it ought, it

degenerates both in tone and structure, and in a few years is utterly worthless.

It is greatly to be regretted that there is no standard work on organ building, in the English language. France and Germany have both produced works on the history and science of organ building, which are of the utmost service, not only to organ builders, but to organists, and all who are interested in the progressive improvement of the king of instruments. The great changes which have been effected in organ building in this country within the last fifteen years—especially the almost universal adoption of the C, instead of the old and indefensible G organs—are such as ought to be thoroughly explained and illustrated by some gentleman who combines the qualifications of a sound practical organist and a good mechanic, and who is also well acquainted with acoustics, besides possessing a cultivated musical taste.

Returning from this collateral, though highly important, topic to that to which the following pages especially refer, the author ventures to express a hope that the time is past when an architect will presume to design an ecclesiastical edifice, oblivious of the fact that an organ now forms an indispensable part of the fittings of every church, and must be so placed that it may be heard, and that it may most appropriately fulfil its ancillary office in the various services.

If he shall, in any measure, be the humble instrument of directing the clergy, organists, architects, and others concerned in determining the proper position of organs and choirs, to consider the question from the *practical* point of view which he has ventured to take, and thereby prevent such fatal mistakes as are subsequently indicated, the author will be abundantly repaid for any labour he may have devoted to the elucidation of the subject.

I propose in this paper to consider the various positions occupied by choirs and organs in churches, to discuss the several reasons which my be adduced in favour of or against each locality, existing or possible, and thus to endeavour to establish some general principle, by reference to which the question may be readily adjusted.

A taste for vocal harmony, especially that connected with the services of our church, is spreading widely in this country ; and (by a happy coincidence) concurrently with a revival of ancient ecclesiastical architecture.

It is generally allowed that a very important part of architecture is the arrangement and fitting of churches for the service of the Church; and I trust I shall, to some extent, be forwarding the settlement of the great question of structural suitability in the edifice for the all-important purpose to which it is dedicated, if I make a few observations on the position of choirs and organs.

"So many men, so many minds"—and though I may hold different opinions on this interesting and important subject from many of my hearers, I shall endeavour to make some remarks which may be useful to those who wish to place choirs or organs in positions different from those which I should choose.

On the *historical* part of my subject,—after having waded through the pages of many a dusty folio, and the fat quartos of the Musical Historians, Burney and Hawkins,—I find I can add but little to what has already been given by Mr. Jebb in his admirable work on the choral service; and as I shall occasionally have to refer to his brief but pregnant remarks, I deem it right at the outset to quote them.

In reference to the position of the choir in churches, Jebb remarks—"The proper place was, and still is, the chancel; where, from the instructions of Archbishop Grindal, it appears that the incumbent had his stall. Here the clergy, at least those assistant to the officiating priest, ought to remain, even when the prayers, by the direction of the ordinary, are read in the nave; here the choir, or those assistant in Divine service, ought always to be placed. * * * No church, however small, ought to be without a regular chancel; its omission was never known till the last century. The gallery, the modern place of the performance, is altogether an innovation of later times, and like that last mentioned, Popish in its origin. That corrupt idolatry of music which prevailed in Italy, induced the admittance of persons into the choir who were obviously unfit to sing among the clergy, and therefore were placed, like mere instruments, in a loft. The effect, ecclesiastically considered, is bad in the extreme. There is an appearance of theatrical exhibition in this obtrusive elevation of the singers, who frequently attract the gaze of the congregation (perhaps, I should rather say of the audience) below; who, while the musicians are performing, turn their backs upon minister, altar, and everything sacred, absorbed by that which a savage would actually suppose to be the idol of our worship. For many reasons, indeed, I would prefer the ancient and unobtrusive position of the organ on one side; which could be so contrived as not to be glaringly

unsymmetrical. But, in any case, a loft for singers should be altogether avoided. It argues great unskilfulness in music to require such a proximity to the organist, and the effect is always better when the voices and organ are separated by some interval. But a much higher and more important reason exists for the location of the choir below, in the body of the church or chancel. The ministers of divine worship, such as the lay clerks and boys, or regularly appointed singers, have a sacred office to perform, and in this capacity should occupy a place near the clergy. * * * The modern practice quite cuts off the clergyman from the singers, and gives the latter an indecent elevation. In all these observations, I am introducing or recommending nothing new, but merely pleading for a return to a practice prescribed by the spirit and example of the Church of England; and which practice she gives as the clearest pattern in the arrangement of her principal churches, to this hour. It is evident that such an arrangement obviously requires no additional room, but merely an exchange of places."

"The *Organ*," says Mr. Jebb, "was placed on one side of the choir, generally the north, and towards the east end. Gervais relates that in the 12th century such was its position in Canterbury Cathedral, on the north side *over* the transept arch;" and our author then proceeds to give a list of those places where this arrangement is still observed. In a note, however, we find the following:—"In Neale's Views of the Churches of Great Britain (Vol. 2) there is an extract from a MS. account of Melford Church, in Suffolk, written about the time of the Reformation, in which the following notice occurs: 'There was a fair Rood Loft with the Rood, Mary and John, of every side, and with a fair pair of organs standing thereby.' It appears, too, from Britton's Arch. Antiqu. (Vol. 4), that the organ in the Beauchamp Chapel, at Warwick, stood over the west door; and Aubrey states that the organ in Trinity College Chapel, Oxford, stood over the choir screen. I particularly noticed in the Louvre, at Paris, a few months ago, that in more than one of the many paintings there by Peter Neuf, representing the interior of old churches, the organ was placad in a small gallery on the *south* side of the church."

In the majority of the churches in France, the grand organ is placed over the *west* door—an arrangement which in too many instances has the bad effect of blocking up in part the western window. Mr. Jebb says this custom was not older than the 17th century, when Holland was seized with the mania of building gigantic and noisy organs, which he terms "enormous

music mills," and he strongly condemns their employment in churches under any circumstances.

History and precedent, then, are not all agreed as to the *original* position of organs in churches, for this king of instruments seems before the Reformation, as now, to have stood in all sorts of places;—on choir screens, rood screens, over west doors, over and in transept arches, on the floor of the chancel, over the altar, as in the Royal Chapels of Versailles and the Tuilleries; under the tower, round corners, in hearing, but out of sight, and *vice versa*;—in short, it would be impossible to say, I think, not where organs have stood, but where they have not stood in churches.

Speaking again of the position of the organ, Mr. Jebb remarks:—"Of late the organ has been restored to its ancient position in the Cathedral of Canterbury, the Parish Church of Leeds, and the Temple Church in London."

I cannot myself ascertain which is the one "ancient position," seeing that all sorts of positions have been adopted. I may observe, too, that the organ in the Temple Church stands on the north side, and that in the Parish Church of Leeds on the south side. Again, with reference to our author's observations on "gigantic organs," I think it must have escaped his notice that the introduction of large organs is by no means of modern date; and if we are to rely on history for one point, we may, I presume, safely do so for another.

Now, I find the following statement in more than one work:—"St. Jerome says, there was an Organ at Jerusalem which could be heard as far as the Mount of Olives."

If the distance, therefore, from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem to the Mount of Olives, be about a mile (as I understand it is), the organ to which St. Jerome alludes must have been infinitely more powerful than any of the "enormous music mills" of the present day. Far be it from me to defend the employment of the huge, screamy, noisy organs which are but too often a disgrace to our churches, and frequently a means of destroying altogether the effect of what is of far greater consequence than any instrumental music—the combined and hallowed efforts of a congregation of worshippers to praise God with the "human voice divine." I am no advocate for noise, and especially instrumental noise, in our churches; all I wish to have understood is the difference between the use and abuse of a large, powerful, and sweet-toned Organ.

For the general execution of the choral service (which is usually *performed* by choirs numbering from sixty to thirty

voices), a small instrument may be sufficient;—indeed, what is the choir organ for, but principally to accompany the singers? No judicious organist ever does employ the full power of his instrument (if it be a large one) in the ordinary accompaniments of the choral service,—he rather confines himself to the use of those soft and sweet stops, which will be at once a sufficient support for the singing—and a means of giving that variety of expression to the music, which the ever varying sentiment of the words seems to require.

Notwithstanding, I would ask, are there not times and occasions in the due performance of our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, when the effect of a grand, and—to use a technical term— a "well-balanced" organ, "let out," as Master Mace hath it, "into all its fulness of stops,"—I ask, are there not times when it is awe-inspiring and powerfully sublime?

For instance, who can have heard a crowded congregation in a large church sing with heart and voice that glorious, time-honoured tune—the old 100th Psalm, accompanied with the full power of a great and beautiful organ, and not acknowledge the powerful aid and thrilling effect which a grand organ gives to some portions, at least, of our church service?

Again, who can read the account which Master Mace gives of congregational singing in York Minster, in 1644, and not acknowledge the value of a large—an "enormous"—organ, on special occasions, and under peculiar circumstances?

After speaking of the number of people, lords, knights, gentlemen, etc., who attended service in the Minster every Sunday, so that the church was (as he might say) "cramming and squeezing full," Master Mace adds—"Now here you must take notice, that they had then a custom in that church, which was, that always before the sermon the whole congregation sung a psalm together with the quire and the organ, and you must also know that there was then a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ, which cost (as I am credibly informed) a thousand pounds. This organ, I say, when the psalm was set, being let out into all its fulness of stops, together with the choir, began the psalm. But when that vast concording unity of the whole congregational chorus came *thundering* in, even so that it made the very ground shake under us, (Oh! the unutterable, ravishing soul's delight!) in the which I was so transported and wrapt up into high contemplation that there was no room left in my whole man, viz., body and spirit, for anything below divine and heavenly raptures."

When the Rev. J. Jebb and many other writers on the choral service condemn the employment of large organs in our churches, under any circumstances, in my humble opinion they appear to forget to notice the distinction which should be made between a congregational and a performed service—in short, it seems altogether to be lost sight of, that an organ to support a great body of singers—an assembled multitude of worshippers—should be infinitely larger and more powerful than an instrument required only to support a few singers who are engaged to perform the choral service to the congregation. The "enormous" organs in Holland were erected principally for the purpose of accompanying the large number of worshippers who sing most lustily in unison the magnificent melodies of grand, though simple, chorales, the music of which is printed—as it should be in England—with the words of the psalms and hymns, thus enabling all, who are able and feel disposed, to take part in one of the most delightful and elevating portions of public worship.

I must crave pardon for having digressed somewhat from the particular subject under consideration, and yet I am sure we must all feel a deep interest in whatever relates to the due and efficient performance of those portions of our church service, to which music forms such a powerful auxiliary.

The position of an organ will generally depend on that chosen for the choir, and sometimes (but in a smaller degree) the position of a choir must depend on the position of the organ. Occasionally, the position of the choir must depend on that chosen for the minister.

The chief question on which the position of choirs and organs will depend in parish churches is this:—Is the service of our church a Congregational Service, and the prayer *Common* Prayer? Is the choir to be considered as part of the congregation; are we—as I have before ventured to ask in another paper*—to lay it down as a fundamental rule in parochial worship, that choirs are not organized to sing to or for us, but *with* us, and should not their position in churches be such as would best conduce to bring about this, the main object of their services? In churches where the congregation is not entirely in the choir, as in cathedrals, but in the nave, as in most parish churches, is the chancel the proper place for a choir? Again, can it be clearly shown, that the organ is so insignificant a part of the *fittings* of a church, or of so little consequence in the

*Lecture on Church Music.

due and efficient celebration of divine service—especially when that service is choral service—that it should be concealed from view as much as possible, and its tones smothered and its whole action and mechanism perilled by being placed (as I understand it is in the beautiful church at Howden) under a low arch, near a dead, damp wall, and surrounded with pillars? By concealing this noble ecclesiastical instrument as much as possible, it has been said, that two very important advantages are gained ; first, an uninterrupted view of the architectural beauties and proportions of the building in which it is placed ; and, second, that the tones of the organ affect the congregation more when their source is, as it were, unknown.

The first is, indeed, a most important point, and should always be kept in view both by architects and organ builders ; but, if the organ, from its unquestionable superiority over all other instruments, is the instrument most suitable to the majesty of divine worship, can it with any propriety or reason be placed in such a situation as neither to be fairly seen or heard ? And yet it is a fact that the majority of church architects waive this important consideration in preparing their plans for any new structure ; so that if the erection of an organ be not specially named, and is not brought forward till some time after the completion of the church—which is often the case from want of funds and other causes—the architect is astonished and confounded some fine morning at being told that an organ is to stand in a situation which he feels will assuredly ruin the proportions of his building.

Surely, the architect of the beautiful little church you have, I believe, gentlemen, been visiting this morning (St. John's, Holbeck), cannot really believe, if he has considered the matter at all, that the hole in the wall over the north porch is a suitable place for an organ ?* And yet I am told, on credible authority, that it is intended to place an organ there, and such a one as will be worthy of the church, and of the liberality of its pious founders—the choir, it must be remembered, being at the other end of the church.

No person, who is at all acquainted either with music or the principles of acoustics, can imagine that an organ placed under a low arch, with three sides of it close to dead walls—in fact, in a stone box—will produce the same effect as an organ placed in an open situation in the church where the vibration is considerable. " Organ builders," says an intelligent writer on

* There is a similar instance in the fine old Parish Church of Driffield.

this subject, "well know the difference between voicing an organ for a recess in a small chapel, and one for a central situation in a spacious church. In one case where the obstacles are numerous and close to the organ, it is almost impossible to produce a proper quality of tone, especially from large pipes. Whereas, in the other case, the organ builder soon finds the required tone, owing to all obstacles being at a distance, and the vibration of each pipe not being disturbed but in its 'periphery,' thus causing an agreeable reflection of sound, such as we find on listening to the organs in our cathedrals and other large buildings." It is a singular fact connected with the amount of resonance in different buildings, that the enormous organ built by Mr. Willis, which stood at the west end of the Crystal Palace, and which contained three sets of manuals, an immense number of stops, and a large pedal organ, was not in effect so powerful as an instrument in a church at Islington, with one row of keys and eight stops. This anomalous effect must be attributed solely to the total absence of reverberation from the immense quantity of *glass* in the Great Exhibition.

From what I have stated at the commencement of my paper, it will be seen, I think, that no one position for organs has exclusively been adopted in any age of the church,—though it must be admitted that from about the 15th century they have been generally placed, in parish churches, in the western gallery,—and in cathedrals and collegiate churches on the screen which separates the choir from the nave.

The present generation being at liberty, then, to legislate on the subject, I have ventured, as a church organist, to draw up a few rules which, I hope, may be of some service to those who wish to place organs and choirs in churches in such a position as will best suit the requirements of the choral service—and, at the same time, not disfigure the architectural beauties of the building.

Rule I.—An organ should not play over one choir to another choir.*

Rule II.—The people should not be between the choir and organ.†

Rule III.—The singers in a choir must not have their backs to the people.

Rule IV.—A choir should *never* be in a gallery.

In churches where there is a double choir and an organ, it seems to me that the organ may often be advantageously

* *i.e.*, when the organ is placed on the ground. † As at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

placed in the centre of a low organ screen, in the old and common position. As a general rule, choirs should as nearly as possible form an equilateral triangle with the organ. It is an important question, and one deserving of close investigation, whether listeners, or those who depend on choirs for assistance, should be east of the choirs ; and it is certainly not advisable for the congregation to come between the choir and organ. I cannot help remarking here, that the usual places appropriated to the dignitaries in our cathedrals appear to be the worst in the church, and it is very curious that the chief places should be west of the choir.

I stated in Rule I., an organ must not play over one choir to another choir, as at the Temple Church, and at St. Andrew's, Wells Street. It has a one-sided effect; and, as the organist generally hears one choir above the other, and the choir nearest the organ hears considerably more of the organ than the other choir opposite, it is frequently the cause of serious faults and blemishes in the performance of the music. For this reason the organ should always, if possible, be placed considerably above the heads of the singers,—the tones of an instrument proceeding immediately before a choir will, assuredly, rather confuse than assist them. If, therefore, circumstances require the organ to be placed on the floor of a church, the sound-board should be fixed as *high* as the architecture, or other points, will allow.

It is well known, I believe, that a war has been for some time carried on by architects against cathedral organs, and many of them are being removed from their legitimate place and poked into transepts, galleries, and elsewhere, to the injury of the instruments, and the hindrance of the choral service. A gentleman who takes great interest in ecclesiastical architecture and ecclesiastical music (Sir Henry Dryden, of Canons Ashby), writes me, that the reason of this war "is the noisy tastes of organists, who have got their instruments to such a huge size as to be disfigurements to the building, and at last intolerable, and consequently removed." "Organs of a sufficient size," he continues, "lowered a little more into the organ screen would be no disfigurements."

In Westminster Abbey, the choir organ remains in its original place, and the result of placing the great organ and swell on either side, is said by some persons to be the most successful example of removal in England.*

* Since writing the above, I have had the advantage of personally ascertaining the musical merits of the removal of this noble instrument, by taking part in the services, anthems, etc., which are annually performed in the Abbey on the "Purcell

I understand that the organ in Canterbury Cathedral is made very heavy in the touch (by the distance between the pipes and the keys), and slow in speech (by removal), and is, moreover, lop-sided in effect. The Temple organ is muffled in a box, and unequal in its effect: to a great extent the same may be said of the organ at our Leeds Parish Church; and these defects all result from the improper placing of these instruments.

With regard to parish churches, which have commonly chancels—not choirs, as in cathedrals,—and as the chief part of the church is filled with the congregation, I may ask, ought not the service to be *congregational?* It is evident, if the people are to sing, they must in a great measure be dependent on the choir. They must, therefore, hear the latter as distinctly as possible, and must not, consequently, be between it and the organ.

To those who have thought at all upon the subject of my paper, I need scarcely say, that the arrangement of the organ and choir must be greatly regulated by the size and shape of the church; so that no rule can be laid down for the exact position of either. Although it is not to be expected that choral service will be attained in every church, yet it is always

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day"—a day wisely set apart to commemorate the genius of England's "most famous musician." I must confess, I agree with the opinions given me on that day, both by several of the lay clerks and by some of our most distinguished organists, that the practical effect of the removal of the organ is highly prejudicial to the proper performance of the vocal portions of the service; the singers seldom now keep with the organ, it being a most difficult task for them to hear any part of the instrument distinctly from the choir seats. It is right, however, to add that Mr. Turle, the organist, informed me that he could at all times hear the singers from the organ seat. But among the honoured associations with this venerable Minster, before the alterations had taken place (which, perhaps, for architectural purposes are so satisfactory), it is impossible to forget the following glowing outburst of eloquence of Washington Irving, excited by the pealing glories of that noble organ when in its old position over the choir screen:—"Suddenly the notes of the deep labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! with what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the quire break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! what solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on the swelling tide of harmony!"

desirable to arrange the singers so as to form two choirs ; and I may venture to lay it down as an axiom that service, however musical, is no choral service if there are not *two* choirs. Speaking historically, it seems hardly right to adduce as evidence for the proper position of choirs, any customs which may have prevailed before the Reformation, as the service then was not a congregational service. But since the Reformation, I believe, there has been scarcely a choral service in a church with only a chancel instead of a choir. Presuming, then, that our service is a congregational service (which is its distinction from all other services), it is quite wrong for the minister to be screened off from the people ; he ought, I presume, to be always in the nave (as, indeed, he generally is), except for the Communion Service ; and we will suppose the officiating minister to face north or south, except during the reading of the Lessons, when he faces west. Now the people are all the time facing east. This being the case, it seems absurd for a minister placed in the nave to be responded to by a choir in the chancel, —perhaps on the other side of a screen, while the people are in the nave.

At Canons Ashby (Northamptonshire), the people face *east*. The two choirs are behind them, and the organ still west, behind the choirs. This plan is good for the singing of the choir, and the people's hearing and singing ; but it is objected to on the ground that the congregation might *turn round*, as they but too often do, when the choir is in a west gallery. The organs in Jesus College, and St. John's, Cambridge, are placed, I am informed, in small galleries (appropriated to the organ alone) on the north side of the chancels, about eight feet from the floor ; the front of each instrument containing the diapasons projects from an arch ;—the organ in St. John's is an example of the position of an organ about the period of the Reformation, but now unused, the musical service in this, as well as in several other College Chapels in Cambridge, having been for a number of years discontinued ; that in Jesus College is after the ancient mode, and is found to be effective.

One plan which I would suggest, is to have the two choirs facing one another, near the desk and pulpit (the people facing east), and to have the organ on *both* sides of the chancel (the conducting tubes and trackers going under the floor), or at the east end of *one* aisle.

We will now suppose the singers to be in the chancel (for the priest's position is, of course, beyond my humble province), and assume that the two choirs are on the two sides of the

chancel, as at St. Margaret's, Leicester. The (if the chancel is large enough) may be east and divided.

This particular organ at St. Margaret's, Leiceste clumsily managed, and looks ugly and untidy; bu course, no necessity for that. Besides being divid the organ on the north side is placed in an additio which also serves for the vestry. This plan answer well, and if the choir *is* to be in the chancel, and t large enough, it is, perhaps, the best plan. If the c it may be altogether inside the arch opening into as to make, by its front, an ornamental filling up of that case, it would be better to have the player at of the organ, and the blower opposite to him.

At Byfield, Northamptonshire, the organ, as in just now, is over the altar, which is, of course, inde the *musical* effect might be good if the choir chancel. At Cannons, in Hertfordshire, Handel's similar position.

At St. Mark's, Chelsea, there is at present n choirs face each other in the transepts, and the pe in the nave. This, it appears to me, is just as it s has been proposed, in case an organ is placed in t put it round the apse, between the colonnade and wall. I have no doubt it would answer very position. If a chancel has aisles, the east end might, I think, often be a very good place for against the wall of the aisle, especially if elevated.

An organ builder of great experience, gives it as his observation, that the most favourable positi seems to be where the organ can be placed under has a pitch or inclination of 45 degrees. A *low* r when plastered, is generally prejudicial to sound; of angles in a low roof is also most unfavourable to considers that wood and stone are each as favoura of sound as chalk and plaster are unfavourable.

In places where neither the principles of architec have penetrated, or the desire to return to the fo and uses of our church, either in the celebration of in the fittings of the edifice, has been felt, the place as many of us know to our sorrow, is still in the and this arrangement is not only objectionable point of view, but, so far as *my* experience goe prevents the carrying out of that excellent pas

Writ, "Let all things be done decently and in order." Those who have had much to do with choirs need not be reminded that there is a great difference between the *conduct* of singers in a choir (especially the youthful portion of them) when placed in the nave or in the chancel under the immediate eye of the minister and congregation, and *their* conduct in a gallery when they but too often entertain the idea that they are not there as a part of the congregation—and members of the church,—but as vocalists employed to sing to and for the people. In places where they desire to have as much of the choral service as *can* be accomplished by a choir in the gallery, with the clergyman *reading* the prayers, sentences, etc., below in the nave, a plan has been adopted, where there are two choirs, of placing them in close proximity to the organ and opposite to each other—the object being to obtain the antiphonal effect, which, however, is certainly not to be secured by this arrangement. For, in the first place, the choirs are so near the centre of the gallery, that the congregation below are rarely, if ever, aware *which* choir is singing—whether that on the *decani* or *cantoris* side; and, in the second place, the choirs face each other so closely that in the chorus the parts are so much confused that the singers themselves are unable to distinguish one voice from another.

At Daventry Church, as circumstances prevented the choir being removed from the gallery, I found it answer well to place one choir in the north and the other in the south gallery. The antiphonal character of the musical part of the service was, by this arrangement, well sustained.

The most successful example I can adduce of the position of an organ near the choir, and not in a gallery, is in the new church of St. Mary Magdalene, St. Pancras, London, where the organ (a charming instrument, built by Gray and Davison) is placed against the wall, at the east end of the south aisle, on stone corbels about eight feet high—thus elevating the instrument considerably above the singers, so that both sides of the choirs and the congregation hear the organ equally well.

I will conclude my paper with a few remarks on the position of organs and choirs in two or three churches in Paris, from which, I think, some hints may be derived. In all the principal churches of Paris there are two organs, one being placed in close proximity to the choir—and especially built to accompany the voices—the other, the grand organ, invariably stands over the inner porch of the western entrance, and is principally used for voluntaries, preludes, interludes, etc., as, for instance, at the beautiful church of the Madelaine, in which the effect of the

harmony is most impressive; and, while repudiating the obviously overwrought attention to this striking effect, I cannot, as a musician, withhold the observation that the occasional response by the grand organ to the passages being performed by the choir, accompanied by its organ, is most thrilling. I may observe that the latter organ is unseen, being placed, as I was given to understand, in the centre of a space behind the altar: this instrument contains many reed stops of a superior tone and quality, producing a most grateful harmony, fusing and blending in the happiest manner with the voices. Indeed, I may be pardoned for remarking that the musical arrangements at these churches bear obvious evidences of a careful consideration of all the requisites to effect a desired result.

It is quite a common practice in this country for an organ to be *ordered* of a builder at a distance, who is quite ignorant of the form, structure, or magnitude of the church in which it is to be placed, and who supplies an organ in utter contempt of its appropriateness, either as a musical instrument, or as harmonizing with the general design and decoration of the edifice; in a word, it is ordered with less regard to suitability than a piece of upholstery—a washstand or a Tudor bedstead.

Now, it is due to the French organ builders to remark, and I do so in consequence of conversations I have had with several of them, that it is their uniform practice to make a most careful examination of a church to ascertain its acoustic character, and observe what is the amount of resonance it displays, before determining the kind of organ to be erected; moreover, the greater part of the pipes are voiced and finished off in the building itself, and the effect of the various stops, singly and in combination, is proved as the structure proceeds to completion; and thus there is produced that perfect conformity between the edifice and this most important accessory to its use, which should characterize every work designed to be great and good.

But it would be an injustice to our English organ builders to condemn them *en masse*, or to conceal the fact, that, as mere men of business, we can scarcely blame them for executing an order, when, too frequently owing to a false economy, and the competition of trade, the price is so low that all we can expect is a piece of common—perhaps, respectable—journeywork, instead of an instrument designed to subserve one of the noblest uses to which a material structure can be devoted.

Both Mr. Bishop and Mr. Hill may, without any invidious distinction, be honestly mentioned for the care, taste,

judgment they evince in adapting the tone of the various stops of the organs which they build, to the churches for which they are constructed.

As far as I can venture in this place to give an opinion on the relative merits of modern French and English organs, I may observe that the former are distinguished for the superiority of their material and workmanship, both in wood and metal—for their reeds, which are beautifully finished—and for their clever application of the pneumatic power; whilst the latter are equally superior to the French in the extent and effectiveness of the swelling organs—for the combination of their *mixtures*, or the chorus—and for the general weight of the whole instrument.

At St. Denis the choir organ is placed in front of the grand altar, and being low, does not at all intercept the view, the choir being ranged on either side,—*en passant*, I may notice that when I entered the church some portion of the service was being performed, and, two bassoons being added to the accompaniment, to support the bass of the organ, a most preternatural sensation was experienced.

In the church of St. Sulpice, the choir organ is placed at the north side of the choir, but to the *east* of the singers.

I had almost omitted to notice, as a practical matter connected with the subject, that the injury to an organ occasioned by the products of combustion from the gas, now so generally used in churches, and which, I need not stay to prove, are much more detrimental in the upper parts of a building, is a strong ground for removing the instrument from galleries and other lofty situations, at any rate, in parish churches.

Generally, I would submit that as historical data do not furnish any uniform rule for our guidance in the locating of organs and choirs, we are warranted on every ground of convenience, utility, and decency, in selecting such positions for them as shall render them most conducive to promote the purpose they are designed to subserve in divine worship.

LEEDS, *August*, 1852.

A FEW SELECTED ANNOTATED PROGRAMMES OF ORGAN RECITALS GIVEN IN THE TOWN HALL, LEEDS, AT VARIOUS TIMES, WHICH MAY PROVE OF USE AND INTEREST TO YOUNG ORGANISTS WHO HAVE NOT ALWAYS AT HAND THE NECESSARY MEANS AND REQUIRED BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

THE
BI-CENTENARY OF JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH,

Born 21st March, 1685, at Eisenach; died 28th July, 1750, at Leipzig.

From the above it will be seen that we have on this day arrived at the 200th Anniversary of the birth of the Great Musician, Bach, who, like his distinguished co-temporary, Handel, was born in 1685. On such an occasion I have thought it desirable and interesting to draw from the beautiful and inexhaustible works of these great masters, selections characteristic of their style and grandeur; and although Bach is not so popular as Handel on account of the absence of that flow of purely natural melody to be found in the compositions of the latter, still it is hoped that as the self-denying, everlastingly-working Bach, sung only for himself and the muses, and never worked for the crowd, but "always had in his mind an ideal perfection without any view to approbation," his wonderful creations will become more and more appreciated and understood, and that the programme given to-night will be acceptable not only on such grounds, but as a tribute of respect to the genius and memory of so great an artist.

1.—BOURRÉE in C Minor and Major - - *J. S. Bach*

A short but charming piece of Music adapted from one of those fascinating excerpts which Joachim on the violin, and Piatti on the violoncello, frequently introduce to the public with so much success. *Bourrée* is a dance tune in common time, said to have had its origin in Auvergne, and it often forms one of the movements of the earlier sonata.

2.—TOCCATA AND FUGUE in D Minor - - *J. S. Bach*

This is one of the finest of all the grand works Bach produced for the organ, upon which he was so consummate a master that Forkel his biographer, says—That "he stood like a giant able to trample into dust all who ventured to break a lance with him." The D Minor *Toccata and Fugue* formed one of the great selection Mendelssohn performed on the organ in St. Thomas's Church, Leipzic, in 1840, when, after 100 years of neglect, the modern organist and composer put himself forward with persistent enthusiasm to show the world what a magnificent artist Sebastian Bach was, and how thoroughly deserving of honour and preservation were his Works—especially his sublime organ compositions and inventions.

3.—AIR DE LA PENTECÔTE (Easter Cantata) - *J. S. Bach*

"My heart ever faithful" begin the expressive lines which have been set to this lovely air- as good a specimen of pure and refined melody as can be found among all the works of the great masters."

4.—PRÆLUDIUM AND FUGUE in B Flat, on the name of B.A.C.H. - - - - *J. S. Bach*

In the German nomenclature of music, H stands for B natural, and this will explain how Bach was able to make his splendid fugue out of the letters of his own name. Schumann and others have written fugues on the same theme.

GEORGE FREDK. HANDEL,

Born February 23rd, 1685, at Halle; died 13th April, 1759, in London.

5.—AIR, "Return, O God of Hosts" - - *Handel*

A contralto air from the Oratorio, *Samson*, of the most pathetic and expressive character, and which seems peculiarly adapted for the purpose of applying the *Art of Singing* to the Organ.

6.—GRAND CORONATION ANTHEM, "Zadoc the Priest" - - - - - *Handel*

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

CORELLI AND HANDEL.

(B. 1653; D. 1713.) (B. 1685; D. 1759.)

PART FIRST—CORELLI.

1.—SONATA in A Major - - - *Corelli*

Preludio, Largo.
Giga, Allegro.
Adagio.
Tempo di Gavotta, Allegro.

Arcangelo Corelli, whom the Italians call *il divino*, was undoubtedly one of the greatest and most distinguished of all the great composers and performers. He published a large number of works for stringed instruments: concertos, sonatas, etc., with accompaniment of a figured bass, and they all bear the marks of genius and scholarship. Handel most certainly derived some of his ideas from Corelli, and that is why I have coupled their names in to-night's programme, so that the hearers may judge for themselves.

2.—PASTORALE in G Major - - - *Corelli*

This is said to be the most famous of all Corelli's works, and is taken from the *Eighth Concerto*, written for Christmas Eve; or, as the composer expresses himself, "Fatto per la Notte di Natale."

3.—MAESTOSO VIVACE, and ALLEGRO in D, from the *Seventh Concerto* - - - *Corelli*

There is a vigour and freshness in these two short extracts which, to my taste, are infinitely more effective and interesting than many an effeminate, pretentious composition of the present day.

PART SECOND—HANDEL.

4.—ARIA, "Se non ho l'idol mio" ("If fate our love must sever") - - - - *Handel*

A beautiful contralto air, taken from the opera *Berenice*, composed by Handel in 1737. It has ever been a great favourite with the chief singers of the day.

5.—CONCERTO in F Major (Allegro movement)- *Handel*

I have selected only the opening movement of this great work—the favourite portion thereof—in consequence of the length of the whole, but there is such a spirit, brightness, life, and power in this single *Allegro* as will probably satisfy Handel's devotees on this occasion.

6.—AIR, "Return, O God of Hosts! behold Thy servant in distress" *(Samson)* - - *Handel*

This is another of the famous composer's pathetic songs, in which the music beautifully expresses the meaning of the words.

7.—CORONATION ANTHEM, "Zadoc the Priest" *Handel*

A grand and favourite Anthem, composed for the Coronation of George II. in 1727. The opening symphony, pia, by the strings, with the oboes and bassoons, increasing up to the first burst of voices on the word "Zadoc," is very effective, and consequently a great favourite with most organists. The concluding movement, brilliant in the extreme, forms also the last chorus in the Occasional Oratorio.

SELECTION FROM THE HANDEL FESTIVAL PROGRAMME, 1888.

1.—CORONATION ANTHEM, "Zadoc the Priest" *Handel*

"And all the people rejoiced and said—
Long live the King! May the King live for ever!"

2.—AIR, "Love in her eyes sits playing" *(Acis and Galatea)* - - - - - *Handel*

A delicious tenor melody, sung by Mr. Lloyd with the greatest taste and effect.

3.—TRIO and CHORUS, "See the conquering hero comes" - - - - - *Handel*

This familiar old piece, performed with all the important accessories of trumpets, drums, and piccolos, made a great impression on the 23,000 persons who listened to it in the Crystal Palace last week.

4.—SONG, "Let the bright seraphim in burning row, Their loud uplifted trumpets blow." } *Handel*

Madame Albani gave this brilliant *morceau*, with trumpet obbligato by Mr. McGrath, in such a glorious style as to elicit thunders of applause from audience and orchestra.

5.—CHORUS, "Ye Tutelar Gods" - - *Handel*

An extract from the Oratorio *Belshazzar*, which was performed for the first time, and was not before known by one musician out of ten thousand, fine as it is.

6.—LARGO in G - - - - *Handel*

A quiet, serene strain, developed from one of Handel's earlier operas, and now become a great favourite since its adaptation by a German composer for organ, harp, and strings.

7.—BASS AIR, "Honour and Arms" - - *Handel*

The song of Harapha the Giant, who defies and challenges Samson, by whom he is afterwards very properly slain. It was rendered in vigorous style by Mr. Santley, who was rapturously encored.

8.—OVERTURE to the "OCCASIONAL" Oratorio *Handel*

Probably no better instrumental piece emanated from the teeming brain of the great Saxon composer, than this bright, melodious "Occasional" Overture, the final *March* in which was irresistibly encored at the Crystal Palace.

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

HAYDN—Born 1732 ; Died 1809.

Joseph Haydn was born of humble music-loving parents in the small village of Rohran, near Vienna, and very early displayed that fondness and genius for the art of which he became so great a master. Subsequently he became a singing boy in the choir of St. Stephen's Cathedral, at Vienna, and it was whilst in this congenia appointment that his great ability was discovered and fostered.

In 1761 Haydn was appointed director of the music in the palace of Prince Esterhazy, in which position he remained to the end of his long, honourable life. His industry was as remarkable as his genius. He composed no less than 853 works, 290 being vocal, and 563 instrumental compositions, including the grand Symphonies and Quartets. In all he did Haydn was perfectly natural and unaffected ; —at the same time he was master of the technicalties of his beloved art. His melodies are as fresh, happy, and genial now as they were a hundred years ago. The advice he gave to a young composer showed that his love of *tune* was predominant. "Let your air or melody," he said, "be good, and your composition, whatever it is, will be so likewise, and will assuredly delight. It is the soul of music, the life, the spirit, the essence of a composition ;—without it theorists may succeed in discovering and using the most singular and learned chords, but nothing is heard after all but a laboured sound, which, though it may not vex the ear, leaves the head empty, and the heart cold and unaffected by it."

1.—KYRIE ELEISON, from the Second Mass - *Haydn*

Both the opening *Adagio* and the *Allegro Moderato* in this *Kyrie* are strikingly characteristic of Haydn's style and manner ; in the former there is dignity and scholarship, in the latter beauty and happiness. The transcription played from is by that eminent English organist, and my own esteemed old friend, Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

2.—SELECTION from "THE SEASONS" - *Haydn*

a. The Overture.
b. Chorus, "Come, gentle spring."

Haydn was nearly 70 years of age when he composed "The Seasons," an extraordinary work of no less merit than *The Creation* in the opinion of many able critics. These excerpts constitute the two first numbers,—the characteristic overture, and the flowing, delicious chorus, "Come, gentle spring."

3.—ANDANTE in C Major from the Third Symphony, commonly called "The Surprise" - - *Haydn*

There is a charming grace and beauty of both melody and harmony throughout this popular movement, and the reason of its having been called "The Surprise" will be recognized at about the 20th bar.

4.—THE AUSTRIAN HYMN, "God preserve the Emperor" - - - - - *Haydn*

This well-known air, upon which the composer has made some tuneful variations, has been arranged from Haydn's 3rd Violin Quartet, Op. 76. On the 26th May, 1809, he broke from his long illness and torpor, as if by a preternatural effort, and sang twice with clear and emphatic voice this, his own favourite hymn, "God preserve the Emperor ;" and, but five days later, he breathed his last, having far exceeded the allotted threescore years and ten.

5.—SELECTION from "THE CREATION" - *Haydn*

a. The Instrumental Prelude, "Representation of Chaos."
b. Chorus, "And the Spirit."
c. Air, "With Verdure clad."
d. Grand Chorus, "The Heavens are telling."

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

GLUCK.

CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK was born in 1714, at Weidenwang, in Bohemia, and died at Vienna, November 15th, 1787. He was the son of poor parents, who had not the necessary means to pay for his education, and he was compelled to sing and play in different church choirs and orchestras in Prague and Vienna to make a living and pay for his lessons with the best masters. His great musical genius, care, and industry soon led to his becoming known as a composer, and he wrote, with more or less success, different operas, according to the customary traditional forms, for divers Italian stages. Subsequently, after having experienced many vicissitudes in London, Paris, etc., he returned to his home in Vienna, from whence he proclaimed those great ideas of a true musical drama, which effected a revolution in the form of opera. His first important work was the opera "Iphigénia en Aulide," and its performance caused a profound sensation of wonder, admiration, and reverence for the genius of its composer. It was speedily followed by "Orfeo," "Alceste," "Armide" etc. His overture to "Iphigénia en Aulide" is a remarkably fine work, full of animation, fire, and poetic fancy. Gluck's operas are *truly* grand—not in the modern sense, because the heroes wear helmets and the heroines tiaras—but because every tender phrase and declaration echoes from the deepest recesses of the heart. Gluck was so much in earnest, so exquisitely melodious, so fanciful in his accompaniments, so pure in his harmonies, so rich and unexpected in his modulation and transition, that all must acknowledge in him the precursor and model of Mozart. Gluck left a fortune of £30,000, the fruits of his talents and industry.

1.—OVERTURE and CHORUS, "Great gods! who of crime are avengers?" From the opera, "Iphigénia in Tauris." - - - - - *Gluck*

2.—LARGHETTO, in D Minor, from "Orfeo" - *Gluck*

3.—CHORUS - "Torna O Cella" - - *Gluck*

4.—RECIT. and ARIA "Che Faro." ("Orfeo") - - *Gluck*

A celebrated aria sung by Mdme. Viardot Garcia, Mdme. Sainton Dolby, Mdme. Patey, etc. Both recitative and air are full of expressive melody.

5.—OVERTURE to the Opera "Iphigénia en Aulide" *Gluck*

6. *a.* CHORUS "Passante Déité" / *b.* RELIGIOUS MARCH "Alceste" *Gluck*

7. *a.* RELIGIOUS MARCH, in G. / *b.* CHORUS, "Heavens Anger passes away." *Gluck*

From the opera, "Iphigénia in Tauris."

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

MOZART—Born 1756, at Salzburg; Died 1791, in Vienna.

"I wish I could inspire every friend of music, and great men in particular, with the same depth of sympathy and profound appreciation of Mozart's inimitable music that I myself feel and enjoy; then nations would vie with each other in the endeavour to possess such a jewel within their frontiers.—JOSEPH HAYDN, December, 1787.

1.—OVERTURE to the Opera "Die Zauberflöte" *(The Magic Flute)* - - - - *Mozart*

"The overture opens with a majestic introductory movement, in which the solemn strains of the religious music of the Priests of Isis and Osiris is intimated. With magnificent power and skill, Mozart had previously, in the Finale of the Jupiter Symphony solved the problem already mapped out by J. S. Bach, the sustenance and filling in of a large form with contrapuntal detail. The subjects of the overture, while distinct in their individuality, are yet consonant in their details, and the action of the entire work is sustained with a wonderful unity of purpose. At the close of the first part of the form (Binary or Duplex) the wind instruments pronounce with great dignity the three different positions of the chord of the dominant; a device intimating the summons played on the horns of the Egyptian priests. The action is resumed, and the different themes are represented in the key of the tonic, and the overture then concludes with a brief, but stately coda. "Die Zauberflöte" was performed on September 30th, 1791, at Vienna."

2.—SYMPHONY—F major "Un Poco Adagio" - *Mozart*

The quiet serenity, the true genius, the refined melody of this exquisite *morceau* from one of Mozart's Grand Symphonies will commend itself to every listener, musical or otherwise.

3.—MOTET, for Solo Vioces, Chorus and Orchestra "Splendente Te Deus" - - - *Mozart*

This arrangement for the organ of the most famous Motet Mozart ever composed, has been made with masterly skill by Dr. E. J. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, London. The work is full of animated passages, and strikingly melodious effects.

4.—LARGHETTO in D, from the Clarionet Quintet - *Mozart*

In all Mozart's writings there is perfect form and beauty, and in such gems as this which has been often played by our distinguished English clarionetist, Lazarus, at the Monday Popular Concerts, there is a refined elegance, sweetness, and tenderness which afford equal delight to the skilled musician as well as to the lover of music having no scientific knowledge thereof.

5.—CHIMES for a Clock - - - - *Mozart*

This trifling composition is only valuable and interesting as being the work of a child of six years of age. Mozart when taken to London with his sister to display his wonderful abilities as a pianist, and *improvisatore*, was unexpectedly asked one day what sort of chimes he would compose for a new clock with bells, whereupon, without a moment's hesitation, the little boy played on the pianoforte with his two first fingers to begin with, and then varying a little, "just for the fun of the thing," the chimes which I will now give you on the pretty Carillon stop, presented at my request by the generous Alderman Marsden, when Mayor of Leeds. The cost of the bells was £100.

6.—SELECTION from the Opera "*Don Giovanni*," including such favourite excerpts as time will permit of performance.

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

BEETHOVEN.—Born at Bonn, 1770; died at Vienna, 1827.

BEETHOVEN, like many other great geniuses, was neither felt nor understood during his lifetime:—he opened out a new world of music,—he discovered new forms and phrases and harmonic combinations which astonished and alarmed the musical scholars of his period, and caused him to be regarded with suspicion and jealousy. His stupendous inspirations and marvellous creations are *now* universally acknowledged wherever music is understood, and his works are regarded with reverence, enthusiasm, and delight, With an ardent soul and an energetic character, he acquired a power, both as a composer and performer, that served him as a lever to agitate men at will, to raise or attemper their passions. Living in solitude (always in love, but never married) he fell back upon himself and studied in the depths of his own being,—in the movements of his internal life, whether tranquil or agitated. Thus all his works are a translation of his sentiments and emotions.

1.—OVERTURE to the Opera "Fidelio" - *Beethoven*

Beethoven's great opera, "Lenore," or, as it was afterwards called, "Fidelio," was produced in November, 1805, seven days after the entrance of Napoleon's troops into Vienna. In consequence of this untoward circumstance, non-success was a foregone conclusion on its first appearance in the presence of an audience chiefly composed of French officers, and in the absence from the city of all the principal lovers of music. Since that time the composition has been regarded by the true musical critic as one of his greatest works. Beethoven wrote no less than *four* overtures to the opera, that in E, now under notice, being the last, and, as it has since become, the most popular of all. It is impossible to listen to its noble, varied strains, without feeling you are in the presence of a master of harmony, one who waves the magician's wand, and conjures up poetical images and fanciful thoughts with divine power and effect.

2.—ROMANCE in F Major (Op. 50) - - *Beethoven*

Beethoven composed two romanzas for the violin, with orchestral or pianoforte accompaniments—one in G, the other in F. Both compositions exhibit that opulence of melody and harmony characteristic of the immortal composer.

3.—AIR AND VARIATIONS from the celebrated "SEPTUOR" - - - - *Beethoven*

Originally this Septet, Op. 20, was written for violin, viola, clarionet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and double bass, but a great many arrangements have been made of it, including the "Andante and Variations," which organists deem to be admirably suited to the genius of their instrument.

4.—MARCH FUNEBRE, composed on the death of a hero - - - - - *Beethoven*

This sublime Funeral March is taken from the popular Pianoforte Sonata in A flat. The whole movement, with an extremely marked rythm, is a perfect work of art, and never fails to make a deep impression on those who hear it performed, especially when played on a grand organ, for which instrument it seems especially adapted.

5.—ANDANTE in F. From the first Grand Symphony in C - - - - - *Beethoven*

Beethoven produced no less than nine Grand Symphonies, any one of which would have made the fame and reputation of a composer. This extract from the first symphony is music of the highest order,—melody, harmony, construction, phrasing, variety, power, and beauty, being everywhere manifest.

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Born at Hamburg, 1809; died at Leipsic, 1847.

1.—OVERTURE (C Major, Op. 24) - - *Mendelssohn*
Andante con moto, (3-4) Allegro vivace (C).

This fine overture, composed for what the Germans term *Harmonie-musik*, or a military band, is but seldom performed. The repertory of original music for this species of orchestra, though limited, contains some notable compositions by Spohr, Meyerbeer, and Beethoven, of high interest, which it is to be regretted our regimental bandmasters so rarely include in their programmes.

2.—LIEDER OHNE WORTE "The Lovers' Duet" *Mendelssohn*

Among the gems and treasures of pianoforte music by the great masters there is no work—not even Beethoven's sublime sonatas—which has become more universally popular than Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worte," or Songs without Words. In these exquisite musical poems, the mind of the artist is continually holding communion with some dear friend or lover, to whom he expresses his varied thoughts and feelings through the agency of divine music, and realising thereby the most refined and exquisite pleasure.

3.—ORGAN SONATA in C Minor - - *Mendelssohn*
Grave.—Adagio Espressivo.—Maestoso.—Fugue.

After Bach, Mendelssohn justly ranks as the foremost composer of classical organ music. His sonatas are held in great esteem by all organists, and are to be heard at almost every organ recital where good music is performed. The present one opens with a sedate movement in the key of C Minor, which is followed by a beautiful and interesting Adagio. The concluding fugue is preceded by an Allegro movement, which brings out the full power of the instrument in a majestic manner.

4.—TWO PART SONGS { *a* "I would that my love" / *b* "The Cauld Blast" } *Mendelssohn*

Transcribed for the Organ.

5.—ANDANTE CON MOTO "The Pilgrim's March" *Mendelssohn*
From the 4th (Italian) Symphony.

The theme is an old choral, probably dating from early in the sixteenth century. It is treated with wonderful eloquence and skill; given out by wood and strings alternately; accompanied throughout by the even treading, solemnly monotonous short bass notes; these at times supplemented by interwoven harmonies, from the soft velvet-like lower notes of the flutes; and admirably set off by a beautiful episodical subject for the bass of soft toned wind instruments.

6.—ANDANTE in C, from the celebrated Violin
Concerto - - - - - *Mendelssohn*

7.—THE WEDDING MARCH - - - *Mendelssohn*

No words are required to describe the great delight which this grand piece of instrumental music has afforded to untold numbers of people, not only at weddings, but at instrumental performances of orchestral music, where the genius of the composer, who was only seventeen years of age when it was written, has been ever recognised by musicians and the public with pleasurable enthusiasm.

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

SPOHR.

DR. LOUIS SPOHR was born at Brunswick, 1784, and died at Cassel, 1859. His father was a physician, and his mother the daughter of a Lutheran Pastor. He had the benefit of a fine education both musically and generally; he spoke the French and English languages fluently, and was skilled in drawing. As a boy he distinguished himself as a violinist and pianist; indeed few masters have ever surpassed him in the former capacity, or equalled him for the number, elegance, and utility of his compositions for the violin. His works include almost every variety, from the Grand Symphony and the Oratorio to the simple song and dance tune. His famous work, "The last Judgment," was first made known in England at the Norwich Musical Festival in 1830. Its rich, original, luscious harmonies quite fascinated our native musicians, who in many instances, endeavoured to imitate Spohr's original manner, so that the term "Spohr-ish" soon became associated with many of the compositions which were produced at that and subsequent periods by English writers. I well remember being introduced to this great composer at the last Purcell commemoration day in Westminster Abbey, when he was accompanied by his wife (a most accomplished musician) and his nephew, Adolphe Hesse, the distinguished organist. Each had been listening most attentively to the fine compositions of our own Henry Purcell, and I noted how interested Spohr seemed to be in attending to the prolongation of the final notes of the choir in that vast vaulted building, whose lofty aisles seem to embrace the sounds as anxious to retain them.

1.—OVERTURE to the Opera "Jessonda" - *Spohr*

In July, 1823, Spohr brought out "Jessonda," which he had finished in the previous December, having commenced it while in Dresden, and planned the entire arrangement of the situations before he left Paris, where he accidentally read the French tragedy upon which it is founded. The overture is one of the most original and beautiful of all orchestral preludes, and has ever been a favourite with musicians, especially our first-class organists, who have, like the late Dr. Wesley and Mr. W. T. Best, often made a special feature of it in their programmes. The opening *Adagio* in E flat minor, with its striking bass and sustained passages for the wind instruments, seems to be particularly impressive and effective on the organ; the brilliant *Allegro*, in the major key, is full of piquant melody, and rich, full harmonies.

2.—ADAGIO in A flat, from the *Notturno*, for wind instruments, Op. 34 - - - *Spohr*

Compositions for wind instruments only were scarcely known before the time of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, each of whom contributed not a few charming works to this class of music.

3.—SELECTION from the Oratorio "THE LAST JUDGMENT." - - - - *Spohr*

4.—SOPRANO SOLO and Chorus, "Though all thy friends forsake thee"; from the Oratorio, "Calvary" *Spohr*

This beautiful movement has been adapted to the words "As pants the heart for cooling stream," and has become popular as an anthem.

5.—ANDANTINO, "CRADLE SONG," from the Grand Symphony, "The Power of Sound" - *Spohr*

One of the most singular, and yet beautiful instrumental movements extant; the peculiar rythm, often different in one hand from that in the other; the graceful melody; and rich, varied harmonies, are all equally to be admired and enjoyed.

6.—SELECTION from the Opera "Jessonda" - *Spohr*

Including the chorus, "Kalt and starr" (Cold and starry); the aria, "Bald bin ich ein Geist geworden" (Soon shall I become a Spirit); and the finale, Wilde, ungeheure Schmerzen" (Strong, unmerited pains.)

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

WEBER.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, who was one of the greatest of musical geniuses, was born at Eutin, a small town in Holstein, in 1786, and died in London, at the house of Sir George Smart, in Great Portland Street, in 1826. From his early youth he displayed great aptitude for music, and studied with unremitting energy and success, first with Henschel, a clever organist, and subsequently with the famous Abbe Vogler. It was with difficulty that these two clever masters were able to bring within the bounds of symmetry and order the wild imagination and exuberant fancy of the ardent, irrepressible musician, whose works were full of inventions, at once new and beautiful, as well as energy, pathos, and effect. The operas, *Der Freyschütz* (the free shot, or the seven charmed bullets), *Oberon*, *Preciosa*, *Euryanthe*, and others testify to the marvellous dramatic power, fancy, and musicianship of Weber; at the same time he is equally distinguished for his pianoforte works, which have rarely, if ever, been surpassed for their elegance, refinement, and force. The famous *Concert-Stück* which Mendelssohn so much liked and played grandly, and the march therefrom is a conspicuous instance of his power as a composer of pianoforte music. Weber, like Mozart, was happy in his love and marriage—he possessed a treasure in his wife, who was always encouraging and helping him not a little, sometimes in copying out his manuscripts, but always taking care to be with him at his public performances, cheering and guarding him in all his artistic labours.

1.—MARCH in C Major, Op. 3 - - - *Weber*

This march is extracted from the popular Book of Pianoforte Duets.—No. 5. Book 1, arranged by W. T. BEST.

2.—ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO, in B Flat - - *Weber*

From the Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.—Op. 63.

3.—REMINISCENCES of the Romantic Opera, "Oberon" *Weber*

Including part of the overture, the chorus, "Light as Fairy Foot can fall," "The Mermaid's Song," etc.

4.—MARCH in C Major - - - - *Weber*

Extracted from the celebrated *Concert-Stück* for the pianoforte.

5.—REMINISCENCES of the Romantic Opera "Der Freyschütz" - - - - - *Weber*

This selection includes part of the overture, the chorus "Victoria, Victoria;" the air, "Though clouds by Tempest;" the pastoral march and air, "Why good people, are you gazing?" the air, "Through the Forest," and the celebrated chorus of "Huntsmen." The opera of "Der Freyschütz" or "The seven charmed bullets," is one of the most remarkable dramatic works ever produced. It was first performed on June 18th, 1821, and soon achieved a world-wide reputation, its popularity in London exceeded that of any other similar work. The beauty of the opening passage in the overture, especially the well-known part for four horns, is only equalled by the subsequent melodies and concerted pieces, those introduced on the present occasion being amongst the most popular.

HOURS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

THE WESLEYS.

SAMUEL WESLEY, father of the well-known Dr. Wesley, was born at Bristol, 1766. He was a man of great ability, and was at once a famous organist and composer of merit. It is mainly due to his activity, in conjunction with others, that this country became acquainted with the works of Sebastian Bach. He composed several organ pieces, and many beautiful vocal ones. Amongst the latter being the prayer—"Father of light and life," and the madrigal "O! Synge unto my roundelaie." He died in London, in October, 1837.

1.—INTRODUCTION and FUGUE in C Minor - *Samuel Wesley*
No. 44.—Select Organ Pieces (Novelio).

2.— { *a* Larghetto—C Major
b Largo—E Minor
c Andantino and Fughetta—D Major } *Samuel Wesley*

From six movements for the organ. One of the latest of Samuel Wesley's publications.

3.—INTRODUCTION and FUGUE in G Major - *Samuel Wesley*
These five compositions—composed expressly for the instrument upon which the elder Wesley ("Old Sam," as he used to be called by the organists when his clever son Samuel Sebastian began to display his talents) was so great a master—shows his solid and brilliant acquirements as a composer of organ music—and a kind of work he could extemporise as well as he could write.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, son of the above, born in London in 1810, was reared, as it were, in an atmosphere of music, and whilst still very young made his mark as a composer of originality and vigour. He has left us a large and rich store of sacred music, anthems, services, etc. Amongst the best and widest known of which are his services in E and F (both of which were written for use at the Leeds Parish Church), and his anthems, "The Wilderness," and "Blessed be the God and Father;" he also composed several charming hymn tunes, one of which, *Aurelia*, has a deservedly world-wide popularity. As an extempore player on the organ he has certainly never been surpassed—if equalled. He died at Gloucester in 1876.

4.—ANDANTE in G—From the Second Set of Three Pieces for a Chamber Organ. Composed for and dedicated to Lady Acland.

5.—ANTHEM, transcribed for the organ—"Blessed be the God and Father."

This is one of the most popular of all Dr. Wesley's beautiful anthems,—the duet "Love one another with a pure heart fervently" with its devotional refrain, "See that ye love one another"—being amongst his happiest inspirations.

6.—QUARTET—"And sorrow and sighing shall flee away;" from the great anthem, "The wilderness and the solitary place."

A tender and deeply pathetic strain, unequalled in the whole range of similar anthem music, and which, as well as the previous work, I copied out from Wesley's original MS., and first sang, when his pupil and a chorister in Exeter Cathedral, ever so many years ago.

7.—CHORAL SONG and FUGUE in C Major—From the First Set of Three Organ Pieces dedicated to Lady Acland who was his pupil when Wesley was organist of Exeter Cathedral.

POPULAR OPERA COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS.

ROSSINI.

There can be no doubt that the opera, as it is now presented to us, is of Italian origin, and comparatively of modern date, and is the immediate successor of the miracle-plays with music, as the oratorio is of the ancient mysteries. Before Rossini's time, many operas were produced, but only one of these is now remembered—Cimaroso *Matrimonio Segretto*. I shall therefore commence my illustrations of popular opera composers, with the famous Gioacchino Rossini, the "Swan of Pesaro," where he was born in 1792; and died in Paris, 1868. He was undoubtedly the most genial and most original representative of modern Italian opera. His *barbiere di Sevigha* (Barber of Seville), and *William Tell*, contain an inexhaustible wealth of beautiful, fresh, fiery, spontaneous, singing melody, that will never be surpassed. Rossini was the embodiment of wit, humour, and enjoyment. Even when seventy-six years of age, he was as cheerful as a youth of twenty, and always ready with a racy anecdote, or a genial *bon mot*. Rossini's operas being so numerous I purpose devoting two evenings to his chief works, and to-night I shall give selections from *La Gazza Ladra*, *Cinderella*, *Mosé*, and *William Tell*.

1.—OVERTURE to the Opera "La Gazza Ladra" - *Rossini*

The opera from which this splendid overture is taken, was brought out at the Grand Scala Theatre, in Milan, in 1817. One of Rossini's biographers says:—"The dignified martial character of the overture and the prodigious rolls of the drums, produced an immense effect." But the *Allegro* and indeed the whole work possesses that great charm of life, animation, and melody, which always exhilarates and delights.

2.—CAVATINA CON CORO, "Non Piu Mesta," from the Opera "Cenerentola" - - - *Rossini*

This work was produced in Rome, in 1817, and its performance made a great sensation; Rossini being loaded with praises and musical glory on all sides. It was brought out in England a few years afterwards, at Covent Garden Theatre, under the title of "Cinderella, or the Fairy and Little Glass Slipper," Miss Paton (afterwards Mrs. Wood) taking the principal part, and singing this grand aria "Non Piu Mesta," ("Now with grief no longer bending") with unmeasured success and effect.

3.—MELODIA DRAMMATICA, "La Separazione" - *Rossini*

This is one of those beautiful detached love songs of which Rossini produced so many, and which singers admire so much for their sweet melody and graceful flowing accompaniment.

4.—THE CELEBRATED PRAYER, "Dal tuo Stellato Soglio" ("To Thee, Great Lord") - - . *Rossini*

Very few extracts from Italian operas have equalled this, from Rossini's famous "Mosé in Egitto" (Moses in Egypt), and which has not been inaptly termed a "Religious Opera;" indeed, so solemn and devotional are its airs, concerted pieces, and choruses, that Sir Michael Costa had a new libretto made for it, and it was performed with great success by the Sacred Harmonic Society in Exeter Hall about ten years ago.

SELECTIONS from the Grand Opera, "William Tell" *Rossini*

5.—QUINTETTO E CORO, "Sole che ai mondo la vita Dai"

6.—SOPRANO RECIT, "Eccomi Sola Elfin" and Aria "Selva Opaco."

7.—TENOR SONG AND CHORUS, "Corriam e Vittoria e Morte."

8.—THE OVERTURE "Christiana."

POPULAR OPERA COMPOSERS.

BELLINI.

VINCENZO BELLINI was born in Sicily, in 1801, and died in Paris, in 1835. At a very tender age he evinced great aptitude for music, and his talent was brought under the notice of the Duke de Noji, president of the Music College, at Naples, through whose interest he was admitted a free student in that institution. While still a pupil, in 1825, he produced several operas with more or less success; but it was not until he went to Milan, in 1827, that he achieved a great musical victory by the production of his opera "Il Pirata," the fine overture to which I shall play as my first selection this evening. The success of this opera made Bellini famous, and it was brought out in London, in 1830. The greatest of his triumphs, however, were reserved for the two operas, "Norma," and "La Sonnambula," than which no similar works ever became more popular. It has been truly said that Bellini's music is distinguished by a tender langour, in accordance with the almost feminine gentleness of his character. The want of development, which is the weakness of his earlier works, was gradually giving way before his ripening experience; and in his later productions there is shown a power of continuity and construction that would have yielded still higher results had he not been cut off when he was but approaching maturity.

1.—OVERTURE to the Opera "Il Pirata" - - *Bellini*

I have alluded to this work in my introductory remarks above.

SELECTION from the Opera "La Sonnambula" - *Bellini*

2.—CHORUS "Vive! Amina!" interrupted by a solo from *Lisa*, Amina's rival.

3.—CAVATINA (Amina) with Chorus, "O love for me, while this heart its joy revealing."

4.—CAVATINA FOR BASS *(The Count Rodolpho)* "As I view these scenes so charming."

5.—CHORUS "When dusky nightfall."

6.—THE CELEBRATED SCENA sung by ELVINO (Hero) "All is lost now," and the air "Still so gently o'er me stealing."

SELECTION from the romantic Opera "Norma, the Druid Priestess" - - - *Bellini*

1.—INTRODUCTION AND MARCH OF DRUID PRIESTS.

2.—CHORUS "Norma comes."

3.—THE CELEBRATED CAVATINA (sung by NORMA) with Chorus, "Casta Diva."

4.—DUETTO "Deh! Conte"—

This beautiful Duet, sung by *Norma* and *Adalgisi*, is so well known as to need no comment.

HOMAGE À COSTA.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA—Born, 1810; died, 1884.

By the death of Sir Michael Costa the musical world has been deprived of a prominent and remarkable personage. He has died full of honours, as of years, regretted by all, from the Sovereign to the humblest amateur of the art. The life story of Sir Michael Costa is one from which much might be learned. Not only will his name go down to posterity as the composer of two fine oratorios, *Eli* and *Naaman*, but he will never be forgotten in Great Britain as the first conductor who brought an English orchestra into a condition of order and discipline. He enforced punctuality, attention, and seriousness with a hand of iron. Moreover, his dignified and somewhat austere manner, together with a sharp, short, and decisive method of command, compelled more or less of the respect that comes of wholesome fear. Personally, I have lost a dear, respected, true friend. Excepting when in command of his musical forces, when he recognised no friend—nothing but duty and obedience—he was ever kind, hospitable, and generous, and many a happy hour have I spent at his grand house in Eccleston Square. When "off duty," he was as fond of fun and anecdote as the liveliest amongst us; in fact, he courted cheerfulness and *bonhommie*. Nothing pleased him better than a racy Yorkshire story, and when he did not quite understand the meaning of our lingo and localism, he would not be satisfied until it was clearly explained, and then he would indulge in a hearty laughter as he caught the point of the joke. We all know how much good he effected for the Musical Festivals in Leeds. The name of Sir Michael Costa will live in local history as long as the town lasts.

1.—MASONIC PROCESSIONAL MARCH, composed for the Installation of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of England and Wales - *Costa*

2.—DATE SONITUM - - - - - *Costa*

3.—SELECTION from the Oratorio "NAAMAN," including the air sung by Adelina Patti; and the famous Grand Triumphal March in E flat *Costa*

4.—ROMANZA for Tenor or Soprano - - *Costa*
VOICE: "Vien di Quest' elci all' ombra."

This is one of those elegant effusions which Costa frequently gave to the world, in which there was generally a strong Rossinian flavour.

5.—SELECTION from the Serenata, "The Dream" *Costa*

1.—INSTRUMENTAL INTRODUCTION.
2.—SOPRANO AIR, "O, tell me gentle orb of night!"
3.—CHORUS of Serenaders: "Lady, arise! look forth and see
The chaplet we have twin'd for thee."

The Libretto of "The Dream" was written by Mr. Wm. Bartholomew, and set to music by Sir Michael Costa, on the occasion of the marriage of Her Highness the Princess Royal of England with his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The Princess was a pupil of Sir Michael's, and he used for many years to pay Her Royal Highness an annual visit to Berlin, where he was always a welcome guest.

6.—REMINISCENCES of the Oratorio "ELI," including the Overture, the celebrated Tenor Song, with Chorus, "Philistines, hark!" the beautiful "Evening Prayer" of Samuel, and the ever-spirited, melodious, and popular March of Priests - - - - - - *Costa*

SECOND SELECTION FROM GOUNOD'S "MORS ET VITA," ETC.

It is my intention to give three copious selections in consecutive weeks of the last great work—MORS ET VITA—(Death and Life) by the distinguished French composer, Charles Gounod, produced with great success at the recent Birmingham Musical Festival. It would be impossible to give any adequate idea (especially in a transcription for the organ) of the varied beauty and splendour of this astonishing composition in one selection, and I shall therefore follow the composer's plan, and divide the selections into the three parts—MORS—JUDICIUM—and VITA.

The first programme was taken from the remarkable and sometimes terrible conception of the Poet-Musician in representing "the tears which death causes us to shed here below, and the hope of a better life"—and contained strange and beautiful melodies and harmonies intermixed, brought forth with such consummate skill as only a master like Gounod could command, it was heard with deep interest from beginning to end; and I hope those who heard the first part, will be able to listen to the last—so that some idea of this devoted Catholic to the ritual of his ancient church—(the work is dedicated to his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.)—and of his wonderful musical genius may be recognised and duly appreciated.

PART SECOND—(JUDICIUM.)

2—PRELUDIO—Somnus Mortuorum - (The Sleep of Death) Adagio—E major.

3.—"TUBAE, AD ULTIMUM JUDICUM" - - A Minor

4.—RESURRECTIO MORTUORUM" - - - D Minor

These three orchestral movements are perfectly startling in their unearthly melody and harmony, and describe the awakening of the dead at the terrifying call of the angelic trumpets, of which St. Paul speaks in one of his Epistles to the Corinthians.

5.—CORO, "Sedente in Throno" - - G Flat Major

6.—JUDICIUM ELECTORUM - - "Et congregabuntur" *Baritone Solo, then Soprani and Chorus.*

7.—CORALE - - - - "In memoriâ eternâ"

8.—JUDICIUM REJECTANEORUM - "Tunc dicet his"

This selection comprises the whole of the second part of Mors et Vita, and which the composer has given under the general title—JUDICIUM.

9.—ORGAN SOLO, Grand Final Chorus from the Oratorio, The Mount of Olives,—"Hallelujah to the Father" - - - - - - *Beethoven*

The fine work from which this sublime "Hallelujah" is taken, was performed in its entirety at a former Leeds Musical Festival, with a power, tone, and grandeur which will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present, either as listeners or performers. Although the Oratorio illustrated the early manner of the master, when he was yet under the influence of his great contemporaries, the giant's strength is often revealed, and everywhere we are conscious of the presence of beauty.

A SELECTION OF SCOTCH MUSIC.

Extract from my Lecture on National Ballad Music.

"The mere term "Scotch Ballads' awakens in the minds of all who are capable of appreciating exquisite poetry and beautiful music, feelings of reverence and delight. No matter what music has gone before in the performance of any miscellaneous programme, the moment a favourite Scotch melody is heard, both musical and unmusical people seem to feel a genuine thrill of pleasure. My own experience confirms this observation in a remarkable degree. On many occasions when I have had to play to large masses of people, either on the grand organ in the Town Hall, Leeds, or in many other noble buildings, I have found that should the interest in other music flag, the moment I commenced to play such tunes as 'The land of the leal,'—'Scots wha hae,'—'Bonnie Doon,'—'Auld lang syne,'—or a score of other familiar strains, the piece is sure to be received with such unmistakable enthusiasm, that I am compelled to return to my seat and play again some of the heart-stirring strains of Bonnie Scotland."

1.—OVERTURE, "La Dame Blanche" - - *Boildieu*

This brilliant piece of melodious orchestral scoring, contains some charming reminiscences of a favourite Scotch melody.

2.—POPULAR AIRS OF SCOTLAND, including "Roslin Castle," "The land of the leal," "Here's a health to them that's awa," and "The boatie rows" - *Adapted for the organ by Wm. Spark*

3.—SELECTIONS from the celebrated Scotch Symphony, composed for full orchestra, transcribed for the organ - - - *Mendelssohn*

ANDANTE CON MOTO, *A Minor.*
ALLEGRO UN POCO AGITATO, *A Minor.*
VIVACE NON TROPPO, *F Major.*
ADAGIO MOLTO, *A Minor.*
ALLEGRO VIVACE, *A Minor and Major.*

Mendelssohn, like many other great artists, was a great admirer of Scotland, and composed some of his most celebrated works—such as the Overture to the *Hebrides*, and this Scotch symphony, after having paid autumn visits to enjoy and benefit from the sublime and suggestive beauties of old Scotia.

4.—FANTASIA ON SCOTCH AIRS, introducing "Saw ye my Father," "The Bush aboon Traquar," "We're Noddin," "O Logie o' Buchan," and "Scotch wha hae" - - - *W. Kuhe*

This is a piece composed by Mr. Kuhe, the eminent pianist, for the pianoforte, but is in many respects so well adapted to the organ, that I am sure the lovely melodies brought out will be most acceptable to the audience.

5.—OVERTURE to the Opera "Guy Mannering" - *Bishop*

6.—DUET, "O wert thou in the cauld blast, on yonder lea,
My plaide to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee."
Mendelssohn

FINALE.—ORGAN PIECE, introducing "Bonnie Doon," "Caller Herrin," and "Auld Lang Syne." *Wm. Spark*

Played by the composer last year with much success in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Ayr, Stirling, etc.

SELECTION FROM THE WORKS OF LEFÉBURE WÉLY.

Born in Paris, 1817; died 1870.

The organ music of the modern French school first attracted attention in this country about twenty years ago, by the *Offertoires* of Mons. Lefébure Wély, who was at that time the popular organist at the church of the Madeline, in Paris. Not only by his organ compositions, but by his brilliant playing, his happy, genial disposition, and his passionate love for his art, he became a favourite with many, though opposed by others in his own profession who did not understand him, and, therefore, frequently misrepresented him. Of all his charming organ pieces there is none perhaps more popular, or more full of life, variety, and melody, than this brilliant Offertoire in F Major, and which the writer of these lines often heard the brilliant French organist perform on his own organ in Paris.

1.—GRAND OFFERTOIRE in F Major - *Lefébure Wély*

2.—TWO ANDANTES - - - - *Lefébure Wély*

{ *(a)* Andante in E flat.
(b) Andante "The Hymn of Nuns." }

The second of these organ pieces, to which I gave the suggestive title "The Hymn of Nuns" a long time since, has been highly popular, and has been a great favourite with organists for many years.

3.—OFFERTOIRE in A - - - *Lefébure Wély*

This is one of the first set of six *Offertoires* which were made known in London by Dr. William Rae (now of Newcastle), who brilliantly performed, and afterwards edited them, for Messrs. Ashdown and Parry.

4.—MARCH in C major - - - *Lefébure Wély*

There is something extremely original, piquant, and somewhat fantastic in this spirited march; but it is the work of a master, and characteristic of his style.

5.—NOCTURNE in F major - - - *Lefébure Wély*

Among the most popular pianoforte pieces of the day may be mentioned Lefébure's "Les cloches du Monastère," without which no young lady's portfolio would seem to be complete. The bells, and chimes of course, play an important part in this pretty "drawing room effusion."

6.—FANTASIA Pastorale in G major - *Lefébure Wély*

The song and dance of the shepherds are interrupted by the distant storm, which increases and becomes furious in its intensity. A calm follows, the devotional hymn being interrupted by the songs of cuckoos, nightingales, etc.

7.—GRAND OFFERTOIRE in G - - *Lefébure Wély*

Many organists regard this *Offertoire* as the best and most effective of all. It is certainly a brilliant charming work, and will form, I hope, a fitting finale to our selection this evening.

SELECTION FROM THE ORATORIO, "REDEMPTION" - *Gounod.*

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a. Instrumental Introduction—THE CREATION.

"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

b. The Promise of Redemption.

Prelude and Choral—"The earth is My possession."

c. Quartet and Chorus—"Beside the Cross remaining."

d. Air and Chorus—"While my watch I am keeping."

e. The March to Calvary.

The opening orchestral Prelude is similar in thought and conception to Haydn's famous *Representation of Chaos;* and Gounod has here shown by the use of strange, weird harmonies, his power, genius, and peculiarities. In *The Promise of Redemption* we have the first introduction of the *Liet-motive* which Gounod frequently introduces throughout the Oratorio, when Jesus appears; and then comes the fine Chorale, "The earth is My possession." The Quartet and Chorus "Beside the Cross remaining" is a most expressive piece of pathetic, devotional music; and this is followed by the beautiful air (sung by Mdme. Patey), found in Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, "While my watch I am keeping." This first selection ends with the inspiriting number "The March to Calvary." The Oratorio consists of three divisions—the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension, and I purpose giving selections from each on three successive Saturdays. Having attended the Birmingham Musical Festival, and listened to this extraordinary work performed under the personal direction of its gifted composer, I shall be the better able to realise and interpret its correct rendering, though it is somewhat difficult of accomplishment on the Organ Solus, seeing that Gounod has scored the work so beautifully and elaborately for a full orchestra. To estimate the pecuniary value set on this work, it may here be mentioned that the famous Publishers, Messrs. Novello and Co., have paid no less a sum than £4,000 for the copyright.

SPECIAL "IN MEMORIAM" PERFORMANCES OF APPROPRIATE VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SELECTIONS.

FUNERAL OF H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY, K.G., ETC.

The announcement of the death of H. R. H. the Duke of Albany came upon the public of Leeds like a thunderbolt. The recent visit of the illustrious Prince to our town will be in the lively recollection of all, rich and poor. His reception at the great Musical Festival, the deep interest he took therein as President, and his well-known love of, and admiration for the Art of Music, are circumstances which only add to the poignant grief which must be felt in the breasts of all Leeds citizens at the loss the whole country has sustained by his untimely death. Remembering that the Duchess of Albany was also present at the Festival, aiding and gracing with her affable demeanour the brightness and success of the great gathering, this circumstance adds more deeply to the desire of all to express their keen sympathy with Her Royal Highness in the loss she has sustained ; a sympathy, too, which is extended in the highest degree to Her Most Gracious Majesty, our beloved Queen.

A WEEK IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

No. I.

ALTHOUGH I have been for many years within easy travelling distance of the Isle of Man, I have never visited this charming, picturesque island until recently, and then for the short space of "one week only," as the showman says. For a long time I had been dissuaded by my best guide and counsellor to undertake what had been described to me, from bitter experience, as "a stormy ship tossed passage from Barrow to Douglas, or *vice versâ*," and that I should certainly suffer grievously from the hateful *mal de mer*. Notwithstanding these gloomy forebodings, I ventured, on the 22nd ult., to take the fast Midland train at 11 a.m. for Barrow, which was reached in the short space of two and a half hours, the passengers for Douglas being immediately ushered on board the fine steamer, "Mona's Queen," where I was introduced to the courteous captain (I forget his Scotch name), whose promise of a pleasant sail across the briny, *sans* sickness, or even squeamishness, was quite fulfilled, and in less than three hours we were in the beautiful Douglas Bay, in view of the pretty town, with its fine pier, swarms of various crafts, long rows of white-looking houses, and a promenade of considerable length and amplitude. This prospect alone is worth five hours' travelling from Leeds to see.

Soon I was ensconced in the snug parlour of my hospitable host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse), and after partaking of a most refreshing tea, my vigorous host trotted me out to witness the evening sights and amusements. First of all, we visited a huge building, yclept Derby Castle, situated a short distance from the end of the promenade, in a lovely situation, overlooking the town and bay. The large hall, lighted with incandescent electric lamps, etc., was filled with a motley throng of dancers of all sizes, ages, and status, who vigorously tripped it "on the light fantastic toe," to the evident delight and satisfaction of themselves, whatever else it might have been to the spectators and observers. There was an excellent orchestra of about twenty-five performers, including many experienced members of Hallé's and De Jong's Manchester bands—the chiefs

being all Gaggs—conductor, Mr. Oliver Gaggs; leader, J. W. Gaggs; and pianist, Thalberg Gaggs. Intersecting the dance programme, capital vocal selections were introduced by Mr. G. W. Nicholson and Miss Rhoda Billington, both of Leeds.

From this attractive *salon de danse*, my guide hurried me on to Falcon Cliff, to witness a similar scene in a large hall, capable of accommodating nearly two thousand dancers. The steep ascent to this place is reached by many hundred steps (there is a lift which was constantly filled by an urgent crowd), and when we had climbed about half way we found (much to my relief) some rustic seats, upon which we rested for a while. Here, also, stopped many Lancashire and Yorkshire lads and lasses, whose sweet and elegant utterances increased my knowledge of the vernacular considerably, but which I shall *not* enter among my elegant extracts. A capital orchestral band of twenty-six performers—conducted by Mr. Charles Reynolds, led by John Daley, and assisted by John Meghie—added greatly to the exuberance of the terpsichoreans, who also, in turn, with many hundreds of lookers-on, seemed deeply impressed with the spasmodic efforts of a popular "chorus again, boys" comic singer, applauding and encoring *ad libitum*.

Proceeding from the classic regions of Falcon Cliff, we advance close by to the Castle Mona Palace, a recently-erected music-hall, calculated to *seat* five thousand persons! Here, again, there was an excellent band, consisting, I think, of about thirty executants, conducted by Mr. Fred. Vetter, led by Mr. Sivori Flexen, and pianoed by Mr. Walter Moore. When I entered there was an enormous audience crowding round the orchestra to listen to the warblings and interpolated utterances of a favourite humourist, who displayed great versatility in assuming a feminine garb, and in the delivery of song, verse, talk, and peculiar action, which evoked wild enthusiasm and shouts of "Hangcore! Hangcore!" Beyond this comic side of the picture, the directors have given some splendid Sunday oratorios, with excellent principals (including the accomplished soprano, Madame Laura Smart), their own band, and a chorus obtained from the Manchester Choral Societies. *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Stabat Mater* have already been given in the presence of 4,000 listeners, who were charmed, and I have no doubt much *edified*, with the sublime strains of the great masters of music—music of which Sydney Smith says that when "the beatings and the breathings once reach the heart, and set it moving with all its streams of life, the mind bounds from grief to joy, from joy to grief, without effort or pang, and seems to

derive its keenest pleasure from the quick vicissitude of passion to which it is exposed." What is wanted at the Palace is a suitable organ, one specially designed by some experienced organist, with scales, stops, and wind-pressure, calculated to fill the building and mix well with the band. In such an instance, the accomplished organist should be to the organ builder what the architect is to the contractor of a public building. With this visit to the Castle Mona Hall, my first day's pleasure was finished, and it very nearly finished me too, for I was tired and glad to lay my head down to rest, and express my gratitude to the All-Wise for permitting me once more to enjoy the "soft dews of kindly sleep."

Friday, the 23rd, was spent chiefly in visiting several interesting places in the immediate neighbourhood of Douglas—the most notable being Douglas Head—from which promontory some of the grandest ocean views in Great Britain are seen, admired, and enjoyed. The day was generally fine, with alternate gleams of sunshine, and gentle, refreshing showers of rain. My friend and guide, being well acquainted with every nook and corner, was delightfully communicative, directing my attention to every point of interest in the ever-varying scene—the height, formation, and rugged grandeur of the rocks below; the zigzag paths on the mountain side—the grand wave-rolling Irish Sea in front, and even a rough-headed, fiery looking young artist who, with his fair attendant, was sketching (or pretended to be) in a secluded spot round a detached rock. The light-house, built on the stern cliff rocks, looks most imposing in its robe of white and its revolving light—often seen by the tempest-tossed sailors on a stormy night off that deep sea coast. Hearing some church bells ringing, I was reminded of Whittier's beautiful lines in his poem, "The Tent on the Beach":—

"Whence sometimes when the wind was light,
And dull the thunder on the beach,
They heard the bells of morn and night
Swing miles away their silver speech.
Above low scarp and turf-grown wall
They saw the fort flag rise and fall;
And the first star to signal twilight's hour,
The lamp fire glitter down from the tall lighthouse tower."

Winding our way up the hill-side, we soon reached the hostelry which stands prominently on the top thereof. Here we refresh the inner man with a glass of ginger-ale (of course there was a slight dash of "something in it," just to modify the sharpness of the effervescence), and hearing some fine-voiced vocalist letting on stoutly with an excellent rendering of "Rage,

thou angry storm," from Benedict's opera, *The Gipsy's Warning*, I proceeded to the room, which was filled with men and women listening to the outpourings of the vocal hero, who was ably accompanied by an unknown volunteer pianist. Feeling sure, after looking about, that no one there knew me, I went up to the vocalist and said, "Thank you very much for singing so admirably that fine song of Benedict's."

In a moment, from different parts of the room, at least half-a-dozen fellows held out their hands to shake mine, which one of the hilarious party did as if he thought he was working at a pump-handle.

"Have a drain, Doctor, and how *are* you?"

"Well," said I, "if I accept all your proffered hospitality, I should soon be toppling over the cliff when I get outside, and then the sweet wishes of some of my *dear friends* in Leeds would be gratified; but I must decline, thank you, for I don't mean to conform to their requirements, just at present, if I can help it." This excited some laughter, and I was let off, and departed as quickly as I could. Descending towards the town by a new diverse path, from which at every turn we could overlook the harbour, pier, and shipping, we came up to a little shanty where we were strongly invited to taste some real Manx oysters. After opening two (which I found very good) the bivalve man presented another of a different sort ("blue-points," I think, he said), which I hastily swallowed, unthinkingly, and as quickly returned. "This reminds me," I remarked to my friend, "of the old con. What is the difference between a good oyster and a bad one?" "Don't know." "Well, one's a *native*, and the other's a *settler!*" After that, we quickly got home to dinner, and the rest of my second day was spent in replying to a bundle of letters which had been sent to me from "the other side," as the Manx folks say.

On Saturday, the 24th ult., after finishing my correspondence —(Oh! how I wish I could follow the orders of the G.O.M., and refuse to receive or read letters when away for a holiday!) —I had the pleasure to drive, in a well-appointed carriage and pair of sturdy brown cob horses, two charming young ladies, and a most attentive young gentleman, to Laxey Bay, a lovely inlet, with a Swiss kind of village above it. All along the road, a distance of about eight miles, the scenery is delightful; and this was doubly enhanced by the pleasant conversation of the ladies, and the wit and anecdotal power of the gentleman. Arrived at Laxey, we "put up" at the Commercial Hotel, an excellent hostelry, where we were well entertained at luncheon,

prior to our visiting the great Water Wheel (said to be the largest in the world), the gardens, and other objects of interest in this "sweet little spot by the side of the sea." The village rejoices in two or three hotels, and several well-appointed shops, which are chiefly supported by the miners from the adjacent famous lead and silver mines of Laxey.

Whilst enjoying my cigarette outside the hotel, and gazing on the craft (chiefly herring boats) sailing away in the sunlight of a fine day in the beautiful bay, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and, on turning round, surprise and pleasure overcame me on beholding my old friends, Dr. Taylor, of Bradford, Alderman Hill (ex-Mayor), and Captain Moore, O.H.M.S. After a pleasant confab, I accepted their invitation to lunch at the Queen's Hotel, in Ramsey, where they were staying, for the following Monday, and of which more anon.

The return drive home to Douglas was even more delightful than the journey out. We were all invigorated by the bracing ozone, the ever varying scenes, and the delightful view of Douglas and the Bay, as we descended the hill. Thus ended my third day in the bonny island.

No. II.

I OMITTED to say in my last letter that on Saturday evening I paid a visit, at the invitation of my old friend, Mr. J. W. Turner, to the well-appointed Grand Theatre, in Victoria Street, where, with some friends, I greatly enjoyed, in a private box, an admirable performance of Benedict's beautiful opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, the lovely music in which is not surpassed by any English dramatic work of the present century. The Colleen Bawn, and the other principal characters, were altogether well represented by the efficient company; but by far the most artistic and meritorious of the artists was Mr. Turner himself, whose impersonation of Myles-na-Coppaleen left nothing to be desired, his charming tenor voice and refined singing being enthusiastically (and deservedly) applauded by a large audience.

My fourth day in the island was chiefly devoted to matters ecclesiastical. On the 25th ult., being the 10th Sunday after Trinity, we went by train from Douglas to Peel, and attended the morning service (or "Matins," as the Ritualists prefer to call it) in the fine Church of St. German, built in the Early English style, with a handsome spire, and calculated to seat nearly a

thousand persons. It was consecrated and opened in 1884 by the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson). The sixteen coloured windows, representing scenes in the Life of Christ, give "a dim religious light" to the spacious edifice, whilst the choir stalls in the chancel afford ample room for a surpliced choir of men and boys, numbering about forty singers. There is also the attraction and advantage of a peal of light sweet bells, and a fine three-manual organ, built by Brindley and Foster, of Sheffield, at which Miss Ward, a favourite teacher of music in Douglas, presides with credit to herself and honour to the church. The psalms and canticles were those in the now generally used "Cathedral Psalter;" the hymns from "Ancient and Modern;" and the versicles and pieces were the time-honoured and never-to-be-surpassed work of "Old Tallis;" the priest and choir discharging their functions with becoming accuracy and devotional effect. On the invitation of the fair organist, I played the last hymn and out-going voluntaries, concluding with Beethoven's ever-glorious "Hallelujah to the Father," from *The Mount of Olives*. The day following being the anniversary of the opening of the church, the vicar cordially asked me to preside at the organ on the interesting occasion, but circumstances prevented me from rendering the assistance which I hope to give on some future occasion. I may here mention that after I had finished playing, my friend and old pupil, Mr. W. Marsden, organist of the Parish Church, Batley, went to the organ, and gave an excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's second organ sonata in C minor.

At the termination of the service, the weather being beautifully fine, we strolled down to the Marine Parade, and after admiring the grandeur of the historically famous Castle, which stands on the rocky islet of St. Patrick—and to which so much of Sir Walter Scott's novel "Peveril of the Peak" refers—we paid a brief visit to the Creg Malin Hotel, a splendid, comfortable house, where the cheerful, attractive manageress showed us the various well-appointed rooms, from most of which there is a magnificent panoramic view of sea, rocks, castle, and headland. Visitors will find this a delightful spot.

In the evening I presided at the organ in St. Thomas's, the largest and finest Episcopal church in Douglas. One of the local historians records:—"It was erected in 1849, from designs by Ewan Christian, Esq., and is in the Early English style of architecture. The interior, seen from the small gallery at the end of the church, is very imposing. The organ, a sweet and powerful instrument, was built by Hill and Son, of London,

from the designs of Mr. W. T. Best. It cost £850, but has only two manuals, and about twenty-five stops. The bells, eight in number, were presented to the church by the Rev. Richard Cattley, M.A., and his wife. There are 1,000 sittings in the church, 500 of which are free. The tower clock is the gift of W. Lauder, Esq. The services are choral, performed by a mixed choir. The purple-coloured limestone masonry forming the quoins of the buttresses and the dressings of the windows and doorways, was brought from Port St. Mary, near Castletown."

Mr. Mylvae, an excellent amateur, is the honorary organist and choirmaster, and Mr. Poulter, the chief of the town's band, is his able deputy. It was a matter of pleasant surprise to me to find that the anthem was one of my own earlier works—"All we like sheep have gone astray"—which is very frequently used "in quires and places where they sing," and is especially popular in Lancashire and in Australia. The choir consists of about thirty members—men, women, and boys—and although they sang extremely well (especially in my anthem) throughout the service, at the same time I should have preferred a surpliced choir, supplemented by female *soprani* and *contralti*, with suitable headgear (cap) and distinctive dress. Why not? Scripture saith, "Young men and *maidens*, old men and children, praise ye the name of the Lord." On this vexed and much discussed question a somewhat curious letter appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day, which I append, though it will probably raise a smile:—"SIR,—I think that you have undoubtedly touched the right chord on this question, and I should like to endorse the remarks of 'Cassandra.' By all means let us have a choir of young ladies; they would be an immense attraction, and eventually be the removal of that reproach mentioned by a Christian paper recently, that there was at least half a million males in South London alone indifferent as to church ceremonies, etc. Thousands of them would, no doubt, thereby be attracted into the sacred buildings, and an additional zest to the proceedings also would result from the monthly practice of a lady in the pulpit. I shall certainly, on this question, vote for the ladies. With 'Cassandra,' I think that the men have had the monopoly long enough.—Yours, etc., THOMAS MAY." There was a crowded congregation, and a large offertory—the latter always being an important matter with the authorities clerical and lay. Thus ended my fourth day.

With Monday came an exceedingly pleasant time, which I shall not easily forget. Starting from Douglas Pier in a little pleasure-trip steamer, we sailed pleasantly along close to the

"strangely-twisted and contorted rocks," on a lovely summer's day, passing Laxey Bay and other points of picturesque interest, until we reached the beautiful Bay of Ramsey itself, where, on the pierhead, ready to meet and welcome me, I saw the cheery faces of my Bradford friends to whom I alluded in my last. But before going further, I must mention two *compagnons de voyage*, who, knowing many mutual friends (celebrities of the past and present), as well as every point of interest on the coast, afforded me great pleasure and advantage during this very pleasant little trip to Ramsey; I allude to the Collector of Customs, Mr. A. Riddell (one of the Reserve Navy captains) and his amiable, accomplished wife, Mrs. Riddell, of whom more anon.

When landed on the Pier, my friends showed me the sights and doings of Ramsey, especially halting to hear the capital little band (supplied, I believe, by the famous De Jong, of Manchester) in front of the Municipal Buildings, and thence to see the beautiful, ever-flowing gigantic *Fuschia*, with its pendulous red flowers, which has grown and flourished for many years in a small garden belonging to a cottage in North Road, towards the sand hills.

This, and other appetising exercises being completed, we repaired to the Queen's Hotel for luncheon, at one o'clock; but it was a *dinner* to all intents and purposes. The soup, fish, entrées, and grouse, were not to be despised, leaving alone the excellent light wines, of which, for conscience sake, we took but *little*, remembering the Scriptural injunction, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake." The walk up the hill with my dear old friend, Dr. Taylor, invigorated our frames, and elevated the spirits. I recall Contarini Fleming's outpourings anent the mountain air. Here they are, and none of you, dear readers, will be the worse for reading and pondering over them :—

"There is something magical in the mountain air. There my heart is light, my spirits cheerful, everything exhilarating; there I am in every respect a different being from what I am in the lowlands. I cannot even speak; I dissolve into a delicious reverie, in which everything occurs to me without effort. Whatever passes before me gives birth in my mind to a new character, a new image, a new train of fancies. I sing, I shout, I compose aloud, but without premeditation, without any attempt to guide my imagination by my reason. How often, after journeying along the wild muletrack—how often, on a sunny day, have I suddenly thrown myself upon the turf, revelled in my existence, and then as hastily jumped up and raised the wild birds with a

wilder scream! I think that these involuntary bursts must have been occasioned by the unconscious influence of extreme health. As for myself, when I succeed in faintly recalling the rapture which I have experienced in these solitary rambles, and muse over the flood of fancy which then seemed to pour itself over my whole being, and gush out of every feeling and every object, I contrast, with mortification, those warm and pregnant hours with this cold record of my maturer age."

Well, there we four jolly "old chappies" enjoyed ourselves in a snug private room (specially secured by the thoughtful captain) overlooking the Bay of Ramsey, and the craft therein. The fun, as Burns hath it, "grew fast and furious," and "we'll be young again" came out frequently and sequentially,—the tales, anecdotes, and *jeu d'esprits* all helping to intensify one of the happiest days I had ever spent; and I believe and hope that my dear good friends, the ex-Mayor of Bradford, Dr. Taylor, and Captain Moore, agree with me in my simple record of the event.

No. III.

WHEN I left my happy, hospitable Bradford friends on the Ramsey pier, and stepped on board the smart little pleasure steamer awaiting our return journey, I was much gratified to find that I should again have the pleasure of the companionship of my morning friends, who were returning to Douglas. The weather was lovely—a gentle refreshing westerly breeze, a bright sun, occasionally o'ershadowed by fleecy fleeting clouds, and an atmosphere at once bracing, refreshing, and invigorating. In the evening I accepted the invitation of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, who hospitably entertained me, and explained the different features of the beautiful panoramic view seen from their comfortable house, yclept "Brynteg," at the extreme end of the Thorny-road. My three or four hours here were spent in the most agreeable manner, my host and hostess being well versed in art and personally known to many of the leading artists of the day, respecting some of whom Mr. Riddell gave a few racy anecdotes.

With Tuesday came a red-letter day—a sail round the island. The weather was again all that could be desired, just like that of the previous day. All on board the magnificent steamer, Mona's Queen—the captain, crew, passengers (over 200), and

even the little pet frisky pussy—looked healthy and happy. It was a wondrously beautiful trip, which I shall certainly *encore* on the first favourable opportunity. Though I have travelled in many countries, and viewed marvellous scenes, I do not remember having enjoyed anything better than this sail round the Isle of Man; no, not even in Scotland or Switzerland. With little exception, at almost every turn in these seventy-five miles, Nature, in that combined, rugged, and eternal glory which I so much admire, met our eyes in all her brightness and beauty. Passing the retired inlet of Groudale, we soon came to that charming spot, Laxey Bay, viewing on the way a succession of zigzag lofty rocks and hills, the gathering clouds lying lightly at their base, and the summits standing forth clear above. Just beyond, we came upon the mountains of Barrule, Snaefell, and Bein-y-Phot. An intelligent fellow-passenger (a Scotchman, I believe) gave us here some interesting information.

"If, before you return to your Yorkshire home, ye'll just pay a wee visit to Sulby Glen, you will see what I may safely say is one, if not *the* most, interesting spot on the island. First, there is a cascade issuing through an oddly-formed natural bridge; there you will be able to get a good view of the gigantic mountains which rise to the right and left, from which large masses of rock stand out, threatening every moment to fall on the looker-on below."

"How interesting!" I exclaimed; "can't I land here?"

"Nay, nay," quoth my friend; be quiet (hard task for me at all times) and listen."

"The stream which glides through the glen is the largest in the Isle of Man, affording most excellent sport for anglers. The glen is remarkably bold and romantic in character, and forcibly reminds me of 'Caledonia, stern and wild.'" (I found out afterwards that this and other choice bits the canny Scot gave us were chiefly cribb'd from the popular Guide Book.)

"Good gracious!" I said, "shade of Pritt come forth!"

"And wha's Pritt?" quoth the Scotchman.

"*Mirabile dictu!*" I said to myself, "here's a man who doesn't know the wonderful Pritt, the angler of anglers—the guide, comforter, and counseller of anglers—the *Alpha* and *Omega* of anglers! Does he not write hebdomadally to the *Y. W. P.*, and give the follower of the gentle art, who carries no 'wums for bait' in his mouth, fatherly, I might say, grandfatherly, advice? Does he not tell you when and where to fish; how to make the killing flies; how to troll, spin, throw a cast, and easily land both trout and grayling, *when* you've caught

'em? Are not his yarns and anecdotes perfectly true from beginning to end?"

"Man alive! not to know Pritt, is to argue yourself unknown."

Says the Scot, sententiously, and with his broadest vowels, "Is thât a fâct!"

"It is so," I rejoin, "and if you'll call on me the next time you're in Leeds, I'll take you to a place where you may find him—perhaps."

"Hold!" I exclaim, "no more tales just now; look, we are about entering the lovely Ramsey Bay."

"Ramsey Bay" (says the intelligent Guide), "which is next crossed by the steamer, is a magnificent sheet of water, rivalling the famous Douglas Bay. The Albert Tower, on the mountain, which overhangs the town, is a prominent object. The range of high lands, forming a splendid background to the tower, culminate in North Barrule, one of the noblest mountains on the island."

But the next point to be observed is the point of Ayr, the northernmost part of the island, where a lighthouse has been erected, having a revolving light, which can be seen occasionally fourteen miles at sea. From the deck of the steamer, at this "point," the views of the mountains are extremely fine. It was near this spot we were told that for seven miles here was the most, and only, uninteresting part of the island; and, therefore, it was the chosen time for the familiar announcement, "Dinner quite ready, sir," from the lips of the courteous steward, and the vigorous ringing of a big hand-bell.

> "And, oh! the joy, no soul can tell,
> The sound of that sweet dinner bell."

Down we all rush into the fore cabin, with appetites positively voracious, and therefore sublime. The vegetable soup, cold roast beef, rabbit pies, salad, peas, potatoes, sweets, and cheese were all good, and were demanded and devoured with American avidity. A tall, thin, hungry, lean-faced man sat opposite to me, and I was shortly attracted by his rapid, wondrous performances in the gastronomic business, of which he seemed to be a perfect master. There wasn't a viand on the table, or to be heard of, by persistent inquiries, that this hollow-eyed, sharp-looking creature didn't call for. And with every fresh supply of eatables he required a bottle of beer! By a pleasant conversation with a fair lady who sat on my left, I lost count, but he afterwards told me he had drunk six glasses, and should like another, he was *so* thirsty!

"Heh," I said, "you certainly take infinitely more than I could *beer*, under any circumstances."

My friends and I went on deck, but our beer-y friend stayed "below, below, below," and probably drowned himself in what Artemus W. called "a bole," for we never saw him again—never.

Again we are summoned to view some further grand scenery, and the weather continuing bright and beautiful, and the inner man having been refreshed and strengthened, we rejoiced greatly, and were as happy "and merry as sand-boys." Somewhere before we touched the Point of Ayr, the captain ordered the thundering hoot from the escape pipe to be sounded, opposite to some gigantic, wild-looking rocks, from which the echo came back with fine, startling effect. It wasn't quite equal to the Irishman's question at the blarney-stone, when the reply came "Ax my eye, you saucy divil!"—but our echo *did* sound long, and died away with languishing sweetness, making no impertinent replies. But, for an echo, or reverberative, continuous sound, there is one in the vestibule of the Leeds Town Hall superior to any other I have ever heard. It is like an interminable chimney, but it must not, however, be tried during one of the Musical Festivals, when the gallery window having been taken out, to accommodate more "back-seat victims," as someone called them, the required uninterrupted sequence of sound cannot be half obtained. The next point of interest in this delightful trip was the bonny little town of Peel, with its famous Castle, to which I alluded in a former communication. I longed to land and call at the beautiful Creg Malin Hotel, where the fair hostess on the previous Sunday had entertained us so well; but as this could not be, we proceeded on our way, and pass "Corrin's Tower," and then "Contrary Head," so called from the fact that two opposing flood streams meet at this point, the tides from the north and south clashing twice daily. Now we come to the most boisterous part of the island—the Calf of Man—of which, I believe, a gentleman of independent means and education, but evidently fond of Nature's wildness, is, and has been for some time, the proprietor. Here, indeed, it might be said, during the fearful storms which sometimes prevail:—

> "The breaking waves dashed high
> On a stern and rock-bound coast;
> And the woods against a stormy sky
> Their giant branches tossed."

It was at this tempestuous spot that the wreck of the steamer Florence occurred last week, bringing with it a sad tale of the sea, and of the sufferings of two survivors (out of a crew of

ten), one of whom subsequently died on board the Isle of Man steamer King Orry, by whose captain, assisted by a brave sailor, Kneale, they had been rescued from a sinking, battered boat, to which the poor fellows had been clinging, in a "dirty sea," for two days and nights! Many of the drowned who lost their lives in the discharge of their duty will leave widows, and others orphans, probably unprovided for. Who would not give a helping hand to the Port of Hull Sailors' Orphans' Home, or some other similar institution, after such a heartrending catastrophe as this? The "echo business," as a passenger termed it, is here repeated, and the rocks return the most solemn and prolonged reply. After passing Pigeon Cove, Port Soderick, Santon Head, Crenk-ny-Maroo, etc., we again return to the delightful bay of Douglas, where we land in the brightest and best of spirits, with a glowing elasticity of health, and a desire for vigorous mental and bodily labour.

And now for my last day on the island—Wednesday, the 28th ult. I felt as the doomed one said, that my hours were numbered. In the morning I was again engaged in answering a bundle of letters which had come in from "the other side." There were about twelve missives—my average number when at home. Seven out of the lot asked favours, or questions. Two were from ministers asking for my *gratuitous* services at the opening of new organs; another what my *lowest* fee would be for a lecture; another, would I adjudicate at a brass band contest, where nothing but harmony would prevail; another, from a statistical-monger, asking me for particulars of my daily life, etc.; another from an accountant who had just started business, and if he had the chance (which he won't get yet) he would willingly "wind me up cheap"; another from an undertaker who could, if I would "kindly leave instructions," bury me at moderate charges; another, asking me to state my candid opinion, to settle a wager, of the time in which Mendelssohn's overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* should be played, and if the chords at the opening were to be sustained, or taken off; another, asking me to give to a magazine a "fresh new hymn tune" for the Christmas number; and yet another, asking me for a subscription towards a "Vigilance Society"! I answered all—especially the latter—and I don't think my answers (excepting those on charity intent) would bring about a second application; at least I hope not. After this, I went to St. Thomas' Church (I have previously described it), and gave an afternoon organ recital to a full congregation, including all the chief residents of the island, and numerous visitors. From

the accounts I got afterwards, I hope and believe that my performance gave satisfaction and pleasure ; at any rate, a kind letter from the vicar (the Rev. Mr. Savage) assured me of the fact, which took the practical form of a handsome present. The evening was again pleasantly spent at the house of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, whose kindness, attention, and hospitality I shall not easily forget.

Thursday morning came, and with it my departure. In the splendid steamer Mona's Isle, a full "cargo" of passengers, etc., we glided off at half-past eight in the morning ; and, amid the kindly farewells of many good friends, I got to the other side (not entirely free from the hateful *mal de mer*), and proceeded from Barrow to Leeds, reaching home soon after 3 p.m. Well, dear readers, I think you will agree with me that a more delightful seven days' visit could scarcely be obtained, by this "mortal frame," than that which I have endeavoured to describe to you in plain, homely, conversational vernacular, and I will now conclude my letters by saying—"Go thou, and do likewise."

THE LATE MR. JOHN WILLIAM ATKINSON.

(To the Editor of the "Yorkshire Post.")

SIR,—Absence from home has almost shut me out of local affairs, during the last four or five weeks, but among other things which I hear on my return is the lamented death of Mr. J. W. Atkinson, of whose invaluable services in the cause of art (especially music) in Leeds, from 1851 to 1883, much too little has been said; and as I was intimately associated with him for a considerable number of years, in matters musical, I hope you will allow me to supply a few more particulars which I venture to think will prove generally interesting to your readers.

So far back as 1852, when the Madrigal and Motet Society was proposed, Mr. Atkinson entered heartily into the scheme, aiding and assisting me in procuring most of the best voices and singers in the town and district. The rehearsals and concerts of this ultimately famous vocal association had an important bearing (as is well known) on the general musical culture of West Yorkshire. This was greatly due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Atkinson, who was as popular and beloved as secretary, by the members of the chorus, who numbered at one period 250, as he was respected by, and successful with the public.

When the Town Hall was approaching completion, in 1857, and I ventured to suggest in the newspapers a grand musical festival for the inauguration of the noble building and the gigantic organ, Mr. Atkinson, supported by the Mayor (Mr. James Kitson, father of Sir James), and other leading townspeople, devoted a large portion of his valuable time to the development of the scheme, taking upon himself enormous work and responsibilities. The success of that splendid gathering of musicians, when Sterndale Bennett produced his beautiful work, "The May Queen," was such that the medical charities benefited to the tune of £2,000; and I need not add that Mr. Atkinson felt himself amply repaid for all the trouble and pains he had taken.

The Festivals having remained in abeyance for sixteen years (no fault of mine), I ventured to urge on the Mayor, Ald.

Marsden, and Mr. Atkinson, the advisability of resuscitating these important artistic gatherings, which, after considerable difficulty and anxiety, was accomplished ; and in 1874 a series of truly grand performances was given in the Town Hall, under the conductorship of Sir Michael Costa, with a most gratifying financial result.

In 1877, 1880, and 1883, Mr. Atkinson again took an active part in promoting these Triennial Musical Festivals, and he established a course of action and system in their management which has ever since resulted beneficially for the medical charities.

I may also gratefully mention the valuable assistance he rendered for many years to St. George's Church, and to myself, by the deep interest he took in the choir, the production of my work entitled "Sacred Harmony," and for the invariable kindness, courtesy, and liberality he displayed on all occasions.

Mr. Atkinson was also one of the leading members of "The Musical Union" and "Orchestral Concerts" Committees ; and here, again, for several seasons he rendered me infinite assistance, in my capacity as conductor, by his tact and assiduity.

At the Shakespeare Commemoration, too, he was "all in all," and copied out with his own hand the parts of the required music for my full band and chorus.

In hundreds of minor ways he lent a cheerful, helping hand, and never failed to keep his word or engagements.

Altogether, he rendered so many and great services to music, and to myself personally, that I should be wanting in common gratitude (not found in all of us, I'm sorry to say) did I not place on record some of these, which will live green in my memory so long as life itself lasts.—Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM SPARK.

Newton Park, Leeds, *September 2nd, 1889.*

SCRAPS, ANECDOTA, ETC.

"BROUGHT YOUR OWN BLOWER"?—At an interesting old church in the East Riding of Yorkshire, in which a short time ago I gave an organ recital for a charitable purpose, the kind-hearted venerable rector met me by arrangement before the performance, and, taking me into a quiet corner of the church said, in an anxious tone, "My dear doctor, it is so very kind of you to come here and help us in our little village, but there is one point I am wishful to ascertain from you before you begin,—"have you brought your own blower?"

The above query may have been suggested to the mind of the worthy rector from the well-known fact that, when opening many new organs in the East Riding some years ago, a semi-idiotic man, one Ebenezer Dale, of Driffield, followed me whenever he could get information of my whereabouts, and, displacing the ordinary blower, insisted on blowing for me himself. Shortly before I began the recital he would come to the organ pew—put his head round the corner and astonish me by saying "It's all right, doctor, I'm here to blow, and there's sure to be a good performance between us"!

PAGANINI AND BYWATER.—When I came to Leeds, as Dr. Wesley's articled pupil, in 1842, my first appearance in the Parish Church was somewhat of a singular character. The doctor being absent, I was called upon unexpectedly to accompany the choir at the funeral of the famous local violinist, Bywater, in Purcell and Croft's well-known and beautiful music,—"Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts,"—"I heard a voice from heaven," etc. Having played this music in Exeter Cathedral, from Boyce's full score written in the old clefs, it was perfectly familiar to me, and was my first step towards obtaining the subsequent friendliness and valuable assistance of the famous choir.

Mr. John Rhodes, J.P., of Potternewton, Leeds, told me a story of this same Bywater which goes far to shew that he must have been a remarkably fine performer, as well as having a most tenacious retentive memory. When the celebrated virtuoso, Paganini, visited Leeds in the twenties of the present century, and gave a concert at the Old Music Hall in Albion Street, Bywater was engaged to assist and play a solo while the great Italian (a cadaverous skeleton in personal appearance) rested awhile. The maestro's chief piece was the famous *Carnival di Venise*, with seemingly impossible variations. The concert being over, Bywater asked permission to "just touch" Paganini's violin, and the request being granted, the local artist repeated from memory with astonishing power and brilliancy, the whole of the extremely difficult piece which Paganini had a short time before performed in his own inimitable style.

Bywater seems to have been a genius of no ordinary kind, for he could play equally well the viola, and the double bass; indeed, at a festival performance in York once he was unexpectedly called upon to take the place of the principal double bass who had a difficult passage to perform, but was unable from some cause or other to fulfil his engagement. Bywater's execution of the part was admirable, and elicited the warmest encomiums from the conductor, orchestra, and audience.

KEBLE'S "CHRISTIAN YEAR," ETC.—I have never undertaken any more interesting work than setting music to some of the early portions of Keble's *Christian Year*, and Seymour's (His Honour Judge Digby Seymour, County Judge, Newcastle-on-Tyne) translation of the Psalms from the original Hebrew. It is among the things not generally known that I was the first composer, by the express permission of the inspired poet Keble, toset music to his morning and evening hymns—"New mercies each returning day"; and, "Abide with me"; which, together with settings to beautiful words by the Rev. Isaac Williams, were published by Hopkinson Bros., of Leeds, and dedicated to Mrs. Hook, when I made my first appearance in Yorkshire at the age of eighteen.

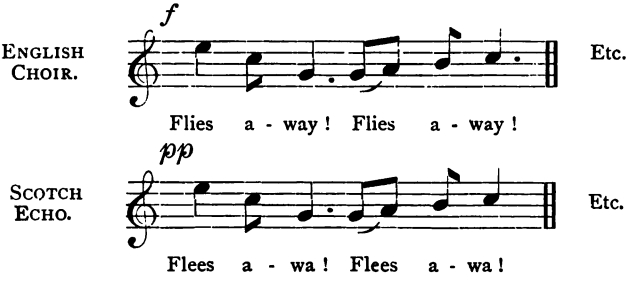
It came about in this way. Before the Marchioness of Lothian embraced the Romish Faith, she used frequently to visit Dr. Hook, and attend the services at the Leeds Parish Church, and

it was after one of the full choral Friday evening services, when I had been presiding at the organ, that her ladyship asked the venerated vicar to let me go to Jedburgh to play the organ at the opening of the new church she had had built there. The Rev. John Keble, whose *Christian Year* is now so loved and cherished throughout Christendom, was the preacher on the occasion, and after the morning service he kindly asked me to walk round the grounds of the castle with him. Never shall I forget that ramble, or the sweet kindly counsel which the holy man gave me, and which resulted in my setting music to several of his divine poems.

DIGBY SEYMOUR, Q.C., ETC.—It is much to be regretted that the "Psalms of David," translated from the original Hebrew by his Honour Judge Digby Seymour, have not yet been published with music, for, assuredly, the strength and beauty of his verses would make splendid substitutes for many of the rubbishly hymns so much in vogue at the present weak epoch of poetry. There is a splendid chance here for Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Joseph Barnby, Sir Walter Parratt, and many other knights of composing talent and uncomposing talent—to exercise their musical skill and supremacy.

"IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT TO-NIGHT."—The late Sir Michael Costa, though extremely reticent as a rule, and uncommunicative with those who were not in his favour, had many curious anecdotes to relate in connection with his long professional career. Among the many things he told me when visiting at his splendid house in Eccleston Square, was one respecting the origin of the saying "It will be all right to-night." Prior to his conducting the famous Reid concerts at Edinburgh, he would have full rehearsals of the band in Exeter Hall, London, at which he was always very scrupulous, and sometimes even brusque and severe. On one of these occasions Mr. Seymour, the bass drummer, had to play one important note in a symphony, and when his time came Costa looked at him, but he forgot his cue and the note was omitted. As soon as an opportunity presented itself he said, "you must pardon my forgetfulness, Sir Michael, but it will be all right to-night." However, when the eventful performance came off' it unfortunately happened that Mr. Seymour again omitted to play the important one note required, and for the performance of which he had actually been taken from London to Edinburgh!

TRUMPETERS AT THE ASSIZES.—A few years ago, when the old trumpeters from York used to play "in and out" the judges of Assize at Leeds, a well-known performer on the cornet (Mr. J. W. Binns) was asked to become substitute for one of the old toot-a-tooters who had been taken ill. Being tired of waiting for the end of an unusually long trial, they adjourned for some refreshment to the Victoria Hotel at the back of the Town Hall, and whilst there some wags got hold of their instruments and put corks in the tubes, so that when they were called upon to play no sound, of course, could be produced. The incident was reported to Mr. Gray, the Under Sheriff, father of the present Under Sheriff, and of Dr. Gray, of musical fame, who kindly pleaded with the judge to prevent the unfortunate trumpeters from being committed for contempt and disobedience.

"FLEES AWA."—On one occasion, when on a lecture tour in Scotland (Dr. Saunders, beware!) I visited a town where I was assured there was an excellent body of singers who would render myself and the Yorkshire vocalists I had brought with me to give the illustrations, any assistance we might need. Among the pieces sung was the famous old English glee, "Hail! smiling morn," and it occurred to me that at the well-known passage, "at whose bright presence darkness flies away," our Scotch friends could repeat the phrase with an echoing effect behind the scenes. And this is how it came out :—

"THIRTY-FOUR BARS REST."—Being engaged to organise a little string band in the neighbourhood of Leeds when I was quite a lad, and was scarcely equal to the necessary management of performers of full growth, I discovered at the rehearsal of one of Haydn's symphonies, that at a passage where there was a change of time from C to ¾, the flautist was not playing.

On stopping the performance to ascertain the reason (his part was somewhat important), I was informed that the gentleman whose flute passage was so much needed was enjoying *34 bars* rest, as he understood his copy signified !

CORPSE'S BROTHER.—The vicar of a large parish, in a populous town in Lancashire, was recommended a young curate who had been just ordained, and who was the only son of his wife's old friend and schoolfellow of "happy days, long ago"—Mrs. Edwards, of ——. The fond mother brought her beloved son to the vicarage and sang his praises in no measured terms, adding to her *confidante* that he had only one little fault, or misfortune, which was that he laughed immoderately if anything comical, or humorous, excited his risible faculties.

The worthy vicar was much interested in his new man, and asked him to take a funeral on the following day (Saturday) as he himself was obliged to be absent, but Sharples (the old clerk and sexton) would give him every information, provide him with the proper book, and generally show him how well to discharge his new duties. The churchyard was large and rather far from the vestry, where the newly-fledged curate awaited the procession, and the return of the sexton who had gone off to report progress, etc. In a short time Sharples came hurriedly into the vestry and said, somewhat excitedly,—

"If you please, sir, Corpse's brother wants a word with you."

The timid young curate, robed as full as he could be, seemed to be almost thunderstruck at the singular request of old Sharples, who in turn reiterated with increased force and accent the desire of the waiting "corpse's brother" for an immediate interview.

Poor Edwards was speedily overcome, and his one weakness of which his good mother had given an intimation, prevailed to such an extent that he laid down on the floor, kicked his hands and his heels about, and continually shouted amidst his hysterical laughter,—Corpse's brother ! Corpse's brother !

I must draw a veil over the sequel—but the young gentleman, after an interview with the Vicar and his wife, attached himself to his dear mother's apron-strings at the earliest possible moment, and never returned to B——n.

SENSITIVE MUSICIANS.—It has for ages past been the happy experience of poets, painters, and musicians, *et hoc genus omne*, possessing highly strung and impressionable natures, not to be

judged by the hard and fast lines which bind the merchant to a perpetual consideration of the multiplication table or the rules of interest, or the lawyer to the difference between meum and teum, but with the freedom accorded to Bohemians. Such, however, is evidently not the opinion of those quidnuncs who, for the time being, have usurped the musical censor's seat in Leeds. That they are utterly unable to appreciate the intellectual strength of their artistic superiors is almost as amusing as that a blind and confiding public should entrust them with the purse strings of an institution which might and, in proper hands, probably would result in artistic good, but which now, and for some time past, has merely resulted in *fiascos* which are only less laughable than they are artistically sad.

Eschewing egotism, I think I may place on record the expression of one of the many pleasures which have attended, and, happily for myself, still attends my life as a devotee to the divine art. It has been my lot to labour for more than forty years in a district which, by no stretch of imagination, can be designated an artistic one. But I willingly record that while my efforts for the promotion of a knowledge and love of music amongst that large class of the local community, whose lot in life is chiefly to labour and to wait, has been graciously acknowledged by my Sovereign, by making me a recipient of her favour; nothing does or can compensate me for my past labours in the art more than the letters, which almost daily cheer and brighten my breakfast table, from former pupils, happily for themselves, scattered almost over the whole habitable globe, which tell me, in unmistakable terms, of the influence which I have exercised in days gone by, and the influence which they are circulating.

PERSONAL.—Nor is this pleasure confined to myself. I have studiously avoided in these *Reminiscences*, and in all my former works, the mention of the name of one who has not only been more than closely associated with all my hopes, has sympathised and sustained me in all the terribly small-minded scurrilities of a musical life in Leeds, has cheered and encouraged me in the faithful fulfilment of what she has always considered to be the highest object of an artist, viz., the perpetuating of those principles which are the essence and foundation of that divine art to which it has been the happiness and pleasure of my life to devote the powers which have been graciously bestowed upon me.

Happily for myself, my musical career was commenced and continued for some years under a master who had only Henry Purcell as his predecessor in England, and after my pupilage, my artistic, as well as my domestic life, has been strengthened and blessed by the unswerving loyalty and faith of one whose smiles and approval are of infinitely more value to me than all the festival committees an erratic world has called into existence.

BRIDLINGTON QUAY.—For many years, more than I care to record, I have from time to time visited this charming watering place, combining individual pleasure with organ recitals (chiefly for charitable purposes), and have always experienced the greatest possible kindness from the inhabitants of the various towns and villages in the East Riding where I have stayed, to wit—Old Bridlington, Beverley, Driffield, Nafferton, Middleton-on-the-Wolds, Dalton Holme, etc.

ANCIENT CHURCHES.—The East Riding of Yorkshire, as is well known, abounds in beautiful old churches. Most of these, when I first knew them, were in a dilapidated and forlorn condition ; but there is now scarcely one where the hand of restoration has not been felt and seen, and where the liberal churchmen of the county have expended large sums, for which they will live in the grateful hearts of the people. And here it may not be out of place to make a few remarks upon the organs on which I have played in the various districts. The great Belgian instrument in the Priory Church has already been fully described in this work ; probably the next best organ that I have played on during my recent visit, is that in Dalton Holme Church, built by the famous firm of Hill and Son, London, consisting of two manuals and a small pedal organ. It was designed by Dr. Monk, former organist of York Minster, and presented by an ancestor of the present Lord Hotham, of Dalton Hall, with whom I had the honour and pleasure of staying during my visit to Dalton Holme, a short time ago.

Mr. George Freemantle, the clever music-critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, relates some very interesting stories and sayings of the distinguished musicians who were in the habit of paying professional visits to Manchester. Especially good were those of Benedict after he had conducted his

operas *The Lily of Killarney*, and *The Brides of Venice*, and supped at the famous Brasenose club, composed chiefly of professional men, artistic in their tastes, and racy and communicative in their conversation. Benedict had personally well known Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and the mighty Beethoven himself, and many a delightful or eventful anecdote would he relate of these great composers.

———,

Very much do I regret that, from circumstances over which I have had no control (I believe that is an original phrase), the mention of many matters and reminiscences which I should like to have recorded and dwelt on, must be omitted :—*Inter alia*—the joyous reception at Bridlington Quay of the honour conferred by Her Most Gracious Majesty (long may she live !) upon that genial, respected, accomplished, and universally beloved man (at least in Leeds where he is so well known), and which was duly celebrated by a symposium at his Bridlington Quay rooms—Mr.—now Sir George Irwin.

I was in the chair ; J. W. Fourness, P.M. of Goderich, the clever, happy secretary of the Leeds Conservative Club ; one of the sweetest of England's tenors, Mr. Gilbert Jackson ; the future great actor, Edward Irwin ; and other notabilities, of whose songs, recitations, speeches, *bon mots*, etc., I should like to dwell *con amore*. For the present, however, I must say farewell !

Finale.

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